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THE HOME-MAKER

AN ILLUSTRATED MONTHLY MAGAZINE

EDITED BY

MARION HARLAND.

VOL. I.

OCTOBER 1888 to MARCH 1889.



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GEORGE HALLMAN

THE HOME-MAKER.

VOL. I.

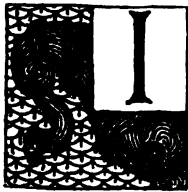
OCTOBER, 1888.

NO. 1.

EDITORIAL.

FAMILIAR TALK OF PEOPLE AND THINGS.

SALUTATORY.



IN lending such poor service as I can command to the sublime work of elevating the standard and increasing the efficiency of American Homes, I am nerved by the consciousness that my constituency is largely composed of personal friends. Non-recognition of the truth would be ingratitude, not humility.

In accepting the responsible post of editor-in-chief of "THE HOME-MAKER," I but seek to enter, month by month, households that have already honored me with their confidence, hoping to draw yet nearer to me those with whom I have long been in sympathy. This entrance will be in such familiar fashion as has characterized former visits, and, if editor and author are forgotten in the fellow-worker through

"The common days,
The level stretches, white with dust."

I know that informality and plainness of speech will be forgiven.

The odor and heat of the kitchen will not meet us upon the threshold and linger in every corner of the Home we would build. There will be chambers sanctified by study, restful places for tired fathers and mothers, workshop for the boy, and studio and boudoir for the girl; a well-appointed nursery, and (what has been strangely overlooked in most household periodicals) a cheery, comfort-full nook for those whose outlook is toward the sunset. Cookery and all manner of handiwork will receive a full share of attention, as will hygiene and domestic medical practice.

To the end that our great mission may go forward prosperously, we ask the co-operation of home-dwellers, and of those who are hoping, in the fullness of time and love, to build up and enjoy households of their own.

MARION HARLAND.

HOME-MAKING AND HOUSE-KEEPING.



OME-MAKING and House-keeping are not synonyms. It is possible to keep a house not wisely, but too well. If one must go to either extreme, let it be in making home too comfortable. Since comfort and cleanliness are inseparable, that last sentence is not so broad as might be supposed. The ultra-particular housewife falls almost certainly into selfish bigotry that swallows up thought of other people's taste and convenience. Recipes and methods of work, and observance of times and seasons are formulated into an iron-clad creed, stamped as "MY WAY." Intelligent system has a reasonable share of elasticity. It bends to necessity, even to expediency, and springs back into place when the pressure is removed. "MY WAY" requires a dynamite blast to stir it, and the fragments are dangerous.

For House-keeper and Home-maker the safest maxim is—"The greatest good to the greatest number." If the practical application of the theory that there should be a place for everything, that every misplaced thing is dirt, and that dirt is a sin, leads to such severity of home-rule that the weary husband is turned out-of-doors to smoke his evening cigar in the street, and the children have not a corner on the premises where they can whittle sticks, cut paper, or make mud-pies, there is fault in the law or in the administration of it.

One may be proficient in plain and fancy cookery, and neglect bed-chambers and linen-closets, or be a dutiful wife and a non-sympathetic mother. Another may bestow all needful attention upon her children's physical well-being, while allowing them to read bad books and violate grammatical rules. A husband may be a good provider for the material wants of his family, yet be a surly boor; or amiable and shiftless. Each

lapse, or offense is a flaw in the goodly edifice of Home-building. To be durable, it must be symmetrical, and each member of the household must "lend a hand." Too often, it may be added, the workers toil, as did Nehemiah's helpers, with trowel and with sword, ever on guard against selfishness and besetting humors.

Whatever contributes to another's happiness or mental and moral growth, is a worthy stone laid in a sure place; whatever drives away a smile and gives a frown instead hinders the work. Here, if ever, is felt the potency of little deeds, the strokes light and many that shape and polish.

THE MASCULINE ELEMENT.

MEN are what their homes make them, —or what their homes made of them in infancy and youth. That women make homes has been sung and preached until one reads with hearty satisfaction Col. Higginson's introduction of an address delivered last summer at the Commencement of a girl's college. He had been adjured, said the speaker, not to talk to students and alumnae as *women*, but as human beings; to leave the matter of Sex in Education out of sight for one hour. The masculine element is as essential to the right composition of the home as lemon-juice to the sugar-and-water of sherbet. The household where there is not a man's hat on the hall-rack is a craft *minus* one sidewheel. The music of daily life without the heavier, up-bearing *timbre* of a base-voice, is like the singing of canaries, very tuneful, and very thin.

The domestic duties of him who stands in the place of *pater-familias* are not fulfilled when he has supplied grist to the mill. His wife may be the nominal captain. He is part-owner and first mate. If she be the acknowledged queen of the realm, he is the power behind the throne. Which jumble of metaphors, done into straightforward English, signifies that a woman cannot, single-handed, make a perfect Home. It is

a joint-stock concern in which each individual of the household has a share, the parents being the heaviest owners and the Board of Directors. Anything else is a loosely-cohering association of human particles, classed for the sake of convenience, under one name, and held together by habit and policy.

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN.

ONE may be able to write charming letters, tolerable school and club-essays, and rhymes that can be "scanned," and yet never produce an article worth the printing.

Were the full force of the didacticism appreciated by every aspirant for literary fame—and profit—the reflux of misdirected energies into other channels would give new impetus to mechanical arts and domestic science.

From a pile of communications on the editorial desk of *THE HOME MAKER*, we select three at random.

No. 1 is—as might have been expected—a "poem," or thus named by the author.

"Have been writing all my life"—says the accompanying note,—“and some of my effusions have been published in our town-papers, but have received no compensation for them, altho' much praised for some. If your new Magazine can find a nitche in *The Poet's Corner*, and pay for the enclosed poem, would be highly gratified. Would also like a tarif of prices for poetry, likewise for Prose.”

As a work of supererogation, four verses of the "effusion" were read. The reader of this column must content himself with one:

Only a little nameless grave,
But it I tried so hard to save.
Only a mossey wayside stone
Standing in the field alone."

Of the rest, we may say as did Jeffreys of Wordsworth's "Betty Foy and her idiot boy"—“Worse and worse!”

No. 2 is a grammatical "Tale of Two Lives." The characters are impossible an-

gels and incredible devils; the scene is laid in England, in Spain and in Italy. The local coloring and talk throughout are Middle-States-American. Of incident there is no lack. We have one seduction, one abduction, a brace of murders, and, as a finale, a suicide in a stationary washtub, which is furnished with hot and cold water faucets, and (presumably) with a shower-bath attachment, in "a picturesque but painfully primitive inn in the little mountain-town of Terra Vezza, Italy."

The letter enclosed is, like the MS. story, neatly and even gracefully written. The author's father died, insolvent, two years ago, and this poor girl's work is the only support of an invalid mother and a crippled brother. She "cannot see why she should not be as successful in literature as many who have earned wealth and reputation by their pens. Heavens knows that few are more sorely-bested" than she. Her "correspondents all assure her that her letters are brilliant, and her extensive reading should furnish material in inexhaustible profusion."

The writer of No. 3 has "lately married a talented young physician, one of the noblest of his sex, who has his way to carve in the world." The young couple are boarding and the wife has much leisure time. With praiseworthy ambition to "be a help and not a hindrance to the beloved one at her side," she has "turned her thoughts to the literary firmament."

"I am lamentably ignorant of the *modus operandi* by which the heights are to be scaled," she goes on to say, "but at school, was awarded the first prize for English composition; am passionately fond of pen-play, and can adduce credentials of proficiency in this branch of the Fine Arts should you desire testimonials of my ability to become a regular salaried correspondent of your valuable periodical, of which the very attractive prospectus has just been laid on my table by my ever-thoughtful husband, who is my stimulative confidante in what you may consider a project unsurpassable

in temerity, yet which has its origin in wifely devotion and a true woman's longing to do worthy work in a world where there seem to be so few avenues of honorable and lucrative employment for Our Sex, yet in which I cannot but feel that I am destined to achieve higher things than the petty drudgeries that some women deem all-sufficient to satisfy the longings of a heaven-born soul."

With what breath the involutions of the last paragraph have left us, we cry out against the irregular practice of a craft for which one has had no training. The "correspondents," *in esse* and *in posse*, who beseege periodicals with such applications as those here given at greater length than their importance would seem to warrant, would be angered were they to be told how inevitably they remind the recipients of a funny anecdote *apropos* to American domestic service.

Bridget—"just three weeks in the Country"—applies for a place.

Madame (languidly). I told the Intelligence-Office people to send me a *cordon bleu*. I suppose you are one?

Bridget (who has heard of Father Matthew and Trades' Unions). Not yit—jes' to say, mim! But I'm quoitte willin' to jine if so be it's considered in th' wages."

Not one of our Representative Trio would think of offering herself as "a competent hand" to dress-maker, confectioner, or corset-manufacturer, if she had never cut out and fitted a gown, or made French candies, or so much as seen a pair of stays fashioned. That she can sew neatly, or has a local reputation for gingerbread, or can fit new corset steels in the place of broken ones, would not justify her in asking for wages from the first day of her apprenticeship. While she is a learner she would rather expect to pay a premium for instruction.

Never before in the history of the noble art was Literature so essentially a profession as now. Except where genius in combination with education bears down the preliminary course, excellence in this line is not

gained without much practice and unfailing industry, even taking for granted a certain degree of talent. Talent for composition, if it be genuine, will find fit expression in some time or way. To him who has it, writing is pure joy. The pen lifts him out of himself and beyond his actual environment. He makes a world, and dwells therein with delight the visible world cannot disturb or take away. He who has something to say, and the ability to say it, rates moneyed compensation as secondary in value to the ecstasy of creation, the rapture over the birth of his brain-children. He who has never known this divine delight will, sooner or later, sink into a penny-aliner—or, adapting the term to modern usage,—a cent-a-worder.

The true artist may be driven to the trade of hewing and splitting pot-boilers, but while he does it, he despises himself secretly for the degradation of his calling. "Pen-play," as our young wife puts it, will never arise to the dignity of a profession with her, so long as her main object is to make money by it. If she and the clamoring horde at her back sincerely desire to enter the ranks of the hardest-worked fraternity among the toilers of civilization, let them go to school to patience and practice: learn to do that which is *worth money*, according to the judgment of their fellows and the public, before they demand money in return for it.

The work of the literary tyro is, at its best, deficient in a certain "knack" which only diligent practice can give. It is as readily distinguished from that of the trained author as the sketch of the amateur who has had no master, from the firm, free penciling of the draughtsman who knows how to give value to each line, and makes not one too many.

These plain truths are uttered with sad reluctance. Denial is never so ungracious a task as when the applicant is sincere, earnest and ignorant. That ignorance so far predominates with the writers of hundreds of MSS. hopefully prepared for pub-

lication, that they "cannot see why they should not do it as well as recognized authors," is inexplicable in a nation of readers, men and women, whose common sense stands by them in all other things.

Wilkie Collins describes in "The Moonstone" the trick of the Indian jugglers who poured ink into the palm of a boy and bade

him tell what he saw there. What relief would come to editorial sympathies and publishers' patience, what vacuity to waste-paper baskets, if the real friends of incapable aspirants could borrow the necromancer's trick and transform the inkstand into a truth-telling mirror!



SOME OLD VIRGINIA HOMESTEADS.

BRANDON—LOWER AND UPPER.



ENGLISH civilization, of which the first shoot was set in Virginia at Jamestown in 1607, followed the course of the James, —formerly the Powhatan River— to the head of navigation at Richmond with marvellous rapidity when one considers the age, and the obstacles encountered by the settlers. So fondly did it cling to the banks of the goodly stream that grants of estates with this water-front, and including the fertile meadows and primeval forests rolling back for miles inland, were in eager request until there were none left in the gift of the crown. The local attachments of the colonists in this favored region who called their lands after their own names, would seem to have been transmitted with homes and plantations. Generation has succeeded generation of what are known in the Mother Country as "landed gentry," estates passing from father to son, or—failing male issue—to daughters and nieces, until the names and styles of the Randolphs of Tuckahoe and Presque Isle, the Byrds of Westover, the Harrisons of Berkeley and Brandon, the Carters of Shirley—came to have

the significance of baronial titles, and were woven inextricably into the checquered romance we call The History of Virginia.

It is my purpose, in this series of papers, to visit with the reader some of the ancestral homes lying along the noble river that was the colonists' outlet to the Old World, giving a summary of the past history of such as are still tenanted by descendants of the founders. I would add to this, modest pen-pictures of each place as it appears now to those who have the privilege of entering and lingering among the memorials of a life that is fast passing away in the rush and push of iconoclastic Progress.

LOWER BRANDON,—named in affectionate memory of Brandon, England,—is situated on the left bank of the James as one sails up the river from Norfolk, and is distant about ninety miles from Richmond. The original grant was made to John Martin. "Martin's Brandon" is still the title of the old church in which are used chalice and paten presented by Major John Westrope. The tomb of Elizabeth Westrope, near by, bears the date 1649. The font is lettered—"Martin's Brandon Parrish, 1731."

The Brandon plantation passed from John Martin's possession to the estate of

Lady Frances Ingleby, and a deed from her conveyed it, in turn, to Nathaniel Harrison of Surrey Co., Virginia. His name appears in the Westover MSS. (to which we shall presently refer further) in conjunction with those of "His Excellency Alex^r. Spotswood, Governor of Virg^a." and "Col^o. William Robinson, a Member of the House of Burg^s of Virg^a." The three were deputed to conduct negotiations with the Five Nations, September, 1722. Col. Harrison is therein styled, "a Member of His Majestie's Council of Virg^a."

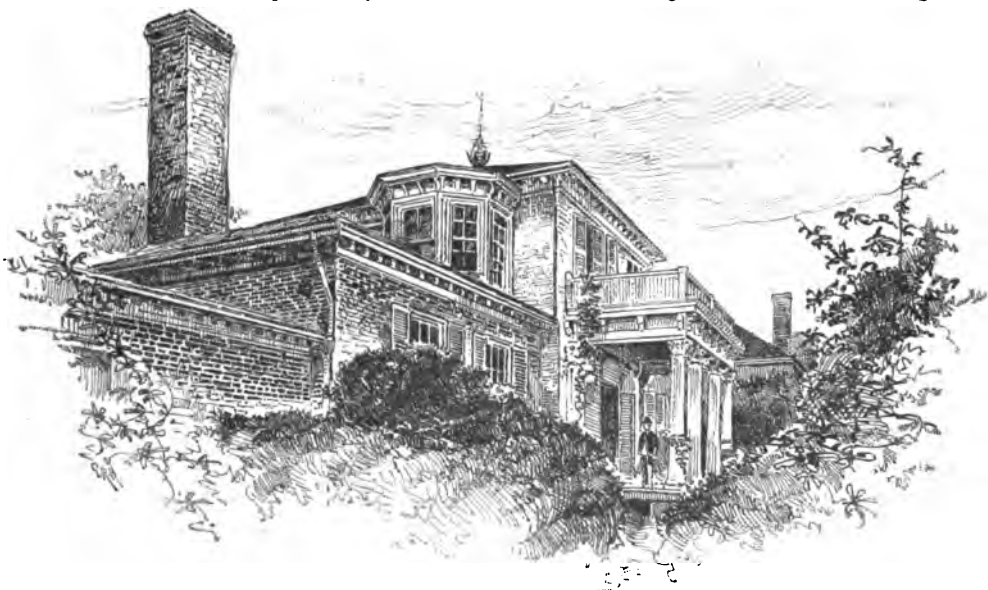
The S. E. and oldest wing of the manor-house was built by him about 1712; a few years later he erected the N. W. wing. These, with the main dwelling, are of dark red brick, imported from England. Benjamin Harrison, his son and heir, was a roommate of Thomas Jefferson at William and Mary College, Williamsburg. The intimacy was continued in later years, and after Mr. Jefferson's return from France, he planned the square central building of his friend's residence. One suspects that the proprietor's taste may have modified his accomplished associate's designs, when we compare the inconvenient incongruities of Monticello with the solid, sensible structure before us. The one eccentricity is the ornament on the peak of the roof—a white conical cap, set about with drooping, pinnate leaves. It may be a pine-apple or a pointed variety of Dutch cabbage.

The house was comparatively modern

when Benedict Arnold entered the mouth of the James, striking right and left with the mad zeal of a newly-fledged pervert. He landed at Brandon, destroyed crops, stock, poultry and fences, allowed his men to use cows as targets, and was guilty of other fantastic atrocities, the traditions of which are preserved by those who had them from the lips of eye-witnesses. At a subsequent date of the Revolution a body of English troops under Gen. Phillips bivouacked here *en route* for Petersburg, at which place he died. His remains lie in Blandford Cemetery.

Various modest freeholds, purchased from small farmers in the neighborhood, were added by Nathaniel Harrison to the original Martin grant, until the plantation was one of the largest and most valuable on the James. Yellow jasmine, periwinkle, and the hardy bulbs known to our grandmothers as "butter-and-eggs," are still found in places where no house has stood for a century, brave leal mementoes of cottage and farmstead leveled to make way for the growth of the mighty estate.

Children were born, grew up and died in the shadow of the spreading roofs; accomplished men of the race stood before counsellors and kings, served state and nation, and left the legacy of an unsullied name to those who came after them. Women, fair and virtuous, presided over a home the hospitality of which was noteworthy in a State renowned for good cheer and social graces.



LOWER BRANDON—N. W. WING.



LOWER BRANDON—RIVER FRONT.

Presidents and their cabinets; eminent statesmen of this country; men and women of rank from abroad; neighbors, friends and strangers found a royal welcome in the fine Old Virginia house. The rich lands, tilled by laborers whose grandfathers had occupied the comfortable "quarters" for which Brandon was celebrated, produced harvests that added yearly to the master's wealth. A neat hospital for the sick and infirm, the services of a regular physician, the ministry of a salaried chaplain—most of all, the parental care of the owners—made of the family and farm-servants a body of contented and happy peasantry. It was a golden age of feudalism upon which the cyclone of another war swooped with deadlier effect than when Arnold directed the destructive forces.

In 1863, Mrs. Isabella Harrison, the widow of Mr. George Evelyn Harrison, late proprietor of Brandon, was warned by sagacious advisers that it would be prudent to remove her family, with such valuables as were portable, to Richmond. Reluctant to leave home and dependants; she delayed until danger of invasion was imminent before she took a house in town and filled it with furniture, pictures and other effects sent up the river from the plantation. There were left behind, her brother Dr. Ritchie—a son of the famous "Nestor of the Virginia Press," Thomas Ritchie of "*The Enquirer*,"—two white managers, and 150 negroes,—field-hands and their families—the house-servants having accompanied the ladies to Richmond.

At 1 o'clock, one January morning in 1864, Dr. Ritchie was awakened by a knocking at the door, and, answering from the window, was told that the visitors were Federal officers. Hastily arraying himself in an old pair of hunting-trousers, the first he could lay his hands upon, with dressing-gown and slippers, he admitted the unseasonable arrivals. They were respectful, but peremptory in their assertion that he must go with them immediately to the gun-boat moored at the wharf. That he was a non-combatant, and simply acting here as the custodian of his widowed sister's property; that he was far from well and not in suitable garb to meet strangers, availed nothing to men acting under orders. He and the two managers were hurried down to the vessel and from the deck, saw the flames of burning "quarters," barns, hay-ricks, out-houses, 2,500 barrels of corn and 30,000 lbs. of bacon, rolling up against the

black heavens. The negroes were routed from their cabins, the women wailing, the men paralyzed with terror—all alike persuaded that the Day of Judgment had come—and forced on board the transports. In the raw cold of the winter morning, they were taken down to Taylor's Farm, near Norfolk. The younger men were enlisted in the army, the older men and women were set to work on the farm. Most of them returned to Brandon at the close of the war.

Dr. Ritchie and his companions were confined in a cell at Fort Monroe with several negroes, until the news of his arrest reached Gen. Butler, who gave him pleasanter quarters and offered him many civilities.

"I ask only for a sheet of paper and an envelope, that I may write to my sister," was Dr. Ritchie's reply to these overtures.

A Baltimore paper printed next day a sensational account of the "Attack upon Brandon," heading it, "A Bloodless Victory." It was the intention of the officer in charge of the expedition, the report further stated, to return and complete the work of demolition.

This article was read that morning by Mrs. Stone, Mrs. Harrison's sister in Washington, whose husband, a distinguished physician, was Mr. Lincoln's medical adviser and friend. Newspaper in hand, Dr. Stone hastened to the President, and laid the case before him. The name and fame of Thomas Ritchie, the wheel-horse of the Old Democratic Party, were known to Mr. Lincoln, with whom humanity always stood ready to temper justice.

"*That*, at least, they shall not do!" he said, on reading the threat of a return to Brandon, and instantly telegraphed orders to Fort Monroe to that effect.

Mrs. Harrison and her sister, Miss Ritchie, had been deterred by the unfavorable aspect of the weather from coming down the river on the very night of the attack, as they had planned to do, and thus escaped the worst terrors of the scene. Arriving two days later, they found that the troops had been withdrawn, pursuant to the President's command. They had made the most of their brief season of occupation. Not a habitable building was left standing except the manor-house, and that had been rifled of all the mistress left in it. The few pictures which were too bulky to be removed to town, had been cut from the frames and carried off. Some family-portraits are still missing,—the sadly significant note, "*Taken*

by the enemy in 1864," recording their loss in the catalogue of the Brandon Gallery. Every window-pane was shattered. Those inscribed with the autographs of J. K. Paulding, John Tyler, Millard Fillmore and his Cabinet Secretaries, Edward Everett, etc., etc., were not spared. The wainscoating was ripped from the inner walls; the outer shutters were riddled and hacked, and, in aiming at the quaint nondescript ornament on the roof, the marksmen had battered bricks and cement into holes that remain until this day.

Comment is superfluous on this, the darkest page in the annals of a house that should be the pride of intelligent civilization.

"War is war!" says our own brave Sherman, "and we cannot define it. War is cruel, and we cannot refine it." Upon those whose political rancor and grec brought on the fratricidal strife, let the odium rest of these and other calamities which a united people is anxious to forget.

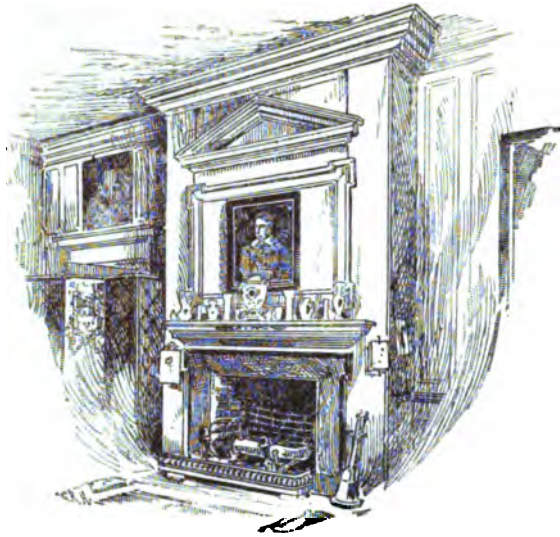
With a sigh of grateful relief, I turn to Brandon as I saw it in May of the present year. Lawn and gardens separate the mansion from the river. Trees, lopped and shivered by bullets and scorched by fire, are swathed with ivy; honeysuckles riot in tropical luxuriance over bole and bough, and must be pruned daily lest they should strangle rose-trees that were then full of buds. The yellow jasmine, most odorous of its tribe, leaped to the top of the tallest trees and cast abroad streamers laden with bloom: faint-purple clusters of wistaria hung from wall and trellis and branch; a golden chain of cowslips bordered the walks; glowing patches of tulips nodded saucy heads in the river-breeze that drank the dew from their cups. A great pecan-tree, the planting of which, almost a hundred years ago, was formally recorded in the plantation year-book, towers on one side of the lawn, and in its shadow bloomed a bed of royal purple iris, the roots of which were brought from Washington's birth-place. Every square has its story; alley and plot, tree and shrub, are beaded with hallowing associations as the lush grasses were strung with dew-pearls on that sweet-scented May morning.

Standing on the river-bank facing the house, the double-leaved doors of which were open, front and back, we saw it framed in a vista of verdure, and looking through and beyond the central hall, caught glimpses of sward that was a field of cloth-of-gold with butter-cups; masses of spring foliage, tenderly-green, mingled with wide white-

tented dog-wood, transplanted into a "pleasance," which is cleft by the same vista running on unbroken for three miles until the lines, converging with distance, are lost in the forest. There are 7000 acres in the estate as at present bounded, 1800 of which are in admirable cultivation under the skillful management of Major Mann Page, Mrs. Harrison's near relative, who has been a member of her household for twenty-one years. Except for the dents of bullets in the stanch walls, the exterior tells nothing of the fiery blast and rain that nearly wrought ruin to the whole edifice. Out-buildings and enclosures have been renewed, peace and promise of plenty rejoice on every side.

The house has a front elevation of 210 feet, the wings being joined by covered corridors to the main building, projected by the architectural President. The corridors are a single story in height, the rest of the structure is two-storied. Broad porches, back and front, give entrance to the hall, which is large and lightsome, well-furnished with book-shelves, tables and chairs, and hung with pictures, a favorite lounging-place, winter and summer, with inmates and guests. Like all the old mansions on the James, Brandon is double-fronted. The carriage-drive leads up to what would be called the back-door: the other main entrance faces the river. To the right, as we enter the hall from the "pleasance" and drive, is the dining-room. Buffets, filled with old family-plate, handsome and curious, stand on either side; the vases on the mantel were used at the Lafayette banquet at Richmond in 1824; on the wall are valuable portraits.

Conspicuous among these last is one of Daniel Parke, who, in the campaign in Flanders, 1704, was aide-de-camp to the Duke of Marlboro'. He is named in the Duke's dispatch to Queen Anne announcing the victory of Blenheim, as "the bearer. Col. Parke, who will give her an account of what has passed." After receiving gracious audience from the Queen, he made so bold as to ask that her portrait might be given to him instead of the customary bonus of £500. It was sent to him set in diamonds. He was appointed Governor-General of the Leeward Islands (W. I.) in 1706, and was received with marked favor by the inhabitants on his arrival at Antigua. His popularity was, however, short-lived. In 1710, a mob, excited to frenzy by irregularities in his administration, and his cruel, arrogant temper, surrounded the Government-House.



DINING-ROOM MANTEL AT LOWER BRANDON.

and he was killed in the tumult. His daughter was the first wife of Col. William Evelyn Byrd of Westover, and the ancestress of a long line of prominent Virginians, whose employment of the patronymic "Parke," as a Christian name, indicates their descent.

The painting, a fine one, gives us a three-quarter length likeness of a man in superb court costume, standing, hand on hip, by a table on which are heaped several rich medals and chains. He wears the Queen's miniature, surrounded with brilliants; the figure is soldierly, the face is haughty, and would be handsome but for a lurking sinister devil in the dark eyes that partially exculpates the populace in his violent taking-off.

The door of the drawing-room is opposite that of the dining-parlor, the hall lying between. Both apartments have the full depth of the house, and are peopled to the thoughtful guest with visions from a Past beside which our busy To-day seems tame and jejune enough.

Gen. William Henry Harrison, President, for one little month, of these United States, spent his Sundays at Brandon while a school-boy in the neighborhood. Fillmore laughed with his Cabinet here over the memorial of his farmer-boyhood set up that day in the harvest-field, a wheat-sheaf bound dexterously by the hands of the Chief Magistrate of the Nation and long preserved on the plantation.

Another incident connected with Mr. Fillmore's visit to Brandon pleasingly illus-

trates the oneness of interest that existed between employers and family servants. George, the Brandon cook, was a fine specimen of his class. A master of his craft, stately in manner and speech, he suffered no undue humility to cloud his consciousness of his abilities. A family festival in honor of a clan-anniversary, had filled the old house with guests for several days, and tested the abundant larder to what seemed to be its utmost possibilities. On the very day that saw the departure of the company, a communication was received by Mrs. Harrison informing her that the Presidential party might be expected on the morrow. She summoned George and imparted the startling news.

He met it like an ebony Gibraltar.

"Very well, madam. Your orders shall be obeyed."

"But, George! can we be ready for them? There will be about thirty persons, including the President of the United States and his Cabinet."

Gibraltar relaxed measurably. The lady's apprehensions appealed to his chivalric heart. It was his duty to allay them.

"Very true, madam! But we must bear in mind that *we are greatly blessed in our cook!*"

The dignity, conceit and periphrastic modesty of the rejoinder put it upon the family records at once. It is hardly worth our while to add that he nobly sustained the sublime vaunt. Aladdin's banquet was not more deftly produced, and could not have given greater satisfaction to the partakers thereof.

The present *chef* at Brandon is a grandson of this Napoleon.

Hither, William Foushee Ritchie, his father's successor in the proprietorship and conduct of *The Enquirer*, brought the beautiful woman known to the public as Anna Cora Mowatt, who left the profession in which she had won laurels in two hemispheres, for the love of this honorable gentleman and a happy life in their Richmond cottage. Brandon was a loved resort with his wife. A portrait, which although a tolerable likeness, conveys to one who never saw her but an inadequate idea of her pure, elevated loveliness, is here; an exquisite statuette of Resignation, that once adorned her cottage-parlor, is on the mantel.

She has passed out of sight, and her noble husband, and the gallant procession of such

as the world delighted to honor that talked, and thought, and *lived* in this stately chamber. From tarnished frames, impassive faces look down on us as once on them, changing not for their mirth, or for our sighing. The silver mirror is brought out and turned for us that once flashed a sheet of light for this vanished company upon portrait after portrait.

Upon the sweet, pensive visage of Elizabeth Claypole, registered in the catalogue as "Lady Betty Cromwell,"—only daughter of The Protector. Her sitting attitude is languidly graceful; her head is supported by a slim hand, her arm on a table. Her gown is of a dim-blue, with flowing sleeves, and modestly *décolleté*.

Upon Jeannie Deans's Duke of Argyle, whose mailed corslet, partially-visible under his coat, hints of the troublous times in which he lived.

Upon the courtly form and regular features of the second Col. Byrd of Westover, hanging next to his daughter, "The Fair Evelyn," whose dramatic story has place in the chronicles of Westover. Both pictures were painted by Sir Godfrey Kneller.

Upon the owl-like eyes, long locks and benign expression of Benjamin Franklin, benignity, so premeditate and measured that the irreverent beholder is reminded of the patriarchal Casby of Little Dorrit. The portrait was taken while he was envoy to France and presented by him to the then master of Brandon.

Upon Charles Montague, Earl of Halifax, date of 1661, and Sir Robert Southwell of the same year, boon-companions of Col. Byrd during his sojourn in England.

Upon Benjamin West's portrait of Col. Alston of South Carolina.

Upon the dark, intellectual face of Benjamin Harrison, who married Miss Evelyn Byrd of Westover, niece of the Fair Evelyn;—and a half-score of other pictured *notabilia*, at the hearing of whose names, we look suddenly and keenly at their presentments.

Mister Walthoe, Speaker of the House of Burgesses, was painted in his broad-brimmed hat.

"Set me among your dukes and earls with my hat on my head, to signify that I am a true Republican who will uncover to none of them, and I will give you the finest diamond ring to be bought in America," he proposed to Col. Byrd.

"Agreed!" said the witty landholder, "and I will hang it over the door to show that you are taking leave of them."

The stubborn, rubicund face, surmounted by the Republican chapeau, hangs yet above a door in the dining-room. The central diamond of the cluster that paid for the privilege of the protest, is worn by Miss Harrison, only daughter of the venerated *châtelaine* who shines with chastened lustre, the very pearl of gracious womanhood, in the antique setting of Brandon.

The Westover MS. is a large folio bound in parchment, copied in a clear, clerkly hand from the notes of Col. Byrd of Westover, the chiefest of the three who bore the name and title. The first part is entitled "History of the Dividing Line, and Other Tracts. From the papers of William Byrd of Westover in Virginia Esq."

It is the report of an expedition of surveyors and gentlemen who ran the Dividing Line between Virginia and North Carolina in 1728-29, and is full of delightful reading, not only for the pictures it gives of men and times in the author's day, but because of the racy humor of the narrative. The second part has the caption—"A Journey to the Land of Eden and Other Tracts, Anno 1733." A third paper,—*"A Progress to the Mines, In the Year 1732,"*—is perhaps the most entertaining of all.

It begins, "Sept. 18, 1732"—after this wise:—

"For the Pleasure of the good Company of Mrs. Byrd, and her little Governor my Son, I went about half-way to the Falls in the Chariot. There we halted, not far from a purling Stream, and upon the Stump of a propagate Oak, picket the Bones of a piece of Roast Beef. By the Spirit which that gave me, I was the better able to part with the dear Companions of my Travels, and to perform the rest of my Journey on Horseback by myself. I reached Shaccoa's before 2 o'clock and crost the River to the Mills. I had the Grief to find them both stand as still for the want of Water, as a dead Woman's Tongue for want of Breath."

These manuscripts were presented by the author's daughter-in-law to "George Evelyn Harrison, the son of her daughter, Evelyn Byrd, who had married Mr. Benjamin Harrison of Brandon." They were in the hands of Mr. Thomas Wynne, a Richmond printer, at the time of the evacuation of that city, and for some time after the fire which burned up the printing offices, Mrs. Harrison feared they had been destroyed. They were found in Mr. Wynne's safe, unharmed, when it was cool enough to be opened.

Upper Brandon, originally included in the Brandon tract, now adjoins that which is called, in contradistinction, "Lower Brandon," the road thither winding through teeming fields and belts of forest-lands, and often along the river-edge. The house—a fine brick building—was erected about sixty years ago, by William Byrd Harrison, and after his death, was bought by Mr. George L. Byrd of New York City. It was cruelly damaged by Federal troops during the Civil War, and has never been restored to its former condition. Major Charles Shirley Harrison, who has the general management of the estate, occupies bachelors' quarters in the central building. The rest of the spacious mansion echoes

of heartache to the stranger-visitor: wringing from the soul of the native-born Virginian a lament as bitter as the prophet's moan that the hurt of the daughter of his people was not healed.

Beyond the ruined gardens lie woods so picturesque in glade and greenery, that one blesses anew the beneficent ministration of Nature, and the loving haste with which, in this climate, she repairs the waste made of these and other "pleasant places."

In the dining-room hang several good pictures,—one a portrait of a daughter of Col. Byrd, another, by Vandyke, of Pope's Martha Blount. She led the crook-backed poet a dance with her tempers and caprices, but she does not look the termagant, as she



UPPER BRANDON—RIVER FRONT.

mournfully to the footsteps of the chance guest; the bits of antique furniture left here and there in the deserted rooms make the eyes of the would-be collector glisten with greed and regret. The situation is commanding; the grounds still retain traces of former beauty. A covered subterranean passage connects the kitchen in the right wing with the empty wine-cellar and the dining-room above. A secret staircase formerly wound from the vaulted passage to the upper chambers, but it was torn out by the soldiers, leaving a gaping well. The other wing was "in the old times" fitted up as bachelor's chambers. In the thought of the high-bred, bearded faces that once looked from the windows, the laughter and jest thrown back by walls now broken, discolored and dumb,—the stillness and desolation of the closed rooms bring dreariness

queens it in this dismantled room, spaniel at her feet, a roll of music in her hand, a harpsichord in the back-ground.

Less out of place here than the imperious beauty is a lacquered Chinese cabinet, black-and-gilt, that once belonged to Anne Boleyn. Syphers would barter a section of his immortal soul for it.

It was while we waited in the porch for our carriage, hearkening to the "sweet jargon" of the bird-vespers, that the pretty anecdote was told of Mrs. William Harrison's rejoinder to an English guest who asked to see the aviary from which came the warbling that poured into his windows from dawn to sunrise. Leading him to the back-door, she opened it, and pointed to the grove beyond.

"It is there!" she answered, merrily.

Parting at the gate with the courtly cav-

alier who had guided us through the lovely bit of woodland outlying the grounds, we drove in the sunset calm back to Lower Brandon, arriving just in season to dress for dinner.

Of the tranquil beauty of the domestic life within the ancient walls, I may not speak here. But the story of house and estate belongs to a country that should cherish jealously the record of the few families and residences which have withstood the wash of Time and Change, agencies that relegate the fair fashion of growing old gracefully to a place among the lost arts.

Marion Harland.



ANNE BOLEYN'S CABINET.

7



6

A "STREET ANGEL."



ANN TARBOX! who's that goin' down street with Sary Parsons?"

Ann ran to the window and peered out. Her grey eyes were keen and bright; she knew everybody in

Winston; but even old Mrs. Dean, unable to hurry from her chair, could see Sarah Parsons across the street. Her tall angular figure with a certain awkward grace about it, since it was free from fashionable bonds and trammels: her gentle dark face; her only Sunday dress, a lavender gown of some soft woollen material, her little white straw bonnet without flower or feather, made her a sufficiently distinct personage; and though "Mis' Dean" was slow

and precarious in her motions from a "shockanum palsy" that she had experienced, she had no need, even at that distance, to ask if that was her neighbor's daughter. But who was the man beside her?

"I declare I don' know!" said Ann Tarbox. "Tisn't nobody I ever see before. Looks some like Squire Crane down to Tiswell. Well! can I b'lieve my eyes? I dono but 'tis him. Mis' Dean, after all. Sure as you live, 'tis! He kind-er turned round this way and I see his nose. I know the Crane nose as fur as I can see it."

"What under the canopy is 'Sias Crane a doin' here?" croaked Mrs. Dean.

"How should I know? mabbe you'd like to hev me step acrost the road and *inquire!*" answered Ann, with quiet sarcasm.

"Sho! jest as if! But 'tis queer."

"I dono as 'tis. 'Sias Crane's wife's b'en dead this five year: 'n died three months after they was married, besides. He's kep' up consider'ble well for a man. I should ha' thought he'd looked out for his second quite a while ago."

"He couldn't do no better than to get Sary," said Mrs. Dean, plaintively.

"Question is couldn't she do better? I'm for lookin' at it from that p'int o' view. Most any woman's good enough for an everage man; but the' ain't but few men good enough for Sary Parsons."

"Why Ann Tarbox! how you talk! Squire Crane is counted one of the best of Tiswell folks. He's greatly looked up to: pretty nigh runs the church. I've heard Priest Peck say he was one o' the pillars on't; he's got means too, and he is a real personable man. Sary 'll do surprising well if she gets him."

"I dono that. I never could quite and altogether fellowship 'Sias Crane: he's too softly for me: them slick folks is apt to be rough inside. I know folks ain't all outside; if they was, you could get along pretty spry."

"Well, I think he's a respectable well-to-do man, in good and reg'lar standin' and Sary won't do no better than to get him if she can. She a'nt over'n above young, and she's growin' older every day, and menfolks are skerce."

"Well, that's your idee. I can see through a mill-stun as well as the next one,—when there's a hole in't: and I tell you 'Sias Crane won't wash. He's what I call a street angel,—ain't dyed in the wool, ain't wove both sides alike, and ef Sary marries him she'll mistake it."

"You nor nobody else won't never know it from her," retorted Mrs. Dean dryly.

"I know it; she's proud and pious too, and she'd bite her tongue off before she'd sputter. My senses! if I'd took up with a man like that I'd have made 'the woods an' hills resound,' as the hymn-books say, with all he done and didn't do. I'd make a business of it; a woman hasn't got no other way to defend herself; and men don't like to hev outside folks know the worst of 'em."

"Nyther do women as I know of."

"I s'pose not; but I think men mind it the most; and I tell ye the' aint one of 'em should brow-beat and stomp on me without hearin' from it!"

"Some poor cretur' has escaped a great mercy by not marryin' of ye!"

"I presume likely," answered Ann with an honest laugh, as she shouldered her broom and slammed the kitchen door to.

Meantime Squire Crane and Sarah Parsons walked on down the village street towards her grandmother's house. Sarah had accepted Osias Crane's offer two or three days before, and this *promenade à deux* was a sort of announcement. Squire Crane had been very careful in conducting his courtship, so that it was a surprise to every one in Winston when it was found out. Sarah's face to-day was serious, and the sparkle of her eye had changed into a shy gleam; her mobile lips were still and a little pensive; she was shaken slightly from her usual self-possession; but she contrived to keep up a proper and impersonal sort of conversation as she walked by Squire Crane's side; and a little additional dignity seemed to encompass her.

Squire Crane himself was fluent enough: he talked about the crops, the coming election, the state of religion in Tiswell and Winston; not a bit of sentiment, no suspicion of love-making. He was a tall, lank man, with a smooth, plausible face, rather full, grey eyes that looked at nothing and nobody in particular, and a very suave, even oily, manner.

Sarah knew very little about him and was not at all in love with him. She had been brought up since her early loss of both parents by her grandmother, a prim, melancholy old woman of the real New England type. Devoted to Sarah's good and loving her as much as she dared to love any earthly thing, she had trained her up like a flower in a cellar: she was shy, modest, unselfish, and sweet tempered; but as unused to the ways of the world as a woodthrush. Love was a subject as forbidden in that atmosphere as profanity; novels were not thought of; Mrs. Parsons would as soon have let Sarah smoke a pipe as read a love-story; she was brought up on the Bible, Watts's hymns, certain old theological treatises, the weekly religious paper; and Thomson's Seasons, Young's Night Thoughts, and Blair's Grave were all the poetry she knew. Only in a lonely tiny hamlet like Winston, set deep in the Vermont hills, could such a training have been possible; but her grandmother meant to keep her child unspotted from the world; and denied herself even the expression of her own deep affection for Sarah lest she should

make an idol of her and dethrone thereby the God she worshipped.

But for the inevitable fact that Mrs. Parsons was now a very old woman, in fact over eighty, and conscious that her powers were failing, and Sarah would soon be homeless, Squire Crane would never have been allowed to visit in that house. He came there first on some business concerning Mrs. Parsons's pension, as her husband had been an officer in the first wars of the century and fallen in his earliest battle. At that time Mr. Crane met Sarah, and her unusual loveliness stirred his cold heart to a certain interest; when he came again the impression deepened. Her face was full of repressed feeling; even passion seemed to him asleep in those dark eyes that drooped beneath his gaze. He knew, too, that Mrs. Parsons owned a valuable farm and had money in the Tiswell Bank. It would be pleasant to have this beautiful woman in his home, and it would also be a prudent match; he made up his mind that the thing should be. Grandmother Parsons's eyes were keen; and deeply as she loved and should miss Sarah she was too good a woman, under all her stiff and undemonstrative manners, to set her own good or comfort in the way of her child's. She had herself married with the calmest ideas of the step she was taking, and when her only child had fallen deeply in love with Lucia Sears, Sarah's mother, old Mrs. Parsons had been shocked if not disgusted at the madness Sam had given way to in marrying a poor carpenter's daughter instead of some young woman with "means;" nor had she ever approved of Sam's headlong devotion to his lovely young wife, or Lucia's adoration of her husband. She thought both improper as well as wrong; and when Sam died just after his baby was born, killed suddenly by the fall of a tree, and Lucia wept her life out in a few short weeks thereafter, Grandmother Parsons firmly resolved that the baby whom she took to herself should be brought up to avoid such sinful follies as love and despair.

"I some think, Parson Backus," she said to the condoling divine who visited her after the two funerals were over, "that this b'reavement is a judgment too. Sam and Lucia made idles of each other the hull time. She made as though the sun riz and set in Sam's face; and he thought she was more 'n mortal; an' you know that won't do, no! 't won't do! We're forbid to make idles, in Scripter."

She took Sarah very young, and had repressed and stifled her womanly nature most successfully. At times a gleam in the dark eyes that were so like her mother's startled the grandmother, but only startled her. Sarah grew up with a strong sense of duty, a deep resolution to do the thing she ought to do at all costs. A thorough, iron-clad, steel-clamped, ingrained New England conscience is as good as fetters and handcuffs; and Sarah's conscience was both her prison and her jailor.

Her grandmother advised her to accept Squire Crane, and the girl in utter ignorance of what love, or marriage, or life meant, laid her cold hand in his and promised before God to be his loving and obedient wife with no more knowledge of what those promises meant than if the vows had been read to her in Sanscrit.

She did not even shed a tear at leaving her grandmother, nor did Mrs. Parsons expect anything of the sort. If both hearts ached they concealed the pain and made no sign.

In that first year of wedded life at Tiswell a tender-hearted, considerate, good man might have awakened Sarah's soul into a life-long and devoted love for him; but Osias Crane did not do it. Sarah, aroused from the ignorance of her impassive girlhood by the cruel passion and greedy selfishness of a man she hardly felt acquainted with, found that she needed all her sense of duty to endure the situation. She went to church with her husband, heard him pray and exhort; saw the best people in Tiswell shake hands with him, the minister consult him on affairs of the church; people smile and bow on either hand as they passed through the congregation. When she found herself alone with him he was silent, stern, or else fiercely demonstrative, and she shuddered at the doubts that stole over her about his real character. Was she to blame for almost loathing this man whom people outside seemed so to trust and respect?

"I want to have you attend the sewin' society, Sarah," he said, one day. "I will come after you; but it don't look well for you not to go to it. I want you should be friendly with the women here."

Sarah's lips opened and then closed; she hated these sewing-meetings; she was shy, and a stranger, and the women were so inquisitive.

"You needn't speak a word against it," said the Squire. "I want you to go, and

go you will. I won't have it said that I keep you to home all the time."

So Sarah went; and when the tea was over, the quilt rolled and put away, and Mrs. Parker said with a smile, "Now the men-folks will happen in," the first to enter was Squire Crane. How he bowed and smiled! How he shook hands with and beamed on all the ladies of the congregation! He had a jest or a laugh for every one, even the oldest; popularity was his foible.

"Well Mis' Crane, you hev' got a most an excellent husband," said good Mrs. Parker to Sarah, who sat looking on in dumb surprise.

"The' isn't a man in Tiswell that is so much thought of as Squire Crane. He's a reg'lar pillar of the church here."

Mrs. Parker was nearer right than she knew. Church pillars are generally made of stone, or are wooden shams. At best the phrase is an unfortunate simile.

Sarah had been accustomed to a liberal, if careful house-keeping, but never to the close economy of the present household. A young girl at low wages was all the domestic help allowed her; she had to do her own cooking; "Lowisy" only did the heavy drudgery; but this she would not have minded had there been material enough; she was stinted on every hand. The Squire gave large sums to all sorts of "causes" where he could subscribe his name; but there were times when there was barely enough to eat on his table, and of that he took the lion's share.

"Don't set the sauce onto the tea-table, Sarah; new bread is a plenty when we have cheese. Lowisy is a wasteful eater; we must not feed our poor perishing bodies too high."

And half the butter was transferred to his own plate, with two-thirds of the sliced cheese.

The next day at dinner-time a collector happened to call with a subscription book for Foreign Missions, and Osias Crane wrote himself down for a hundred dollars.

Sarah had need of a little money now to make provision for another inmate whose arrival gave her at once dread and delight in anticipation. Very shyly she made known her need.

"Why, why!" growled the Squire, "I can't spare so much; can't you cut up your old things for it?"

"No, I cannot," said Sarah indignantly. "I must buy some materials. I do not ask you to have them made."

"Well! I should think not," he replied, with a cold sneer. "If we've got to have another mouth to feed, you'd better be saving. I ain't made of money."

Not one word of affection or sympathy or pleasure in the prospect passed his lips. Was it any wonder that in the agony of unwelcome motherhood Sarah prayed for death? or that the Squire's first-born son all through its infancy screamed and kicked at the sound of his father's voice?

Yet the Squire's smooth countenance beamed as he was congratulated on the street by friends and neighbors; he expressed the most tender anxiety about his wife's recovery, and spoke of his boy with well-assumed pride and pleasure.

"Keep that brat out of my way!" he said to Lowisy, who, proud to be trusted with the baby, brought it into the sitting-room while the nurse set the sick-chamber in order. The girl retreated in terror, and never again did she bring the child before his father's face.

Sarah went home to Winston as soon as her baby was old enough, to spend a few weeks with her grandmother. She was weak and listless: she could not attend to the dairy or the kitchen: the doctor said she must have change, and it was easier and cheaper to send her to her old home than anywhere else.

How good it was to be free from her husband's presence! what a rest to be at her real home again!

"Oh grandmother!" she said with a sob, as she fell into the old easy-chair by the kitchen fire, "I am so glad to come home!"

Grandmother Parsons looked at her with dim eyes. Was this wan, melancholy creature the bride of a year ago? the proud young mother?

Sarah did not seem to care even for her baby. She seemed like some hunted creature that had reached its lair and lain down panting and outworn, to rest,—or to die.

But life is strong in the young; Sarah's smooth outlines returned with peace and plenty: never had her grandmother been so kind, so tender to her, and it made her heart revive within her to feel herself loved and cherished. In the courage of this new affection she told her secret soul out to the only mother she had ever known, partly for relief, partly for counsel.

"Grandmother! what shall I do? I cannot, oh I *cannot* bear to go back to Mr. Crane. I can't! may I stay here?"

"Why, Sary," exclaimed the astonished

woman. "I sure thought you had the best of husbands. Why! don't you have what you need? Is he near about vittles and such things?"

"Oh, granny, I would not mind that! I could live on potatoes and milk if he was anyway kind or pleasant about it. He is near; but I don't want many things: I've got my wedding clothes good yet: but he grudges the boy everything: I had to make over my own flannel petty-skirt for him. I got just one dollar to spend for the baby, and he gave a hundred to missions the same day!"

"Well! that was well done now; but he'd ought to have provided for his own first. Men don't always think. You must consider, Sary, that he's some older than you be, and mabbe he don't understand a girl's ways; but he means to do right by ye. I haven't a doubt on't. You do your duty, my child, and tell your troubles to the Lord. He'll help ye."

"Oh granny! can't I come home to you?" The cry rang out from a tortured heart and quivering lips, and it thrilled Grandmother Parsons's very soul. Something never awakened there before seemed to spring into sympathetic life; she had never longed for love, but she had her fill of peace and calm affection while her own husband lived. Grandfather Parsons had not been an impulsive man, he was slow and quiet, but thoroughly good: what he was at home he was everywhere, and Grandmother had missed him when he died in his prime, but her heart had not been wrung. It was rent now by the quivering passion of Sarah's appeal.

"Sary! Sary! my dear, don't think on't. You're 'Sias Crane's wife: you promised afore the Lord to stay by him as long as you both shall live. I can't take ye, Sary: he wouldn't let me, nor the law; nor yet the Lord. You must bear yur burden, my dear, till it's removed. What I can do to help you, I will: but its for life, Sary; and you've promised."

Sarah buried her face in her hands. She saw the futility of her wish; her soul recoiled from the future, but she roused all her native courage to confront it.

"And there's the baby, Sary," went on Mrs. Parsons. "You can't leave the poor little cretur without a mother, and you couldn't keep it but a few years."

"Do you think I would ever let him have it? Grandmother, I never have one good word from him! what would my boy do?

Ah—" a long shuddering sigh filled out the sentence. "No! you are right, Grandmother! I must stay."

Much as the old woman longed to hear more of Sarah's trouble she refrained from questioning her; she would not ask anything that could arouse her sorrow freshly and shake her gathering resolution; she would not probe a wound she could not cure. Squire Crane came over to Thanksgiving, and was as amiable and agreeable to Grandmother Parsons as he had been before his marriage; he was calmly civil to his wife and tolerant of the baby. Grandmother began to wonder what Sarah had to complain of, especially as the Squire brought her a handsome and warm winter cloak to ride back in. Grandmother did not know it had been his first wife's, and packed away in a camphor chest for five years with all the other possessions that should have gone back to her own family, but never did. However, Mrs. Parsons overheard by accident one little colloquy that restored her to Sarah's side of the question. She was very busy in her pantry rolling out crust for her pies, when the keeping-room door opened and she heard through the slide in the pantry wall, Squire Crane say:

"Take that child upstairs! I cannot have it squall here. And you be ready to go back to Tiswell next day after Thanksgivin'. The butter needs lookin' after, and the cider apple-sass, and my winter shirts. You've had a play-spell; now you've got to fall to and pay for it."

Grandmother's rolling pin came down on her pie-crust with a bang. Did she think that soft, round mass was Squire Crane's head? or only wish it was? Of course the Squire and Mrs. Crane went to meeting on Thanksgiving Day. Grandmother's pew was at the side of the pulpit, right back of the "widows'" seat, and it looked well to have it filled; so Mrs. Parsons staid at home with the baby, and her old black Hannah, who needed help to get the dinner.

"There!" said Ann Tarbox to Mrs. Dean, as she laid aside her Sunday bonnet and unpinned her Paisley shawl. "I told ye so, Mis' Dean! You'd ought to see Sary Parsons! She doos look! She'n 'Sias Crane sot there like two figgers of cherribs on a tombstone. The sparkle's gone out of her eyes, and her mouth is sot as though there was a cry behind it that she won't let out nohow. I never see a count'nance so changed as her'n is; and he was beside of her as smooth and pious-lookin' as a biled

parsnip; you'd think butter wouldn't melt in his mouth, but I know t'would; an' he'd lick his lips over it too; providin' 'twas other folkses butter."

"Ain't you mistook, Ann?" said cautious Mrs. Dean. "Mabbe the meetin'-house was cold; it's kind of likely to be, with this nor'-east wind; and I presume Sary was scrimpled up with it."

"Land of the livin'! I tell ye her chill isn't skin-deep; her heart's cold clear through; and he's slicker and softer to look at than milkweed-down. I wanted to heave my hymn-book at his old shiny head wuss'n I wanted my dinner. He's all outside, that feller is; jest like them hollow-core apples; only not so soft. Did you baste the turkey whilst that I was gone? Did! Well, I'll slip the pies inter the oven to heat up. It's made bitter sass for *my* dinner, seein' Sary Parsons's face!"

Sary Crane bade her grandmother goodbye without a tear; but her face was pale and set. She had thought and prayed both over her position, and she knew that Mrs. Parsons was in the right. She had made the irretrievable mistake of a woman's life, made it in ignorance and earnest intention of doing right; facts that rendered it harder to bear, for there was an instinctive outcry within her at the injustice of her punishment. But this she stifled before its utterance. She had been educated in the strictest forms of religion. "Shall not the Judge of all the earth do right?" was the attitude of her soul toward God, and that also involved the thorough performance of her duty toward man. She had a hard battle to fight, and many times was defeated, but like the truest hero, she sprang up to renewed conflict day by day. It was hardest of all things to see her husband stern and tyrannical to his child. She hated him in her heart when she saw her little delicate boy shiver at his step, and cower with screams of terror under his heavy hand or the stinging switch it carried. She was glad, glad to her very heart, when the frail sad little creature sickened one night so suddenly that he had no time to suffer, for the next night he lay dead in her arms. A weak heart, the doctor said. Little wonder that his baby's heart was weak when his short life had been so full of terror and tears!

Squire Crane had an elaborate funeral, put a broad band of crape on his tall, white hat, and assumed the most lugubrious demeanor.

"How he doos feel his 'fiction!" said Mrs. Parker to Widow Green, "and it don't seem as though she cared a mite!"

Sarah's face was calm and content. It is true the child had been her sole comfort; for many a long day she would miss the soft feeble arms about her neck, the hot head resting on her bosom; but mother-love is not selfish. Her boy was safe; he had a Father now; a real father, who would help and comfort his lonely soul forever. Yet more children came to Sarah; one after another, five were born to that loveless house. She submitted in proud silence to her heavy yoke. It was no comfort to her that as the children grew they did not love or respect their father. She could not do it; she had been trained in the most thorough honesty of speech and life, and her whole nature revolted at the daily spectacle of Osias Crane's hypocrisy. It seemed to her that she could better have borne with an open and flagrant sinner than with this man who was so cold, so bitter, so sneering, so cruel in a petty way, in his own house; and so bland, so benevolent, so courteous to the outside world. But to her sense of her duty as his wife she clung with the devotion of a martyr; nothing that she believed she ought to do was left undone. She had a hard task to train up her children in at least the outward respect due to the paternal relation. Born into this relative position against her will or wish, they were instinctively inclined to shun and distrust their father. Sarah did not try to make them love him. Too well she knew that was impossible. A weaker or less devout woman would have been eager to obtain help and consolation from having her children on her side in a family division, but Sarah's principle was too lofty for this alleviation; she resolutely enforced obedience and the outward forms of respect from her boys and her one girl. Never did one word fall from her lips derogatory to their father; never did they see her resist his will, or contradict his opinions, however they knew she must object to them. It was from the anguish of her heart that she named her oldest boy Benoni "the son of my sorrow," and her little daughter "Mara" for her advent was truly "bitterness."

There came one trial into Sarah Crane's life that was indeed fiery. Six years after her marriage the minister of the church in Tiswell, a weak, dreamy, unpractical old man died suddenly, and in his place came a bright, handsome young fellow, thoroughly

in earnest, full of sympathy; and eager to help, to console, to love his flock. He noticed Sarah Crane's sad and beautiful face as she sat beside her smooth-visaged husband, the first time he preached in Tiswell, and read in that patient countenance the story of long suffering and a famished heart. Not long after one of her boys was very ill, and Mr. Darling, in eager pursuit of his duty, visited the Crane farm frequently. Can words tell what a burst of sunshine poured in on Sarah's darkened heart from the presence of sympathy, kindness and counsel? Her boy grew to worship the kind, cheerful man who sat by his bed daily, brought him fruit, read to him, and made the feverish hours shorter and more endurable.

Squire Crane was pleased to have the new minister so attentive. It seemed a tribute to his own importance that Mr. Darling should spend so much time on his sick boy. He did not know how soon the young parson's perceptive mind and keen observation penetrated his own character; weighed and stamped him; and felt that he had fathomed the secret of Sarah's sad eyes and statuesque calmness.

Mr. Darling was a revelation to Sarah; she had hitherto judged all the men she knew in Tiswell by her husband; she felt that behind every time-worn face, rough or smooth, there probably lurked an inner and another man; but no one—no woman—could distrust the fearless frankness of Roger Darling's countenance.

And he was so good to her boy; so gentle and consoling to her; it seemed to her that he knew the very texts of Scripture she most needed; that he had fathomed her life-long woe, her secret longing for some light, some sweetness in the cold denials of her daily life. Before she knew it, her heart clung to this young man with passionate force; her eyes grew soft and luminous, a faint color flushed her cheek, she began to take more pains with her dress. Habitually neat, she had been careless of any decoration to her plain attire; now she tied a ribbon at her throat, or fastened a blossom in her dress, smoothed her abundant hair and took more pains with its arrangement; listened for Mr. Darling's step and voice with more than the eager excitement of her child; and felt that there was a sudden cessation of all life when his visit was over for the day, a languor in the air, a pallor in the sun. Like many another woman she thought all this the awakening of her re-

ligious and spiritual nature, at once lofty and pure. Alas! how often does little Love put on the cowl or the gown to delude his victims! how successful is this particular *ruse* with the best and most innocent of Eve's daughters! It was with a pang of horror and shame that Sarah felt her very soul recoil when one day she heard that Mr. Darling had gone home to be married. He had never spoken to her of his engagement. He was a modest and considerate man, and had always shrunk from intruding his own joy on the troubles of Mrs. Crane. but had devoted himself as he thought to consoling her and strengthening her faith, while he did his duty at the side of her sick boy.

It was a terrible hour to Sarah when she was suddenly shown to herself, and knew that she had loved—did love—another man than her husband.

She used no sophistry with her frightened conscience, she looked things in the face with the courage of truth. Never again could she blame her husband for anything he said or did, when she had so sinned against him and her own soul. Her first impulse was to confess to him the unconscious wrong she had done him, but common sense came to her rescue. She knew that he would sneer at and scorn such a confidence, and only make her life more wretched with taunts and jeers, for she knew well that sin in his eyes was only sin as it was seen of men. The thought of the heart that rebels against law and gospel was to him a futile theory; he believed in the outside cleanliness of cup and platter alone.

No! she must go to God with her wayward sinning soul, and implore Him to cleanse her from what seemed to her pure eyes almost a crime. If she spent hours on her knees weeping the bitterest tears of her life, no human being knew it; there was nothing in her outward life to tell that her heart had at last been awakened—and then strangled! She had found and lost the one treasure of a woman's life, and she resolutely set herself to an endurance deeper and more submissive than ever. Yet sore as the trial was, it did Sarah Crane real good; she had more charity for her husband's failings now that she could no longer look down upon them from a loftiness that had its own pride and contempt for his lower plane. Her set face softened with this new humility, her eyes were gentler in their cold sadness, she seemed to get nearer

to God in her abasement than ever she had in her courage.

So she went on her way "cast down but not destroyed," still faithful to her duties, a tender but firm mother, an uncomplaining woman. Not even to Grandmother Parsons did she ever say one word of her trouble. The old lady died suddenly one day, and left a bitter sense of loss in Sarah's life; she felt now utterly friendless, and reproached herself as we all do when death separates us forever from a friend, that she had not loved and trusted her more. But the tenor of her grandmother's will showed how deeply she had felt Sarah's position. She left all her property, which was considerable, in the hands of two trustees for Sarah's sole use and benefit, the income to be paid quarterly into her own hands.

Squire Crane was furious. It was a part of his creed that no woman should own money in her own right; he enjoyed doling out to his wife in pitiful little sums the dollars absolutely needful to clothe her and the children. He demanded an account of every penny, grumbled at the family expenses, and made Sarah dread to ask him for a cent. Now she was free in that respect, and in her heart she thanked and blessed the dear dead woman who had so helped her.

But the Squire revolved in his mind some way to get the money into his hands; he went himself for the first payment, and was enraged to find that the trustees refused to send it to his wife by him. He had to drive back to Tiswell and fetch her. On the way back he propounded a scheme of his own to share her fortune.

"I think, Sarer, now you've come to have means, you had better pay your board. It's quite a chore to provide for five children, and I think it is your dooty to help."

For once Sarah asserted herself.

"I shall not do it, Mr. Crane. I earn far more than my board and my poor clothing by my work. The law obliges you to provide for your wife and children."

"Well, well; you are pretty uppish I think. Ain't you been provided for all these years along back? Haven't you always had good clothes to go to meeting in?"

"Yes; you were afraid people would talk if I had not, but I have wanted comfortable and warm clothing every year. I propose to have it now."

Something in the ring of her voice warned the Squire to stop; the rest of the drive was silent.

However he did carry a part of his point. She was in his power and he used that power to have his own niggard cruel way. He refused to give her any money for the children's schooling or clothing. Food he dared not deny them, but he knew Sarah would never let her little brood be cold or shabby, and he reckoned rightly. He increased his subscription to missions that year, gave two hundred dollars toward repainting the church, gave liberally for a Thanksgiving dinner to the paupers at the town farm and prayed more frequently and fervently than ever at the evening meetings. Sarah's soul recoiled as she heard him; she would have stayed at home always, but he enforced her presence as the proper thing to be done.

But there is always an end to grief some time, soon or late. There came a day when Squire Crane dropped down in the hayfield stricken with paralysis, and was brought home and laid on his bed unable to speak or move, yet evidently conscious. For long weeks he lay there, his cold eyes watching Sarah about the room with dumb distress. What he went through God alone knew, as he saw her so tender with her children, so patient with her blundering servant, so faithful to his need, yet without one look or word of affection for him, one symptom that anything deeper or warmer than duty prompted her careful nursing. Perhaps in those long days of the imprisoned soul and useless body he repented of his false and hollow life, his failure in all the duties of his home, his loss of all that makes living noble and sweet. Perhaps—for he read his Bible always on Sunday, and the Bible has a wonderful way of returning on one's memory in the emergencies of life,—perhaps that fearful scripture now rang upon his inner ear wherein the loving and pitying Saviour denounces with "the wrath of the Lamb" the hypocrites of the earth and declares their final doom. But if it were so the man gave no sign. Only when at last life began to fail him, he turned his eyes on Sarah's wistful face with an appeal so forcible, so full of anguish, that she understood it, and forgetting that the Tiswell doctor stood beside her, she said, stooping toward her husband:

"Yes, Osias, I forgive you!"

"Forgive him!" muttered the doctor to himself as he drove slowly homeward. "That beats all! I should have thought the boot was on t'other foot; she didn't seem to care a cent's worth about him anyway!"

There was a great funeral gathering the day Squire Crane was buried; but it was noticed that Mr. Darling did not make any remarks on the deceased man's character, or piety, and that Mrs. Crane wore no mourning. All Tiswell was astir with these strange omissions.

"Sech a man!" moaned Mrs. Parker to Ann Tarbox, who came over from Winston in order to tell Mrs. Dean all about the funeral. "Always a doin' for missions, attendin' at prayer-meetin's, kotin' Scriptur so pat; sech a walk an' conversation! I dono what Tiswell will do without him; and there's his widder in the same alpacky gown and grey straw bunnet she has wore to meetin' this three year! not a mite of crape! it is amazin'! amazin'."

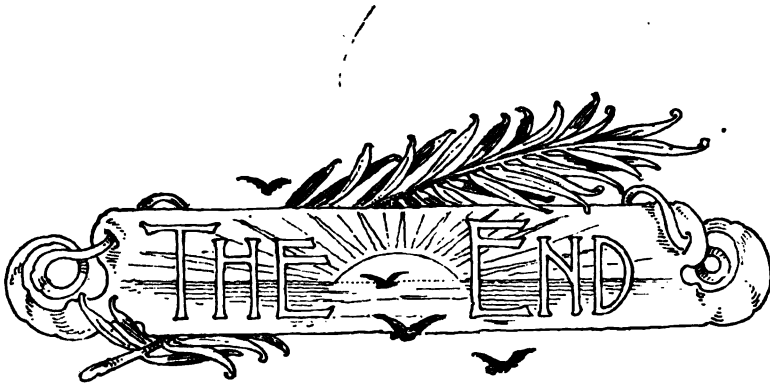
"Well, to my mind it means suthin' now,

Mis' Parker! Sary was fetched up to be honest all through. I don't myself take no stock in what folks call street-angels; likely as not if you knew the hull on't they're house dev-ills!"

"Why Ann Tarbox! how you talk!"

Yet nobody ever called Sarah Crane a saint. Perhaps it will be her "new name" when the Lord summons her to heavenly places, and her weeping household shall rise up and call her blessed; for she fought the good fight of faith in silence and solitude, and made no loud profession of what she sedulously practised. There is to-day a solid memorial stone at the head of Osias Crane's grave, but it merely records his birth and death; it does not even give him the credit of being a "street angel."

Rose Terry Cooke.



"WORDS! WORDS! WORDS!"

WORDS *hurt* so cruelly! There are slender polished needles of satire that enter the heart, leaving hardly a blood-speck on the surface of the skin; venomous barbs of insinuation, that cannot be withdrawn, that set on fire the course of nature and down-right invective, shocking nerve-centres like a fist-blow. Against such there is no human law.

Yet we legislate for the suppression of infernal machines; prohibit the carriage of concealed weapons; limit the sale of known poisons.

HEROIC MEASURES.

AS in physics, so in morals, a certain class of humanitarians have an inveterate prejudice in favor of heroic measures. Is it not time we learned that everything bitter is not, of necessity, a tonic—that the truth is sometimes pleasant, and gentleness of charity a remedial agent? Does not the adage, "First the lash, then the law," belong to an earlier and less Christian age.

DISCRETION.

THE greatest parts without discretion may be fatal to their owner; as Polyphemus, deprived of his eye, was only the more exposed, on account of his enormous strength and stature. *Addison.*

PET LORE FOR PET LOVERS.

Birds and their care



SOME wise man has said that "a home is never complete without a baby rising three months, and a kitten rising three weeks," and there is much truth in it. How bare and unhomelike seems the house without young children or pets of some sort; a dog to win us away from serious thought by his frolics; a cat to arouse affection; a bird to charm away the wrinkles from our brow and care from our heart. Who that has ever kept pets can deny that they have an influence over us, give us a relief that nothing else can, even though it be on the low grounds that

"A little nonsense now and then
Is relished by the best of men?"

If the presence of pets in the house so strongly affects the grown-up part of the household, how much greater the influence on the children! What companionship, what sympathy, what happiness our little folk receive from their friends of the lower orders; the patient dog, the frolicsome kitten, the mischief-loving monkey, the grim old toad, even the stupid alligator. Moreover what an educator a pet may be, in tenderness toward the helpless, in gentleness of manner, in justice to all, in care taking, in regularity of habits. The influence upon children of animals to care for, can—it seems to me—hardly be overestimated.

The home-makers of the land will be glad I am sure, judging from the many questions that come to one supposed to be informed, to learn somewhat more than they know at present about the keeping of pets; to what to select; how to make them comfortable; and how to keep them well and happy.

First, what to select. As a matter of fact, few people do select. A pet is thrust upon them. A boy with a surplus gives a puppy to your son, or a kitten to your daughter. I heard lately of a boy of very few years, who one day ran in to his mamma wild with delight over a cat and her young family of six, which he said "a kind man at the grocery had given him." Mamma was appalled of course at so sudden and so large an increase to her family, but her baby's pleading eyes, and a sudden pity

for the homeless mother and family, won the day, and the child and the cat are both happy. In order to make a choice you must first decide what you want a pet for. Do you want it to ornament your rooms? to charm you with music? to amuse you with pranks? or to make the children happy? If you wish for an ornament, your way is clear; buy the finest gilded cage in the market, and put into it either a splendid white or

pink cockatoo, who will be most decorative in effect, and rarely trouble you with a sound. Or get a larger mansion of gilt, with turrets and bells and various dangles of gorgeous style, and place in it fifteen or twenty or more (if the cage is roomy enough) of the tiny African birds to be found now-a-days at the bird stores. They are all seed-eaters and consequently little trouble; they are lively, with musical chirps but few songs; they are lovely to look at, being not much bigger than a humming-bird, of many varieties, and all beautifully colored; and they are interesting to watch. Such a cage full will be a source of great happiness to the children, and require comparatively little care.

If however your choice is for a music-machine, buy a canary; or, if you have strong healthy nerves, a mocking-bird; or if you like a bird to grind out an opera air or two, and to show what man's training can do for a bird, get a bullfinch.

If your life is somewhat lonely, and you desire a pet that will respond to your care, and at the same time give little trouble, take a parrot, or a cat. Is it your aim to be amused? Set your heart on a monkey, or a couple of marmosetts. But if you need a companion, a familiar friend who shall interest and entertain you, who shall awaken in the children a love for natural history, or if you want to study the ways of bird or beast, search for some of our American birds, or beasts, which are not usually kept as pets.

Whatever is decided upon, make up your mind at once that you must give care and thought to it; it would be nothing less than brutal, were it not pure thoughtlessness, to treat a living creature as many people treat their canaries and other pets. They fill up the food and water dishes when empty, give them clean gravel paper, sometimes a bath, and pay no further attention to them; they let them hang in the sunshine if the sun happens to come in, in a draught if the window happens to be open, leave them in the dust when the room is swept, and never think of protecting them from the cold on winter nights. No wonder the poor little victims die, and bird stores that replenish them, flourish! To many people a canary bird is simply a sort of pretty-looking machine that sings and requires bird-seed and water to keep the machinery going. A bird should be "Zip" or "Dickey" or some other *individual*. His mistress should carefully make his acquaintance, which no

amount of money spent or of food lavished on him will do. He should know her, and talk to her; he should be to her another member of the family to be looked after, considered, and made comfortable. She has no right to keep him prisoner if she does less. He also is a living creature; he has his rights as well as man.

It is really pitiful to see how eagerly those little captives respond to a word or an attention. If a stranger speak to them or notice them, they will remember him, and the next time he comes will call to him, try in every way to attract his attention, and be madly happy if he gives it. A certain house where I visit has placed in a delightful spot a large cage, with a great pink cockatoo in it. Now I am never greatly attracted by parrots and cockatoos, but I can no more go into a room and not speak to the bird or the dog, or the cat, than I can ignore the child. Although I have never petted that bird, never done more than to speak to him kindly, yet the moment I come in he begins to bow, to wriggle his body, to elevate and lower his crest, and to cry "cock-a-too! cock-a-too!" If I do not notice him he will in a few moments scream, to make me do so. At another house on my list of visiting places, a dignified old cat, the pet of the household, will at once leave his comfortable cushion, though he is well on in years and likes his comfort, and come to me for a word and a little petting. Instances like these might be multiplied almost without end, to show how other creatures, as well as dogs, remember their friends and like to be spoken to. Therefore I say, give them that pleasure; talk to your pets; observe when they are happy, and when uneasy; take a personal interest in them.

In speaking more particularly of the various sorts of pets, I will begin with birds, and give some general directions that apply to the care of all the family. Afterwards I will speak of the different kinds, with any special treatment that may be necessary.

To begin with the cage. It is the bird's home, and should be as comfortable for his needs as our homes for ours. If the owner is never to be let out, it is best to have it large. Books and dealers assert that a bird sings more in a small cage. If he does—which is by no means proved—it is simply because he cannot amuse himself in any other way, and consequently it is at the expense of exercise and variety needed to keep him well and happy. A bird as large as a goldfinch should never have less than

a foot square of cage room, and more is better; one as large as a mocking-bird must have at least one foot by about two feet in size. There must, in short, be room enough for a bird to hop from perch to perch to get exercise, and gratify his love of motion.

The best cages, for use and health, are entirely of metal; fine ones of brass wire, cheaper but just as useful ones of iron wire painted (always white) with wire floor, zinc trays, and not a particle of wood about them. These can be thoroughly cleansed and kept sweet and free from insect pests. The perches, as it comes from the stores, are arranged in a stereotyped way that is exactly the most inconvenient for the bird in taking his exercise. There will be two near the top of the cage, across it from front to back, half way down one long one the other way, that is from side to side, and perhaps near the floor another pair across. The first thing to do is to pull out the long perch, cut it short and put it across the cage exactly like the rest, only half-way to the floor. When you see your bird frolicking over this airy stairway, up and down as if he were mad, flirting his tail, calling loudly, and every way having a jolly time, you will see how satisfactory is this arrangement.

On the bottom of the cage should always be gravel. Not paper with a modicum of sand stuck to it, but a quarter inch of genuine, clean, though of course fine gravel. It is made nice every morning by sifting through a wire sieve kept for the purpose, and may be used a week or more before it is thrown away and fresh provided. A bird should always have some inducement to visit the floor and walk about in the gravel, since it is good for his feet. Soft-billed birds used to going to the ground for insects are easily led to do so by placing their food dishes there. But seed-eaters, more dainty about their feet, require a strong attraction, such as some tid-bit, a hemp seed or any particularly favorite morsel that will not be injured by gravel.

The position of the cage is important. It should be neither in the sun nor in a draught; it should be near the window for light, yet not too near, to get the cold through the cracks. The bottom should be about five feet from the floor, and if there is more than one cage the upper perches should be at the same height. A bird is very loath to have another higher than himself, and a neglect in this matter may make him very unhappy.

Also, some birds like a solid roof over

their head. If one is uneasy toward night and tries to fly through his roof, a paper laid over the cage will usually quiet him.

Food is next in importance. Perhaps I need not say you should always get the best, yet even in such little dry things as canary seed there is great choice. I have seen birds utterly refuse, and scatter far and wide, that bought at a grocery, when they eagerly devoured the larger, cleaner, more plump seed bought at the best bird-stores. Always buy canary seed pure, and mix for yourself, putting in nothing but a little—perhaps one-fourth—of the best rape seed. Hemp seed in the mixture is the sole cause of the seed-scattering so annoying to housekeepers. Never allow one of this kind in the food dish, but let the bird always find it in his gravel.

Birds that require soft food, as mocking-birds, robins, thrushes and others, are more trouble to keep. The food, as it comes from the bird store, should be fresh, of a light-grey color, and never with a stale or disagreeable odor. Birds will often starve to death on the common bird-store food, and no one with a sense of smell can blame them in the least. The best kind has ants' eggs in it and no meat, and it can be procured in New York. For the benefit of readers in the country I will give a receipt for mocking-bird food which is said to be excellent. It is one-half zwieback, one-quarter hemp seed, and one-quarter ants' eggs, with a little poppy or maw-seed. The zwieback may be bought at German bakeries, or made by taking dry bread free from alum or soda, cutting in thin slices, and browning in a very slow oven. The ingredients (excepting the ants' eggs) are ground quite fine, and thoroughly mixed. It must be kept in a dry cool place.

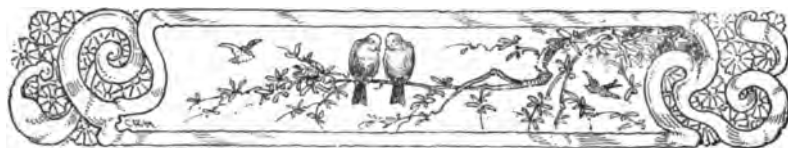
For the bird's use, this food must be mixed with nearly an equal amount of grated raw carrot, prepared fresh every morning, sometimes—in hot weather—twice a day, for the bird likes sour food no better than you do. Birds that eat this food usually like insects and worms, flies, grasshoppers, spiders, or meal-worms bought at bird stores. A very good substitute for the latter, that most birds become very fond of, is raw beef cut by scissors into slivers about the size of a meal worm, that is an inch long and as thick as a common steel knitting needle. Another thing important to the health of the captives is fresh green food every day. The list from which to select is long; I will mention lettuce, chickweed,

plantain (the seed stem), both kinds of sorrel and any sort of fruit or berry, from apple and banana to dried currants, which must be soaked several hours, till plump and fresh.

Other matters indispensable to the health and comfort of the bird, are, a warm cover for cold nights, a mosquito bar for hot ones (when that pest is about), and proper bathing arrangements. In this last I have scarcely ever seen a bird comfortably provided. Watch a wildbird at his bath; he spreads his wings and beats them in the water, throwing it over him, while he dips

his head and flirts his tail. He needs as much width as length to his bath, yet look at the absurd coffin-shaped dishes we give him! The truth is, the dishes are made to suit the cage makers and to go into the small doors they contrive, with no regard to the comfort of the poor little bather. Provide your captive with a round, shallow dish (a pressed-tin pan is good), as big as you can squeeze in at his door cornerwise; you can fill it from a pitcher or cup after it is in. Let it be shallow, take the chill off the water and then sit down and see him enjoy it!

Olive Thorne Miller.



CHEAP LIVING IN CITIES.



THE problem, "How to live in the city in a house of one's own," is one that young homemakers of slender means and strong home-instincts are trying every day and in every large city to solve, and unfortunately rarely find it solvable. Rent alone swallows up the whole of an ordinary clerk's income, and a great deal more than a due share of the income of what are looked upon as men with liberal salaries. The vast majority of young married people, however, are of the former class, and to most of them the desired home seems unattainable, and there appears no alternative but to board.

A very small house, if it be but just within the fringe of eligible neighborhood—a long way from fashion nevertheless—cannot be hired under from \$1000 to \$1200 a year. There are very few to be found of these, and where a man's salary is not much more, to have a house seems impossible. And yet who shall tell the longing and craving for a home that this conviction covers?

Some of the brave helpmates resolve to make the trial and plan to make both ends meet by taking two or three boarders, or by resolving to let rooms.

Although I do not pretend to offer any new solution of the great difficulty, I would make one or two suggestions as food for

thought to those about to make a city home with very scant means of doing so.

In the first place people rarely find that taking a tiny house and two, or even three boarders help their expenses very much, because they cannot in justice to their guests economize in table expenses, and as the desire is generally to bring down the rent to \$400 or \$500, this can scarcely be done on the profits of two or three boarders. But the privacy of home is as much broken by two as by six strangers. What I would suggest, therefore, is that if the resolution should be to make it possible to live in your own house by receiving other inmates, take the house with a view to that purpose. It is better economy to take a good-sized house than a tiny box at a lower rent.

A far better means of bringing a house within the compass of a small income, is to let rooms furnished. If the location is at all good, the rent paid for rooms is almost as much as for board and rooms in the same block. \$8 to \$10 is quite a moderate room rent, and as lodgers need not necessarily interfere with the privacy of the family, they are greatly to be preferred to boarders.

Another plan for lessening rent, which, however, really works well, is for two small families to take a house together.

The remarks made with regard to the accommodation for boarders, apply equally to lodgers. That is to say, a house at \$1000, in which if you can let the two bedrooms in

the house, as they will be small, (you will scarcely get more than \$6 each, unless there is some exceptional advantage as to location) is less advisable than one at a higher rent with good-sized rooms, which will rent more easily and at a much better price.

In offering these considerations I must not be understood as implying that it is either an agreeable or advisable thing for a couple to start housekeeping by letting lodgings or taking boarders. Especially is the last undesirable, but it must be considered that a man with a salary of \$1000 to \$1500 can only live in a house of his own by some such management. Such being the case, all sides must be considered.

It was hoped in New York that flats would make the attainment of home-life more easy to people of small means, but they have done little toward it. Flats in a good location are as expensive as a house in proportion to the space at disposal. It is true there are small flats in the outskirts of the city which are let at low rents, but to many persons it is preferable to live actually in the country than in the half-built-up portions of town. City flats are often partly sublet to bring the rent within the means of the occupier, but as any one to whom this would be a necessity would naturally choose one of the cheaper flats from \$600 to \$700 in which the rooms are very tiny, the walls very thin, it would be a very exceptional lodger with whom it would be an agreeable thing to share these quarters.

A less disagreeable alternative than this, it seems to me, is to be found in a floor, especially if it can be found in the spacious houses built before these days of twelve-foot fronts.

It is *possible* to find such floors. It is also *possible* to find a pretty low-priced flat in a fair neighborhood, but so few are there for the number who want them that the search is long and often fruitless.

The subject of rent once settled, living in the city has certain economical advantages over the country. In considering country rent the man's commutation ticket is added to it, but that of his wife is not.

Many women, that is true, who live within twenty miles of a large city, go there only a few times a year for purchase of clothing, etc., and in such cases the occasional expense is light, but others, who in cool weather have their eye on the prices current of the New York provision market,

need to go often if they wish to take advantage of the fluctuations in the price of food. In the country there are no such fluctuations. Prices are a general high average.

For a small family it rarely pays to make the pilgrimage to the city for marketing purposes, but to those living in New York it makes a great difference, not always in money alone, but luxuries quite unattainable to families of small means, as a rule, on some occasions can be bought cheaper than plainer food. This is the case with game and the costlier varieties of fish and fruits.

But it is not only in luxuries that advantage can be taken of the state of the market by the wise housekeeper. Staples also have their variations, and while the suburban matron hears that the best cuts of mutton are only fourteen cents a pound, the citizen is buying the same.

Perhaps in no part of living-expenses is the difference between town and country marketing so marked as in green vegetables. Nowhere are these so scarce or so dear as in the country, and articles at all unusual although not costly, are not to be obtained except by special order and high price. Cebrari, kohlrabi, escarote, are not expensive, but are never seen in a country market. The same may be said of many other things that give variety to the table.

However one may have the market at one's door, and bargains for the asking, both are useless to the woman who does not know the value of what she sees.

Unfortunately, comparatively few women understand at a glance the quality of meats and fish. This is an education of the eye more than of the sense, and not very much can be done on paper to help. Many women will not believe that by practice they could ever become judges of meat or poultry, and therefore they make little effort to distinguish, but trust to their butcher, and when they see an article below price, will say "I did not dare to buy it for I thought it could not be good." Yet had the bargain been in flannel or ribbon or silk, to judge of which they have unconsciously trained themselves, they would have known it at once. It is true some women never make good buyers of any thing. This is the case where the faculty of observation is lacking; but this lack is not frequent, and nearly all housekeepers by visiting markets with a competent person, will learn to know qualities and the different cuts of meat. Those who do not know how to avail them-

selves of the opportunities for economy that occur in marketing, would find it a good investment to take a few marketing lessons. They will by that means learn not only the appearance of good meat, but the different joints and the average prices. Also, they will learn, if they are teachable in that respect, that because porter-house steak is excellent at twenty-five cents a pound, it is not a reason that sirloin steak is not better at twenty-two. But they must have learnt to select the exact cut of sirloin which will give a tenderloin as large as a man's hand, and the whole of the upper part of the meat of more tender quality than the porter-house.

Then the inexperienced buyers, not knowing the seasons for meat, will imagine if she sees veal at fifteen or sixteen cents in May, when she knows in February it was twenty-five cents, that she is buying very cheaply, unaware that veal is the cheapest meat in spring, the same with mutton when lamb is in season. All this she would learn from a competent instructor.

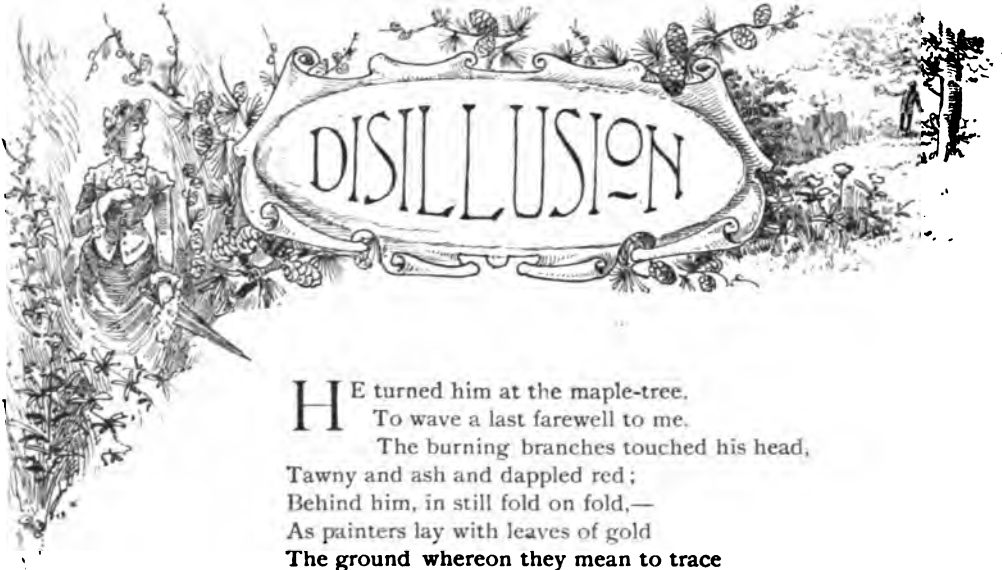
It is not always possible, however, to take marketing lessons, and such help as can be given without practical demonstration shall be given here.

Fine, well-fed beef may be known by yellowish white fat, very firm and a fine-grained bright-red lean. Very good beef is sometimes not very fat, that is to say, an excellent steak may only have a half-inch band of fat round, or even less, instead of the inch that the butcher is proud to point out, but this narrow band must be *fat* and not *gristle*.

Sometimes meat, instead of being covered with fat, is covered with a quarter of an inch of gristle, at others there will be the gristle, but it will have an outside layer of fat. These indications do not always show *bad* meat, only that it is second-class. This is the case when the grain of the meat is good and the kidney fat, firm and good. Where the gristle is found in conjunction with a dull-red or, as we may borrow a term from art to describe it accurately, a darkish terracotta red, the meat is to be avoided altogether. To return to fine meat—the color differs in different parts; the leg, neck and coarser parts are, as a rule, darker than the prime parts. The sirloin is a rosy red, the rib a shade darker, mottled with white fat and without a vein running through it. The round is of a bright juicy looking red on the upper or tender side (which is really the inside of the leg and less exposed in the animal to use and weather); the lower side “the vein,” as butchers call it, is paler and dryer. In a really fine round of beef the blood will ooze from the grain as it is cut. The best cuts from such a round, if the ox has been killed long enough, surpass any other steak in flavor, and will be quite as tender. The best steaks are those which are cut before the broad band of fat is reached, but excellent ones are cut for three or four inches after this, then the round begins to decrease in size, the meat gets darker, the grain of it coarser and suitable for a la mode beef stews, etc., but not for steak.

Catherine Owen.





H E turned him at the maple-tree,
 To wave a last farewell to me.
 The burning branches touched his head,
 Tawny and ash and dappled red;
 Behind him, in still fold on fold,—
 As painters lay with leaves of gold
 The ground whereon they mean to trace
 Some favorite saint of special grace—
 The chestnuts floored and roofed and hung
 Niche for my hero-saint. Down-flung
 From cedar tops, the wild woodbine
 Lent pennons brave to deck the shrine.
 Barbaric sumachs straight upbore
 Their crimson lamps, and, light and hoar,
 Like votive lace bestowed by dame.
 Repentant of her splendid shame,—
 O'er withered shrub and briar and stone,
 The seeded clematis was thrown.

I thought my heart broke in the rush
 Of tears that blotted out the flush
 Of draping vine and burning bough.
 "O, love of mine!"—thus ran my vow,—
 "Let Heaven but stoop to hear my prayer,
 But lift the cross I cannot bear,
 This lonely, living death of pain—
 And give my darling back again
 To longing heart and straining eyes;—
 To grief and loss in other guise
 Meekly I'll bow, and, smiling see
 Sweet dawn in gloom that's shared with thee!"

To-day I stood and saw him stay
 His horse upon the woodland way,
 And toss to me a gay farewell.
 The chestnut leaves about him fell;
 The royal maples burned and shone,
 Veiling misshapen branch and stone,
 The misty clematis lay white;
 The woodbine from the cedar's height,
 The sumach's velvet cones, the breath
 That amber hickories yield in death,—

All were the same. October rare
 Held sway divine o'er earth and air.
 The horseman's port was kingly,—yet,
 My lips unwrung, my eyes unwet,
 My heart recoils in cold despair,
 At memory of that granted prayer.

"A fancy," was it? so, best dead?
 A tinted cloud, with sunrise fled?
 He was no hero? and the saint
 San Marco's monk had loved to paint
 On golden background,—was but such
 A myth as girls who muse too much,
 And love and trust their dreams, enshrine
 And hang with gifts, and incense fine
 On their hearts' altars waste? Perchance,
 A figure filched from old romance.

My beautiful dead dream! The Spring
 Beyond Life's winter, which will bring
 Earth's buried ones to love's embrace,
 Will hold for me no quickening grace.
 Summers may go, Octobers come;—
 Deep out of sight, and pale and dumb,
 Lies the hope that never was to be,
 My love who lived not—save to me!

Sara Webb Vilas.

Led by a Vision. An Unpublished MS. of 1775.

November, 1795.

TO MY DEAR CHILDREN:
 I have been asked many
 times by you all to write
 an account of the strange and
 notable manner in which I
 was led of God to make the
 long and arduous journey
 from our home in Sharon,
 Connecticut, to Fort Ticon-

deroga, to the end of (under God) saving
 the life of your dear Father. Now
 that he has himself enjoined it upon me to
 do this as a testimony justly owed to that
 Divine Providence which has ever watched
 over, led and sustained us, I can no longer
 refuse.

For many years the oppressions of King

George and his Parliament had been very
 great; far greater than we could or ought
 to bear. We knew ourselves to be of the
 same race and that we had the same birth-
 right to a voice in our government as if we
 had chosen to remain in our old homes;
 yet by the Mother Country we were treated
 as subjected Aliens, as a conquered Nation.
 During the great French and Indian war it
 was our Militia Bands (composed of the
 best blood of the Colonies) which had saved
 them to Great Britain, yet we were allowed
 no representation in regard to our own
 proper affairs. In a large family where one
 child is treated better than another an ag-
 grieved feeling grows up among the less
 favored; so our hearts burned within us
 with indignation at the injustice of our

treatment. As long ago as the time when your dear Father and I were married—seventeen years before the beginning of the war—this feeling was already very strong, and it grew and strengthened with every year. So at last when we heard of the fight at Lexington the news fell like a live coal upon gunpowder.

Never can I or any who were present forget the Sabbath morning on which the news was brought to us. Your Father had been preaching in the lively and spirited manner which is his wont, from Psalms vii. 6. "Arise, O Lord, in thine anger, lift up thyself because of the rage of mine enemies, and awake for me to the judgment thou hast commanded." And after the sermon, which had much moved us all, we united in singing the hymn which at that time was a favorite one with us:

"Let Tyrants shake their iron rod
And slavery clank her galling chains;
We fear them not; we trust in God.
New England's God forever reigns."

Before the close of the last line a messenger with jangling spurs strode down the aisle and up the high pulpit stairs, where he told his news to my husband, who proclaimed in clear, ringing tones that the die had been cast, that blood had been shed and there was now no choice between War and Slavery.

We all rose from our seats and could scarcely command ourselves to hear the benediction pronounced as it was in commanding tones as by one who felt that the Lord had commissioned him to bless His people. Outside of the Meeting House, on the very steps of the House of the Lord, full of righteous indignation and trust in the great Ruler of the Universe, one hundred men prepared to march immediately to the scene of action, while three hundred more already belonging to the Trained Bands promised to hold themselves in readiness to follow at short notice. But I must not dwell upon these things. You will find the whole story in history some day as you have already heard it many times from those who took a part in it. My task is only to relate my own tale, which is too humble to be ever repeated for other ears than yours, yet which deserves to be remembered as a sure proof that God does not forget the humblest of those who trust in Him.

Your dear Father* was among the very first to volunteer and received the honored post of Chaplain to the 4th Connecticut

regiment, commanded by Col. Hinman, and ordered to march to Ticonderoga.

In common with many other, well-qualified Pastors, my Husband had been in the habit of receiving into his family from time to time such young men as might wish, after leaving college, to fit themselves for the Gospel Ministry. At this time there were eight such students in our house. My husband provided for them by engaging his beloved friend, the Rev. Dr. Bellamy of Bethlehem, to come and reside in our house, prosecute the education of the young Theological students, supply the Sharon pulpit and attend to other pastoral duties; a young friend of Dr. Bellamy's engaging to perform like brotherly service for him in his parish. As Dr. Bellamy had two students of his own he brought them with him, which, added to those already in our house, made my family to consist of twenty-two persons besides servants. In our present state of peace and plenty this does not seem so very great a burden; but at that time, when the exactions of the Mother Country had rendered it impossible to import anything to eat or wear and all had to be raised and manufactured at home, from bread-stuffs, rum and sugar to the linen and woollen for our clothes and bedding, you may well imagine that my duties were not light. Though I can say for myself that I never complained even in my inmost thoughts, for if I could even give up for the holy cause of Liberty the Husband whom I loved so dearly that my constant fear was lest I should sin to idolatry, it would assuredly have ill become me to repine at any inconvenience to myself. And besides, to tell the truth, I had no leisure for murmuring. I rose with the sun and all through the long days I had no time for aught but my work. So much did it press upon me, that I could scarce divert my thoughts from its demands even during our family prayers, which thing both amazed and displeased me, for during that hour, at least, I should have been sending all my thoughts to Heaven in prayer for the safety of my beloved Husband and the salvation of our hapless Country; instead of which I was often wondering whether Polly had remembered to set the sponge for the bread, or to put water on the leech-tub, or to turn the cloth in the dyeing vat, or whether enough wool had been carded for Betsey to start her spinning wheel in the morning, or Billy had chopped light wood enough for the kindling, or dry wood enough to heat the brick oven, or whether something had not

* Rev. Cotton Mather Smith, of Sharon, Conn.

been forgotten of the thousand things that must be done without fail or else there would be a disagreeable hitch in the house-keeping. So you may be sure that when I went to bed at night I went to sleep and not to dream or to lie awake imagining all sorts of disasters that might happen. There was generally enough that had happened to keep my mind at work if I stayed awake, but that I very seldom did. A perfectly healthy woman has good powers of sleep. So you can see that what I am going to relate arose from no unhealthy condition of mind or body.

The means of communication between us and General Schuyler's Army were very scant at any time, and during the whole of August and part of September, 1775, we had received no news at all, unless you might so call the rumors which were constantly flying about. On the third Sabbath in September Dr. Bellamy gave us a sound and clear sermon in which God's watchful Providence over His People was most beautifully depicted, and drew tears from the eyes of those who were unused to weeping. And during the prayer meeting of the evening the same thought was dwelt upon in a way showing that all who spoke and prayed felt that our God is indeed a Father to all who trust Him. So on that night I went to bed in a calmer and more contented frame of mind than usual. I had, to be sure, been much displeased to find that our supply of bread (through some wasteful mismanagement of Polly's) had grown so small that the baking would have to be done on Monday morning, which is not good housekeeping, for washing should always be done on Monday and the baking on Tuesday, but I had caused Polly to set a large sponge and made Billy provide plenty of firing, so that by getting up betimes in the morning, we could have the big oven heated and the baking out of the way by the time Billy and Jake should have gotten the clothes pounded out ready for boiling, so the two things should not interfere with each other. The last thought on my mind after committing my dear Husband and Country into our Maker's care for the night, was to charge my mind to arise even before daylight that I might be able to execute my plans.

How long I had been asleep I do not know, but judge that it must have been about two hours when I began to be conscious that my Husband's voice was calling me. I tried to rise and go to him, but could not move a muscle. Again I heard that

dear voice that had always thrilled my heart, and its tones seemed to me weak and distressful. I could not rise, but after many struggles it seemed to me that I heard another Voice, saying in a low, sweet tone—

"Let her spirit go free. It is His command."

And in an instant I seemed to leave my body still sleeping on my bed—whose curtains were all drawn aside to admit air during the warm night—while my spirit, free and light but very anxious, seemed to be seeking to follow my Husband's call. For a moment I was undecided where to go, but again came the call, this time more clear, distinct and distressful than ever—

"My Wife, come to me! Come!"

Following the sound my spirit traversed long spaces of wood, marsh and water until I arrived at a great Lake. Here I found a boat waiting for me, and men who told me that my Husband was very ill and had sent them to meet me or take me to him. I entered the boat without hesitation, and after some time in rowing, the boat touched the strand near stone walls, on which cannon were planted, and I was immediately conducted into a log house, where I found my beloved Husband, flushed and burning with fever, lying upon a mattress of straw laid on a small camp-bedstead. He did not know me, but I heard an attendant say—

"She is come! Wonderful are thy ways, O Lord."

And I looked and saw that the speaker was one of our own church members—(Samuel Elmer, then Major of the Regiment) who was watching by my Husband's side. Then I again heard the sweet, clear Voice saying—"Take her back." I tried to resist, but ceased when the Voice said—

"You shall return, and your Husband's life shall be granted to the prayers of his Flock."

I awoke. It was still in the depths of the silent September night. By my side slumbered my little Mary. On another bed within reach of my hand were Juliana and Betsey. They were both sitting up in bed. Juliana asked me—

"Mother, did you speak?"

"No, my daughter."

"But, mother," said Betsey, "I thought I heard you say—'His life shall be granted to the prayers of his Flock.'"

"No, my dears," I replied. "I did not say it." But I knew that they too had heard the Voice that had spoken to me. I bid them go to sleep again, and like obedient

children they did so, and as soon as they were sound, I rose and knelt by the bed in the spot where my dear Husband and I always used to kneel, and I most earnestly prayed for the Lord's care and direction in the journey which I was to begin on the morrow.

When I rose from my knees, strengthened and heartened, I did not again seek my couch, but lighting a candle I sat down to write out instructions for the guidance of Juliana, who, young as she was, must try to take my place as head of the household during my absence. I tried to remember everything, and truly it seemed that both my Memory and Reason were mightily helped, for afterwards when I read over the paper, it appeared to me that I must have had previsions of just the instructions Juliana would need.

As early as three o'clock in the morning I called Nancy and Judy, Jake and young Billy, but would not allow old Billy to be disturbed; whereat the rest marvelled, seeing that I was not used to be more tender of him than of any of the other servants, but rather the less so, that he was my own slave that my Father had given to me upon my marriage. But I let them marvel, for truly it was no concern of theirs, and by five o'clock the bread was ready to be molded, the hickory coals were lying in a great, glowing mass on the oven's bottom, casting a brilliant light over its vaulted top, and sending such a heat into my face when I passed by the oven-mouth that it caused me to think then, as it always does, of Nebuchadnezzar's fiery furnace, seven times heated. Young Billy was already pounding out the clothes, and over the fire Jake was hanging the great brass kettles of water for the washing, while Nancy and Judy had made ready the piles of smoking hot Johnny cake, the boiler of wheat-coffee (which was all we could get in those days, and a poor substitute it was for good Mocha), and the big platters of ham and eggs and plenty of good potatoes roasted in the ashes, which is the best way that potatoes can be cooked, in my opinion.

This was a full hour earlier than our usual breakfast, but it did not take long to assemble the Family to Prayers. It seemed that every one felt an unusual stir in the air that morning.

Before the prayer I had drawn Dr. Bellamy aside and requested his most earnest petitions for one who was that day to begin an arduous journey, and for one lying at

the point of death, but more than this I would not then tell him. It seemed to me, though, that he was mightily helped in prayer that morning, for powerful indeed were his pleadings at the Throne of Grace, and when we rose from our knees all the family were moved, some of them even to tears, though they knew not why. It was not until we were all seated at the table that good Dr. Bellamy spoke—

"My sister," he said, "have you no communication to make to us? It seems to me that some heavy burden is lying upon you. Your face is very pale, and you have the air of those who ate the Passover in silence and in haste, with staff in hand ready to depart."

"Truly is it so, Dr. Bellamy," I answered. "I have been warned of God in a dream that my revered and beloved Husband is nigh unto death at that Fort in the Wilderness, and I am this morning starting to join him."

For a moment there was not a sound. I should think that not even a breath was drawn around that table. Only Polly, who by reason of her age took great privileges to herself, put down the big plate of corn bread she was bringing fresh from the kitchen, and standing just behind my son Johnny's chair, raised her hands up as high as her red plaided turban, and rolling up her eyes so that only the whites showed like two ivory balls rolling in ink, ejaculated:

"Bress de Lawd! Bress de Lawd, Missy Temp'runce" (Polly, too, had been given me by my Father and could never remember to call me by any other than my childhood's name). "Is you done gone struck?"

Her manifest fright was in some sort a relief, for it made us all smile, though I have no doubt that others also thought that my senses were gone.

Dr. Bellamy was the next to speak, and began by remonstrating with me and even intimating that I was arrogating too much to myself when I thought that the Lord had condescended to grant visions to me. But I soon silenced him; first, by repeating my dream, and second by showing him pretty plainly that I was not beholden to him for his opinions or permission, but was going to set out directly we had breakfasted.

Your dear Father's brother, Dr. Simeon Smith, had then lately bought a chaise (the only one at that time owned in western Connecticut), and when he left home to go with the troops he had told me to use it as I saw fit. So I had intended to drive the chaise myself, while old Billy should sit

beside me and lead an extra horse. But Dr. Bellamy made me think better of this, saying that it was tempting Providence to venture forth in such a manner without at least two spare horses. So it was finally decided that the oldest student, Mr. Seth Swift (now and for many years Pastor of the Congregational Church in Pittsfield, Mass.), should ride with me in the chaise leading a spare horse, and that old Billy should ride on horseback and lead a fourth horse, as far as Albany, and even beyond that if the roads should prove to be further practicable for wheels; and that then Mr. Swift and I should continue our journey on the best two horses, leaving Billy with the others to go back home or to remain and await our return as might then seem most judicious. Both of the led horses were saddled, and one saddle was provided with a Pillion, that we might both be able to continue on our way if reduced to even one horse.

It was hardly yet seven o'clock and the heavy dews of the morning were still sparkling like lately shed tears on the face of a smiling child, when we all assembled under the big Ash which had once been the Council Tree of the warlike Wegnagnock Indians, and now shaded the door steps of a Minister of God, who was perhaps as warlike as his predecessors here, though always and only for Righteousness sake.

This journey was indeed a terrible undertaking. About one hundred and sixty miles, and the last sixty through an unbroken Wilderness, but I felt no fear. I was only anxious to depart, and joined with all my heart, though silently, in the good old Connecticut hymn which Dr. Bellamy started to cheer our way.

"God led them through the Wilderness,
His People, blest of yore,
For us we trust He'll do no less,
Rather, we'll hope for more.

"Transplanted Vines, He brought us here,
He brought and will sustain,
If Sin alone we shun and fear,
We cannot trust in vain.

"Let Satan rage and dangers rise,
If God our strength uphold,
We'll turn our eyes unto the skies
And trust like Them of old."

My heart was very full as we crossed the brook at the foot of the hill, its clear brown water sparkling over its gravelly bed and roaring beneath the fringe of drooping willows as loudly as if in the spring time, but not loudly enough to drown the Sacred

Song pouring from the lips of Children and Friends.

Our way lay North by West through Shekomeco, striking the great Post Road on the borders of the Hudson at Red Hook. We did not stop at Clermont as I should have done at another time, but pushed on that night to Johnstown, five miles beyond. Here we had to put up at a miserable Tavern, where it was impossible to get anything to eat save some Suppawn and fried Pork. But there was plainly no lack of very bad Rum in the house, for the Roystersers of the Tap-room kept up a clanking of pewter mugs and a cheering for King George for the greater part of the night. Near as it was to the patriotic homes of the Livingstons, it seems that there were yet many who dared to declare themselves for the King, and continued so to do and even worse, until two years later, when Burgoyne's surrender taught them the wisdom of closing their unseemly mouths. At this time they thought themselves surely on the winning side, and it was Mr. Swift and I who had to close our mouths and not tell whither we were bound, lest we be hindered on our way.

The next morning, after an early breakfast of the same material as the previous supper, we headed for Albany. All this part of our way was simple enough, I having been as far as Albany no less than three times, for I was ever fond of travel, and my old friend Catherine Livingston (now Widow of the late and Mother of the present Patron Van Rennsalaer) had ever been very insistent that we should not allow the "Silver links of Friendship's chain to rust for want of the energy to take long journeys," as she was used to phrase it.

Much of the distance this day we were in full sight of the sweeping Hudson, burning with a sapphire glow between its dark emerald banks, and always were we in view of the great dusk masses of the Catskills, seeming to belong to another world, so aloof are they in their splendid height and majestic loveliness, so veiled in mystery and silence as the dark piles of clouds rise from hidden valleys and gather round their frowning domes. I love the smiling, fruitful terraces of our own Yaghanic Hills, but better still do I love the grandeur and isolation and grim terrors of the mysterious mountains. The sight of them comforted me at every step, and sorry was I when they fell behind and no longer showed me a face of steadfast friendliness, and I do not wonder

that King David of old was wont to lift up his eyes unto the Hills, for thence truly seemeth to come our Help.

Still, I was very anxious to get on as fast as possible. It is about ninety-five miles from Sharon to Albany, and with such good roads we ought perhaps to have been able to get on five miles beyond Albany by the night of the second day, but neither of us knew anything of the way beyond that place, and besides I thought it better to stop over night with my friend Mrs. Van Rennsalaer and take counsel with her.

I found her as ever, loving and hospitable, though much troubled at the perilous condition of our Country, and yet a little inclined to make a jest of my "attempting to follow a dream through the Wilderness." But I heeded not this, knowing in my heart that my dream was no common one, but a Vision sent of God. Besides, my Grandfather had commanded a regiment of Cromwell's Ironsides and I was too much his descendant to be frightened out of a righteous thing by words of Ridicule, even from one so skilled in the use of that weapon as was Catherine. A few months later when she had fled from Albany with her young son (now the Patroon, General Stephen Van Rennsalaer) and had taken refuge in our house, fearing for the safety of her son who had so much property that he would have been a valuable prize to the British, she told me how she had been convicted by my steadfast demeanor at that time, and how it always gave her strength to believe in the goodness of God, as she had never before believed in it, to see how firm and strong was my Faith. But in truth it might better have been called knowledge than Faith, for the Great Apostle has defined Faith to be the evidence of things not seen, and I had *seen*. Though only in a vision of the night, yet I had seen, and it was not Faith but Knowledge that bore me on my way.

By the advice of Mrs. Van Rennsalaer, Mr. Swift and I proceeded in the Chaise drawn by one of her own fresh horses, while one of her servants and old Billy rode the worst two of mine and led the best two as far as Schuylersville, which made the end of our third day's trip, for though it was not quite thirty miles, the roads not being so good as from Red Hook to Albany, our progress was slower. At Schuylersville we found the settlement which the sagacious and patriotic General Philip Schuyler had caused to be planted at the period when the exactions of our Tyrants first became too

grievous to be endured, in order that here might be made some of the things which we could no longer import from the Mother Country.

Here we found mechanics of every class and hundreds of them, for here had General Schuyler built saw-mills and smithies, and mills for spinning and weaving wool and flax. Also he had many men and women engaged in the culture of flax.

Here, too, was his country-seat, at which hospitable home Mr. Swift and I met a warm welcome not only on account of the letter which I bore from Mrs Van Rennsalaer, but also because my Husband as Chaplain of Colonel Hinman's regiment had used his influence with the men to soften the bitterness of feeling which so many of them entertained toward "the Dutchman," as they were wont somewhat contemptuously to style General Schuyler. The latter is a man of the purest patriotism and of much capacity, but he was then unused to the state of things in our Colonies of New England, whereby a man of the best birth and breeding may yet be a mechanic or a tradesman by reason of the poverty of the land and of the fact that so many of us had been obliged to relinquish all our estates when for Conscience' sake we left the Mother Country. On the contrary such of the settlers from Holland as were of good family were able to bring their worldly goods with them to the new land, and by reason of the fertility of the soil and their advantageous trade with the Indians were never obliged to resort to handicrafts for a livelihood. My Husband has many a time told us of the surprise of General Schuyler to find that one of our privates whom he knew to be but a carpenter, was at the same time a man of much influence in his native town, being the son of a Colonial Magistrate. He could never be brought to see that while we in Connecticut were all so much on a social equality, it was yet an equality on a high plane; while on the other side it was very difficult for our men (so many of whom, though poor, had received the best education that the country afforded) not to feel themselves superior "to a parcel of stupid Dutchmen" (thus discourteously, I grieve to say, were they often referred to), many of whom spoke but imperfect English and almost none of whom had received a collegiate training. My Husband had all along been striving to bring about a better understanding between the troops of Connecticut and New York and had thus gained

and still retains the active friendship of General Schuyler. Mrs. Schuyler was cognizant of much of this, and thus her welcome and assistance were secured.

On the morning of Thursday we left roads and civilization behind us and started to enter the Wilderness by means of a Trail to Fort Edward. This had been traversed so often that we were here in no danger of losing our way, though the woods were very thick and dark and the underbrush greatly annoying to our poor horses. Mr. Swift had taken the strongest of them and the saddle with the pillion to be ready for use in case of necessity, while I followed on the next best of our horses. Behind my saddle across the back of the horse was a large bag of feed for the animals, and from the pommel of my saddle hung as large a packet of edibles for ourselves as could well be carried, made up by Mrs. Schuyler's own kind hands. As Mr. Swift rode on before me I could not help laughing right out at the grotesque figure he cut with a large roll of blankets strapped fast to the pillion behind him, and leaving only his head and shoulders to appear above them, while his legs dangled out over the well-stuffed saddle bags in a most uncomfortable looking fashion. In front of him was carefully tied another large packet containing Restoratives and Cordials, for good Mrs. Schuyler was a notable provider of all medicaments for the sick, and though I had brought some of my own also, yet would I not decline hers, knowing there might be sore need.

By agreement with Mrs. Van Rennsalaer, her horse and the poorest one of mine, together with the chaise, were to be sent back to her house in charge of her servant, while Billy rode our third horse and was laden in a similar fashion to Mr. Swift, though being behind me I did not have so good a view of his plight. I have my suspicions that my own was grotesque enough, for during the earlier part of our way I several times heard from Billy a half stifled chuckling, indicative of mirth chastened by a proper respect.

It was only fifteen miles from Schuyler's-ville to Fort Edward, yet the sun was already past noon when we reached it. Being armed by a letter from Mrs. Schuyler, we here met a hospitable welcome from young Lieutenant Philip Livingston (the same who afterwards married Margaret Kane) and a good dinner of ham and eggs and potatoes, for Fort Edward was not so far from civilization as to be so destitute as we later found Fort Ticonderoga to be.

The young officer urged us to remain because at best we could hope to get but little farther that night, but I was too anxious. I felt that I could not delay an unnecessary moment. So, as soon as the horses had eaten we resumed our way, this time being provided with two Indian guides. I felt a little distrustful about this, but Lieutenant Livingston assured me of their faithfulness and I was aware that if any one knew upon whom among the Indians reliance could or could not be placed, it should be one of the Livingston family, who have been trained purposely to acquire that useful knowledge, some one of them being always habituated to live in the very midst of the Savages to learn their ways and languages, and to gain an influence over them; and this is one of the wise things that have contributed to make that noble and talented family at once so rich and so powerful in our country.

So I commended our way to God and went on trustfully, but our progress was very slow. In despite of the long drought we found that in the midst of these dense and lofty pine and cedar forests there were many spots where there was danger of getting mired and so we had to make long turns, sometimes almost doubling upon our tracks for long distances, and always having to move very slowly, by reason both of the heavy nature of the way for our good horses, and of the caution necessary to get through the underbrush and beneath the low growing branches of the younger trees, without having our eyes torn out by branches and twigs flung into the faces of those in the rear, by the recoil from the one who had first passed through them. With all our care Billy in following me had received a severe blow from a branch which escaped from my hand as I was trying to hold it until he could take it in his hand.

Night seems to come on very early in the woods. It was but rarely that we could catch through the trees the yellow glow of the sunset, and deep darkness settled down upon us before we had accomplished more than ten miles. Having reached a small clearing where many fires had evidently been made before ours, it was decided to pitch our camp for the night.

The guides had brought axes, and while Mr. Swift and Billy were attending to the horses, and I was unpacking the blankets and provisions, they were cutting down fine young cedar trees and gathering as many dry pine branches as they could find. When

they had made a great pile of these small trees with their trunks directed inward to a point, and their light branches outward and filled in the interstices with the dry pine branches, the elder Indian from a powder horn sprinkled a very thin thread of gunpowder just under the outer edge of the great fantastic pile which made a heart of darkness in a gloom of lesser dark. Then from the flint of his musket he struck a spark and in an instant the flame had flashed all round the pile and caught to the fine dry branches, and soon all the light pine was blazing and kindling the heavy green wood of the fragrant cedar, as the flame of God's love may surround and finally enkindle our hardened hearts. The heart of darkness was now become a centre of flame in a circle of shadow. The ruddy high streaming light from the pine mingled with the thick fragrant smoke from the green cedar, brightening and coloring it as the sun brightens and colors the rolling clouds, and flashed and gleamed over the ground brown and slippery with pine needles, and upon the dense mass of surrounding evergreens which seemed to guard us like the walls of a temple.

With two of the blankets and a few poles the men made a rude tent for me in which over a thick bed of pine needles they spread another blanket for a couch, for themselves were content each to roll himself in a blanket and lie down facing the flame; only Mr. Swift did not lie down, for he feared that hostile Savages might be attracted by our fire. For my part I feared neither the Indians nor the wolves which howled around us. Such was my confidence in the vision which God had vouchsafed to me, that I felt sure that neither prowling Savage nor roaming Wolf would be allowed to assault us, and I fell asleep as calmly as if the beasts of the Forest were no more to be dreaded than are the Frogs which fill the long summer nights with their booming.

Towards morning I waked and insisted on Mr. Swift's getting some sleep, while I watched; for, in despite of all my confidence in God, I did not feel like trusting this duty to the Guides, and I knew that old Billy would fall asleep if a Tomahawk were flashing over his head. So I sat by the fire, or walked around it, musket in hand, and watched the high blazing pillar of fire growing lower and lower, while star after star came forth from the darkness, showing pale and mysterious on the deep black desert of sky, and then fading away again as Dawn approached, and turned the

sky from blackness to a pale greyness gradually flushing into a rosy pink, and then glorified it with the golden glow of a new morning shedding hope and joy and beauty over the purple hills, and brightening even the dense gloom of the solemn woods.

All were early astir, for though the distance from our camp to the little Settlement at the foot of Lake Champlain was only about twenty miles as the bee flies, it would be made much longer by the circuitous path which wood, ravine, marsh and water would compel us to take. If, indeed, that might be called a path which few save the Red Man of the Forest had traversed until within the past few months.

Shortly after breaking camp we noticed gatherings of clouds into those full, softly rounded masses which children call "Thunder-heads," delicately grey on their lower sides and changing into uncertain purples and faint pinks and snowy whites, as the sun shone on their fleecy curves. As the day wore on these scattered groups of clouds collected into greater ones, and exchanged their light and glory of shifting color for glooming deeps of grey and purple, and the whole Heaven became overcast.

We pressed our horses on as fast as possible, but had not accomplished half our distance when the sky became black and threatening, flashes of lightning darted across the Heavens, and thunders rolled in a fury of warning, while yet the air all around us was so silent and motionless that even the ever busy insects were hushed as with terror at the lurid light like that of fire shining through fog, which filled the atmosphere and made the more distant trees look dim and ghostly in its glare.

Then in the pine-tree tops the wind began its solemn whispers, changing them rapidly into shrieks as of agony as it descended and filled the air with riven branches and beat the stately trees before it, till they bent and swayed like waving plumes or snapped like clay pipe stems, while the deep, harmonious thunder tones shook the Earth and rolled through the Forest in wild and marvellous Music. Our terrified horses cowered and whinnied a piteous appeal to us for the help we could not give. Crows, hawks and small song birds together sought the densest thickets for shelter. The gloom around us deepened till it became black like the woods that enclosed our camp the previous night, and the lurid flashes of the lightning only served to show us our helplessness.

Then the rain began. Not in scattering drops leading up to a heavy shower, but in sheets as if we were under the great Waterfall which the Guides had told us was but about five miles away,* and the dry ground beneath our horses' feet was converted into a shallow lake, and glares of Lightning flashed so burning across our eyes that we could no longer see. We could only hear the angry thunder's incessant roar and feel the drenching downpour of a rain so cold that it penetrated our clothes like icy daggers. And then our horses cowered with fear and fled we knew not where, for a Bolt had split in twain a gigantic tree not far away, and our horses ran as if Fiend-ridden deeper and deeper into the heart of the horrid gloom, we powerless to do aught save to hang to their necks, all our boasted Human Intelligence being absorbed by the one effort to keep our seats and hold our breaths. Yet all the while I knew no fear. I knew that I was fulfilling a mission appointed to me, and my heart was serene in its high hope and confidence.

At last the wind sank, the lightnings become less frequent and vivid, the thunder roll receded and became soft and almost tender like the rich, subdued harmonies of the Organ I heard in old Boston Cathedral when in my girlhood I visited England with my Father, and our blinded eyes became once more able to see, though they ached for days thereafter, and the horses dropped from their wild, terrified running to a gentler pace, and the glorious sun shone out warm and bright over great trees still trembling from their fight for life and shining as bedecked with diamonds. Again the World was new and the crows sped away with hearty *caw-caws* as if the miracle of Transfiguration had been of their doing, while the little birds fled in screaming terror from the hawks which so lately had cowered by their sides in the fraternity of a common danger.

Where were we? Where were our Guides? Neither question could we answer. In the depths of this diamond flashing forest we were still helpless as prisoners in a Donjon-keep. Yet I did not fear. "Let us rest here," I said, "our Guides will follow our wild trail and bring us back to the path." And in the midst of the flashing, quivering, glorified solitude, we lifted up our voices and sang the solemn song of Thanksgiving which David raised, when in the Wilderness God had delivered him from the hand of

* Glen's Falls.

Saul. And even while we sang there came to our ears a faint Halloo! which we answered, and ere long appeared our two faithful Guides, who turned us upon our right way again, and finally in much bodily discomfort but great peace of mind we reached the collection of huts at the foot of Lake Champlain, now known as Whitehall, where we were most hospitably received, fed and sheltered.

Arrived here—I shame to say it—my Faith hitherto so sustaining began to falter, for here I had confidently expected to find in waiting the boat I had seen in my dream. But none was there, and during that night I told myself a thousand times that after all I was but a Visionary, and that my beloved Husband would censure me for having imagined ourselves to be of so much consequence that I should be warned of God in a dream like Joseph of old. And in the morning I watched and waited with a sinking heart until well on to Noon, when I discerned a long boat with a sail and also with Oarsmen pulling down the glittering, placid Lake, and then I bent my knees and thanked my God with a full heart the while that I bewailed my faithlessness, and I was not at all surprised when dear Mr. Isaac Chamberlain (now Deacon Chamberlain) got out of the boat and came toward me, and with uplifted hands and trembling voice exclaimed—

"Now have I indeed seen the wonderful ways of God!"

Sailing and rowing up the long Lake, gleaming between forest-crowned hills, over which the vivid crimson and gold of early Autumn were already mingling with the deep green and purple glooms of late Summer, I heard the story of the way in which my beloved Husband had fallen a victim to the deadly fever of the Camp, by his tireless ministrations to the Sick, and how during the previous night rousing from a heavy stupor he had spoken in a way so authoritative that they dared not disobey, and told his watchers that in the morning they must man a Bateau and go down the Lake to the Settlement, that there I was waiting to come to him; and how General Schuyler had said that they could go, for though it must be but the delirium of fever, yet it was possible that news and supplies might be at the Settlement, and it could do no harm to go down.

Toward the sunset, as a blessed Sabbath peace was settling over the world, our

Bateau touched the rocky shore and I was led to the rude log cabin in which your dear Father lay, attended by the very man of my dream—Major Elmer—who as he saw me raised his hands and exclaimed (just as I had heard him in my dream) "Wonderful! wonderful are thy ways, O God!"

My beloved Husband did not know my voice, but having been Divinely led so far I could but trust all would yet be well. And so it was, and when your dear Father came to himself, he was not surprised to find me by his side, but only pleased and happy as he might have been had he been expecting me, as, indeed, he had been. He afterwards told me that on the night of my wonderful Dream he had prayed for my coming and

called aloud for me in a Voice that roused the Watch, and that he had then received a comforting Assurance that his prayers were answered, and though all about him had lost hope, he had no fear for me or for himself.

Thus had God led me, and thus found I my Husband at Death's very door, and thus did God keep the promise made to me in my dream, that I might be blessed to save a life so useful to his Family and to his Flock. This, my Children, I have written out to the end that you may tell of God's goodness to your Children and your Children's Children to the latest generation.

T. W. S.

Edited by Helen Evertson Smith.



WHILE the general aim of THE HOME-MAKER is to be of practical aid to women, in this department the housekeepers are to reign supreme. This large and much harassed body of workers need all the help and sympathy which can be bestowed upon them. That they may never fail to find both in this corner is the earnest hope of the editors.

Here will be offered choice and trustworthy recipes, prepared by the editors, articles on various domestic topics and such

hints and suggestions as may be thought useful to the housewife.

Correspondence on all matters connected with housekeeping will here find place. The readers of THE HOME-MAKER are urged to send recipes, bits of counsel or experience, amusing or pathetic, information of new methods and machines for saving time and labor, and to lend their assistance to make this section a true Housekeeper's News Exchange.

HOME AGAIN.



ONLY when settled at home after the summer's outing is the benefit appreciated one has derived from absence.

The housekeeper grows very weary of her town house before she quits it for the country. The routine of ordering meals, of superintending housework, of directing servants becomes a tasteless, tiresome task. The dignity of what the house-

mistress loves in her less fatigued moments to call "her profession," degenerates visibly. She wonders she could ever have esteemed as such a high privilege the making and keeping of a home. After all, it seems only a mechanical round. In her most desperate moments she calls it, under her breath and in the solitude of her own room, hatefully monotonous. If she be very conscientious she upbraids herself sharply for her depreciation from the high ideal she had set up for herself, and loses all patience with what she

deems her weakness of mind instead of crediting her depression where it belongs, to her over-wrought nervous system.

Unless she is very badly worn down, change of air and scene will soon remedy all this. At first, she revels in the utter freedom from care and thinks that never did food in her own house taste as good as does that she eats now, food of which she had no foreknowledge, and for which she feels no responsibility. No bill of fare is too plain to tempt her appetite, and she lets pass unnoticed shortcomings that she would consider unpardonable at her own table.

As the tired woman grows better and stronger, however, this gradually changes. Her eyes are opened little by little. Her meal is not eaten with the same zest as at first. She complains after a while that no one article has any distinctive flavor. Roast veal, mutton and beef all taste alike, while carrots, turnips, potatoes, corn and beets possess so little dissimilarity that she declares her belief that they were all cooked in one pot at the same time. She speaks longingly of how much better everything was at home, and by the time the fall breaking-up comes she is eager to go back to what in the Spring seemed bondage. The simple duties have their old halo about them once more, and she gets into harness again with a happy contentment she would have thought impossible three months before.

After all, the wandering period is at best but a tolerable exile. It may be home where'er the heart is, but as long as affection for localities remains, one will cherish fondness for one's own peculiar belongings and surroundings. Summer hotels and boarding houses are pleasant for a change, but as one comes back to the house where at least two-thirds of the year is spent, the old words rise involuntarily to the lips:

"East or West,
Home's best."

Or, to borrow the parody written by one merry girl to another, who had been her companion in a trans-Atlantic trip:

"All over broad Europe although I may roam,
Be it never so humble, there's no place like home;
The hot and cold water that come at my call,
And my own great big bath tub, the dearest of all!"

The material comforts are not the least among the blessings attendant upon a return home. To one who has performed her ablutions all Summer in a two-quart basin, has had to economize judiciously in cold water and be a miser with the modicum of hot furnished her, there is an inexpressible luxury in the rush into set basin or tub that follows the turning of the hot or cold water faucets. The return to linen pillow cases, to fine napery, to cut glass, "real" china and silver, is a sensible aid to the home feeling that, argue as we may, does not rest upon a purely sentimental basis. The practical has in this, as in many other cases, more to do with the romantic side of our natures than appears on the surface.

With the freshness of energy consequent upon renovated health and spirits, the housewife is anxious to get her house into the daintiest possible condition. Cleaning is vigorously prosecuted; the "vile lendings" that have enveloped furniture, pictures and bric-a-brac are stripped off, and the home rapidly grows into its old likeness. This, of all times of the year, is the best for putting down new rugs and carpets and putting up new hangings. The sifting white dust of Summer has nearly gone and the coal dust has hardly begun. It is certainly not at its worst.

A wise rule in making improvements about the house, altering the position of furniture, adding adornments in the shape of mantel and table draperies, etc., is to do it as soon as possible after the house is cleaned, and the more important work out of the way. If the ornamental part of the task is postponed too late, it interferes seriously with the other duties that come pressing in at very short notice. Often the daintier touches are crowded out altogether, for as one becomes accustomed to the appearance of the rooms, the bareness that had at first offended the eye becomes such a usual thing that it is unperceived.

The housekeeper whose purse will not permit her to buy the new floor coverings and hangings that her soul craves, need not be entirely discouraged in her hope of giving her drawing-room a different aspect from that of which she has grown weary. Wonderful effects may be produced sometimes by the shifting of the furniture, the re-draping of a mantel-shelf, the change in the position of an ornament. A picture that has become an old story on an easel may be hung, and one from the wall take its place. If it has hitherto occupied a re-

tired corner, the bringing it into another light will reveal beauties unobserved before, and there will be a gem almost equal to the purchase of a new painting or engraving. The sofa that has rested staidly in the niche where it just fitted may be pulled to the other side of the room to cut off a too obvious corner and its place be taken by an easy chair with a little table at its side, and on this may lie two or three magazines and new books. Even the hangings may be shifted occasionally and those from the less frequented library be transferred to the parlor. Ingenuity must often take the place of money, and the daughter of necessity is never more fitly employed than when providing the solid comfort the mistress of a house gains from the rejuvenated appearance of any one of her rooms. The delight of the "Home Again" grows upon her with each added touch of attractiveness that she is able to bestow.

The amount one can do *without* comfortably, happily surprises even those who have not made a study of this peculiarity. Our wants very often spring from our moods. Something is seen that would just fill a certain need that happens to press strongly at the moment, and the instant impulse is to become possessed of that object, at almost any cost. Grown people are wonderfully like children in this respect. They long for a toy while it is in sight, and sometimes for a few moments after it is hidden from view. But a new nail drives out the old, and the next attraction that presents itself eclipses the memory of the old one. The woman who in October thinks she cannot endure another Winter without new portieres, finds herself very comfortable in March with the old curtains still hanging in her doorways. She learns her lesson after a while, and ceases to worry at crossed wishes and thwarted desires in so-called little things, as well as in the greater worries and vexations that assail her.

Now in the fall is the time to lay out the Winter work. Living from day to day is wise, in so far as not assuming coming trials before they reach us, but a certain amount of forethought and scheming is necessary for systematic and satisfactory labor. Planning work is one thing, anticipating worry is quite another.

Never does one feel so ready for active mental and physical exertion as in the crisp days of an October that succeeds a restful Summer. The "all play and no work" so far from making the vacation taken a "mere

toy" have refreshed nerves and muscles until they long for employment. The labor that was irksome to weary brain and unstrung nervous system seems now as invigorating as does the brisk gymnasium practice with dumb bells and Indian clubs to the expert athlete. There is even danger of the enthusiasts going too far from their enjoyment of the expenditure of force. All the power that has been storing up during the Summer and that now lies in reserve, will be needed before the long Winter has passed and the resting time come around again.

And yet it is wiser to mark out a goodly amount of work than to plan only what one will find no difficulty in achieving. "He that reacheth after a gown of cloth of gold shall haply succeed in grasping one of the sleeves." The high aim is far more apt to attain a high result than is the desire that contents itself with mediocrity. That has been a misapplied resting-time that does not bring one back to duty with a determination to do better work and in a better way than ever before.

There is field for as brave exertion in the home as in church or State, and there are as fierce battles to be fought and won there as in the wildest wars ever waged. If one is resolved to "hitch his wagon to a star," he must not wait until he has secured the style of conveyance he considers worthy of such honor, but take what he has had given him. It is the purpose that renders the deed noble.

The woman who has a home to make bright and happy, a husband to strengthen and inspire and children to teach and encourage, can never call her round of duties petty. To her there should be nothing common or unclean. The very scouring of pots and kettles may be made an example of how thoroughly all work should be done. The patience, the system, taught by action even more than by precept, are stamping themselves upon those about her. Children are the keenest critics in the world, and even their loyalty must waver if they find inconsistencies between the mother's teachings and conduct. The little sphere of home is a microcosm, and the woman who cavils at the pettiness of domestic details would find cause for complaint in the minutiae involved in the management of the universe, were that business thrust upon her.

The hard Winter ahead will demand courage, but instead of wasting time and strength in looking forward to possible colds,

probable doctor's accounts and certain coal bills, let the home-maker take all attainable enjoyment out of the present "Home Again" and leave the woes and worries to take care of themselves.

Christine Terhune Herrick.

AVAILABLE RECIPES.

HOMINY GEMS.

- 2 cups boiled hominy—(*fine*.)
- 1 egg.
- 1 dessertspoonful butter.
- 1 saltspoonful salt.
- $\frac{1}{2}$ pint boiling water.

Beat the egg light and add it, with the butter and salt, to the hominy. Thin the mixture with the boiling water until it will pour easily, and bake in gem irons in a hot oven. These are simple, but very nice.

CORNED HAM, STUFFED.

Have the bone removed from a corned ham, choosing one that has been in pickle only a few days. Fill the cavity left with a good stuffing of bread crumbs, highly seasoned with herbs, pepper and salt. Boil slowly and steadily until done, and let it grow cold in the liquor. When cutting the ham, begin slicing it at the thick end.

BLACK BEAN SOUP.

Wash and pick over a pint of black beans. Put them on the stove with two quarts of water, a sliced onion, a bay leaf, a bunch of sweet herbs, a stalk of celery and a few sprays of parsley. Simmer gently until the beans are tender enough to rub through a colander. When they have been thus strained add to them a quart of good strong stock. If it is the liquor from corned ham or beef, no salt should be added. Boil all together for an hour and serve.

CREAM CHOCOLATE CAKE.

- 1 tablespoonful butter.
- 1 cup sugar.
- 3 eggs.
- 2 cups flour.
- $\frac{1}{2}$ cup milk.
- 1 heaping teaspoonful baking powder.

Cream the butter and sugar, add the beaten yolks, the milk, the whipped whites and the flour, into which has been stirred the baking powder. Bake in jelly cake tins.

CREAM CHOCOLATE FILLING.

- 1 egg beaten light.
- $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar.
- 1 cup milk.
- 2 teaspoonfuls cornstarch.
- 2 tablespoonfuls grated chocolate.

Wet the cornstarch with a little cold milk, and heat the remaining milk in a double boiler. Stir in the cornstarch and the chocolate. Cook together until smooth, remove from the fire and pour, a little at a time, on the beaten egg and sugar. Return to the stove; cook ten minutes longer, stirring constantly. When cool, spread between the cakes.

PINEAPPLE BLANC-MANGE.

- $\frac{1}{2}$ box Cooper's gelatine, soaked in half a cup cold water.
- 3 cups *fresh* milk.
- 1 cup sugar.

Pinch of soda stirred into the milk when heated.

- 1 small cup pineapple, either fresh or canned, chopped fine.

Heat the milk to boiling, stir in the sugar and the melted gelatine. Strain, pour into a mould, and when perfectly cold and beginning to form add the pineapple. By waiting thus long, there is less danger of the fruit curdling the milk.

PLANTATION HOUSEKEEP- ING.



THE plantation which I know best—indeed, why not be truthful? the only plantation that I know well—is situated on the Black river in Arkansas, amid the cypress forests. My friend's house overlooks the river. The house of their partner, the resident planter, is a little further back and has orchard, garden, smoke house, ice house, stables, cabins for the cook and coachman and all the usual outbuildings of a planter's home; but we, so to speak, camp out, until my friends can decide about building; that is, a modern addition has been tacked on to an old Southern house. The architectural effect is less successful than the results in comfort. Within, rugs and pictures and furniture from the North have made a picturesque interior.

We have a ghost, too, though he never troubles us.

There is a garden; Madonna could not exist without a garden; but as she leaves it in April and does not see it again until October, that garden is best described by a common Southern word, "triflin'." Still, thanks to kindly Nature, never more prodigal, I think, than she is in Arkansas, we find our winter vegetables waiting for us, turnips, beets, potatoes, onions, carrots. The summer vegetables, peas, tomatoes, corn, beans, come in cans. I ought to say, however, that Mrs. Planter has hers canned on the spot during the summer. Aunt Cinda, the cook, puts them up. At the same time she pickles all manner of fruits and vegetables; tomatoes, cucumbers, melons, pears, peaches; and turns into ravishing sweets the muscadines, strawberries and other small fruits. The Arkansas climate is very favorable to all fruit of the temperate zone (we do not raise bananas or oranges although our Northern friends seem to expect it), and melons grow in Georgian profusion. Thus the pantry shelves have a picturesque appearance, by autumn.

A plantation is a little world of its own; and housekeeping has to have a primitive completeness about it; a housekeeper must be what the base-ball managers call "a good all-round player." Figure to yourself our situation, for instance. We are six miles of swamp from the nearest railway station. The plantation store is the only source of supplies outside the mail bag. The store keeps a little of everything from quinine to agricultural implements. But it confines itself to the necessities of life. For the luxuries we must depend on the mail rider. To buy by letter one needs to know very distinctly what she wants. There is a class of goods kept by grocers, especially for those people in the country who do not know what they want. It is labelled "For country custom." It is cheap and ——!

The plantation housekeeper needs to be a bit of a grocer and know the different brands of oil and glass and canned goods. Our experience is at the benefit of all our friends. We *know* that Veuve, Chafford and Barton and Guestier's oil is good, and has not, like Gilbert's burglar, been allowed "to lie a basking in the sun," in the grocer's windows; we hope that there are other good brands, but of these we are sure. Barton and Guestier's imprint on anything from wine to canned goods is a warrant of excellence. Similarly we have discovered that

"Dewdrop" corn and tomatoes are excellent; but we never yet have encountered any good American peas or beans. Mercier's French peas and beans are delicious.

Just as a plantation housekeeper must be a bit of a grocer, she must be a bit of a butcher. On a plantation one depends for meat upon her own flocks and herds. Does she desire beef? then kill a cow; is it mutton that is wanted? a sheep is shot. For the rest, the woods are full of game; and venison and wild turkeys help the variety. It results that a quarter of beef is the usual division. Half a sheep, half a deer, a quarter of beef—that was our usual share. The housekeeper needs, in the first place, to know how long meat should be kept. We didn't; and I never shall forget the marvellous toughness and queer flavor of the beef that we only kept three days. A week is the shortest time that one should keep beef in the cold season. I think, too, that it would pay any housekeeper on a plantation to take a few lessons from a butcher about cutting up meat. How vivid, still, is the picture of the three of us helplessly watching Henry, the man, shifting a hind quarter of beef on the cypress stump which served us as a meat block, in hopes that we may discover the tenderloin! We read our six cook books, in turn, and Constance waves Miss Parloa's neat diagram in the air. But somehow the diagram with its dotted lines, does not in the least resemble the unwieldy mass on the block. If there only were dotted lines, we might "make out," as Henry says; but there are no dotted lines and we finally chop it up (with the hatchet helped out by the wood saw) in a way to make a butcher faint with horror. The fillet was hopelessly lost; I think most of it was boiled for mince meat. We could not find anything that looked like sirloin steak, but Constance contended that a thinnish piece, anywhere, would make steak; and we meekly ate a large round with a lump of bone in the middle. The books declare that this cut of steak is "very tough;" we agree with them.

However, before the next quarter came, the planter had enlightened us on the anatomy of the cow.

Of course a housekeeper on a plantation is expected to understand all about the mission of that peculiarly southern animal, the pig. Lard is tried out, sausage meat is made, scrappel and head cheese are mixed and hams are cured. Cinda did all that for us; what *we* should have made out of the

lard manufacture I tremble to think. Constance and I both have a real gift for burning, scalding and generally mutilating ourselves over a stove, and I am sure that we should have used up the possibilities of lard in that direction. Our hams we bought outright. We also bought *some* lard. The fact is, there is such a thing as being too good, too pure, in lard. Ours was white as an angel's wing, and ideally sweet, but it was soft. The worldly, wicked lard that comes in tin pails, and is, I am credibly informed, adulterated with beef tallow, cotton seed oil, and various other things, which never saw a pig, is all the same a fine, firm, sweet compound, and much more satisfactory in pastry than the immaculate home product. I feel that such a result is opposed to all sound principles of morality; but so it was.

A Southern housekeeper, in the country, is always of necessity the baker as well as the butcher, and she used, at one time, to be the candlestick maker, too; but coal oil has come to her rescue. Generally, I think, that housekeepers make their own yeast. Aunt Cinda made very good yeast. We, however, had all of us acquired an ungovernable fondness for French rolls and Vienna bread, which, as every one knows, can only be made with compressed yeast. We imported our yeast. Our trials as importers would fill a volume; but finally we persuaded an amiable grocer to pack our yeast in small tin or pasteboard boxes and send it three times a week. The plantation store is the post office, and the mail rider comes daily.

Our experiments with bread ought to make us bakers of repute. Rye bread, graham bread, brown bread, English muffins, French bread, Vienna bread, cream bread, milk bread, water bread—we tried them all. The wonder to those who nobly ate those experimental breads, is that none of "our funerals had to be preached." But the calves and the chickens and a dog of iron digestion, named Jack, got a good deal, so we were spared. More, we emerged from the contest with the yeast germ, triumphant. Ask us any questions you like, you doubters, and notice our fluency. That is, because we have come to grief at every point in the making and raising and baking of bread, where grief is possible. We know, through sorrows, what makes bread porous or fine in texture. It is simply a matter of raising. The time our yeast germ sluggishly refused to lift a hand for us, because a crust had

formed above, that time the bread had a texture closely resembling a stone and a good deal such a weight. When, on the contrary, Constance put the dough on the fender and forgot about it, but took it away after a three hours' warm, it had holes as big as a sponge. Had she left it a little longer the proud spirit of the yeast germ would have exhausted itself and the dough would have silently, gently, fallen flat in a kind of swoon, as it were, from which no power could rouse it. We know that, because just such a catastrophe befell us. Bread may be too light as well as too heavy. Bread should not be allowed to crack before the dough is remoulded.

There is a stage of aspiration, of transparency, of lovely ductility, which the cook's eye comes to recognize at a glance, but which can no more be described than sunrise. *Then* the bread should be moulded.

Sometimes a hard crust forms on the dough; that is the influence of the air; the air is never a safe companion for dough; dough is a gentle creature that means well but is easily tempted; the air is an unprincipled cynic and destroys all the dough's ambition for good. Close covering will do something, but a thin film of butter is the only sure safeguard. You cannot tell us anything of the harm air will do bread; we have suffered too much.

We know, also, why bread spreads sometimes. It has too little flour. Bread may have too little as well as too much flour. In the same way we discovered that milk bread was whiter and tenderer than water bread; that a crisp thin crust came in a quick baking, a thicker crust in a long baking; that rolls baked in a cool oven would be tough, that bread must be baked thoroughly and not too fast. The result of our trials was peace, but certainly the path was thorny.

A plantation breakfast or supper would be incomplete without hot breads. The South is the home of the corn bread in all its forms, hoe cake, corn dodgers, corn muffins, and a great array too numerous to describe. I have a fancy, also, that it is only in the South that they know how to fry, delicately.

When Spring comes, the lavish plenty of the storehouse is succeeded by a season of leanness. It is too warm to keep meat in any quantity. Lambs may be killed, then, but if one wants beef a roast has to be sent by express, or bought in the nearest town. But eggs and milk and fowls are so plentiful

that meat is hardly missed. We had canned soups, and corned beef and canned ox tongues, which, with ham and bacon, kept us very comfortable. Constance also developed a talent for *entrées*. There is a multitude of dishes in which a cup full of chopped meat with soup stock and rice or potatoes or pastry will give a carnivorous air of plenty to a table. There are pilaffs and cannelons and galantines and meat pies and croquettes, and all sorts of glorified hash dishes. Mushrooms help out meat wonderfully, and they grow in the woods, though most of ours grew in cans. Cream, which was always abundant, is an invaluable aid to savory dishes. And with the first warm February days the green things begin to come. If one has the simplest sort of hot bed, he can raise lettuce, radishes, spinach, peas, onions and other early vegetables, in February and March. Salads are peculiarly grateful at this time.

I linger too long in the kitchen, but then our kitchen is the largest, and the sunniest room in the house; and after our cook fell ill and went home, we used to spend a very considerable part of our time there. Servants usually are plentiful on a plantation, but until they are trained they are not very helpful. The washing is done out of doors in a big iron kettle over a fire of "trash," amid a great show of teeth and interminable gossip between the laundress and the man who helps her "pack up water," and puts out the clothes line. In winter, half the man's work is chopping wood and keeping the fires going. Arkansas has a climate with just enough edge on it to brace the nerves. From the middle of November to the middle of February we enjoy the great fireplaces when the cypress logs crackle and glow and send a mighty sheet of flame up the chimney's huge throat. Twice a day a grinning black man staggers in with a dead forest on his shoulder and fills the fireplace. In the morning the fires are made before we rise. At night our tin bath tub is filled for us before we retire. One charm about plantation life is its freedom. Almost no visits to pay or to receive, no slavery to hours of any kind and an unlimited field for all one's old gowns—what can be more restful?

Indeed, I can imagine no happier existence than plantation life with good servants, fine weather and the company of a few dear friends of a pleasant temper. Riding, driving, walking, rowing, fill the spaces of leisure in one's days. The climate is an eternal

delight. The lovely, beautiful landscape shows every day some fine difference in its charm, some new tint on leafless twigs and silvery tree trunk, some new glory of light or grace of shadow on the river, some gorgeous or lovely variation in the daily pageant of sunset, some tender witchery of mist and cloud, until Spring comes and all the world of color and life and sound and odor is born again.

Then we wander in the woods and come back laden with dogwood and buckeye and red bud; or lie and dream among the violets.

When we come home in the evening we talk poetry over ice cream. And yet there are people who wonder *why* we are always going to "that lonesome plantation."

Octave Thanet.

"POINTS."

DECORATION AND USE.

THESE may belong together and most truly help each other. Don't decorate to death. *All* frippery—nothing left simple—is sin against the reality of home. But one may utilize and make a blessing of the very vagaries of foolish custom. One may make friends of the mammon of unrighteousness.

Loose draperies, so admissible now, by common approval everywhere, are an economy and relief. Old furniture may be freshened up, almost without nail or needle; and may be *kept* fresh and varied, by the easy removal and shaking or changing of these convenient plenishings. The wise woman can avail herself of the folly of the time and make it serve both her pleasure and her prudence.

It is a great resource, and a good store, to have a box or drawer of piece material, collected as one finds the opportunity by purchase of pretty stuffs, and of bits of needlework accomplished at leisure—ready to renovate and brighten up with as occasion calls. A scrap of tapestry—a few yards of curtain or table drapery, in some lovely and artistic patterns, in styles and tints that appeal to one's individual taste and touch the home harmonies, may often be secured at very moderate outlay, and can hardly come amiss; but will almost surely be "just the thing" in some sudden little emergency of arrangement.

Following one's taste and feeling in these matters is like following one's principles in act and habit. Consistency inevitably results. By the one a woman's character is constructed, by the other her home with its surrounding and expression grows. Buy or make what in color and design is really your own, by the claim of instant appreciation; you need not stop to match and calculate; it will all turn out to belong together. Your house will be a unity; and it will be yours.

A. D. T. Whitney.

PICKING UP.

ONE of the time-consuming cares of every housekeeper may be described under the general head of picking up. She picks up after her husband, after her girls, after the babies in the nursery. The latter strew the nursery floor with their blocks, toys and picture-books; about one baby in a hundred being taught to put its little properties away when done with them, while the other ninety-nine are diligently instructed at an early age in the art of being waited upon by their elders. Girls come in from their pleasant excursions here and there, flushed, dimpled, sweet as the rose which laughs in the hedge, but sweet as they look, they are thoughtless beyond belief in the matter of making work for their mothers. A parasol on the piano, a pair of gloves on the music-rack, a hat on the top of a cabinet, a wrap thrown carelessly on the back of an easy chair, and the young women drift languidly into the dining-room, quite oblivious that it will take mamma or the maid a good quarter of an hour to "tidy" the apartment which they have set awry. Doubtless their intention is to carry their things to the proper places themselves, after a period of rest, but she who procrastinates in such an affair, is lost. In putting away one's outdoor clothing, one's letters, one's books, it is the first moment of decision which counts, the primary indecision which is fatal. What the young person lazily or thoughtlessly imposes on somebody who is older, and by reason of her added years less able to bear the strain, may be just the traditional straw, beyond which strength and vigor will endure no more.

For the good man of the house we have

always the most elastic toleration, yet we think that too often he binds a burden on the shoulders of his wife, which frets her unwarrantably, though she makes no sign of complaint. "My husband's progress through the house," said a matron recently, "is marked by a litter of hats, coats, slippers, newspapers, pamphlets, books, boots, corkscrews, inkstands, reports, collars, handkerchiefs, etc., etc." He is forever saying, "Dear, do you remember where you put such or such a thing of mine?" and wondering why his wife has so inconvenient a habit of clearing things up.

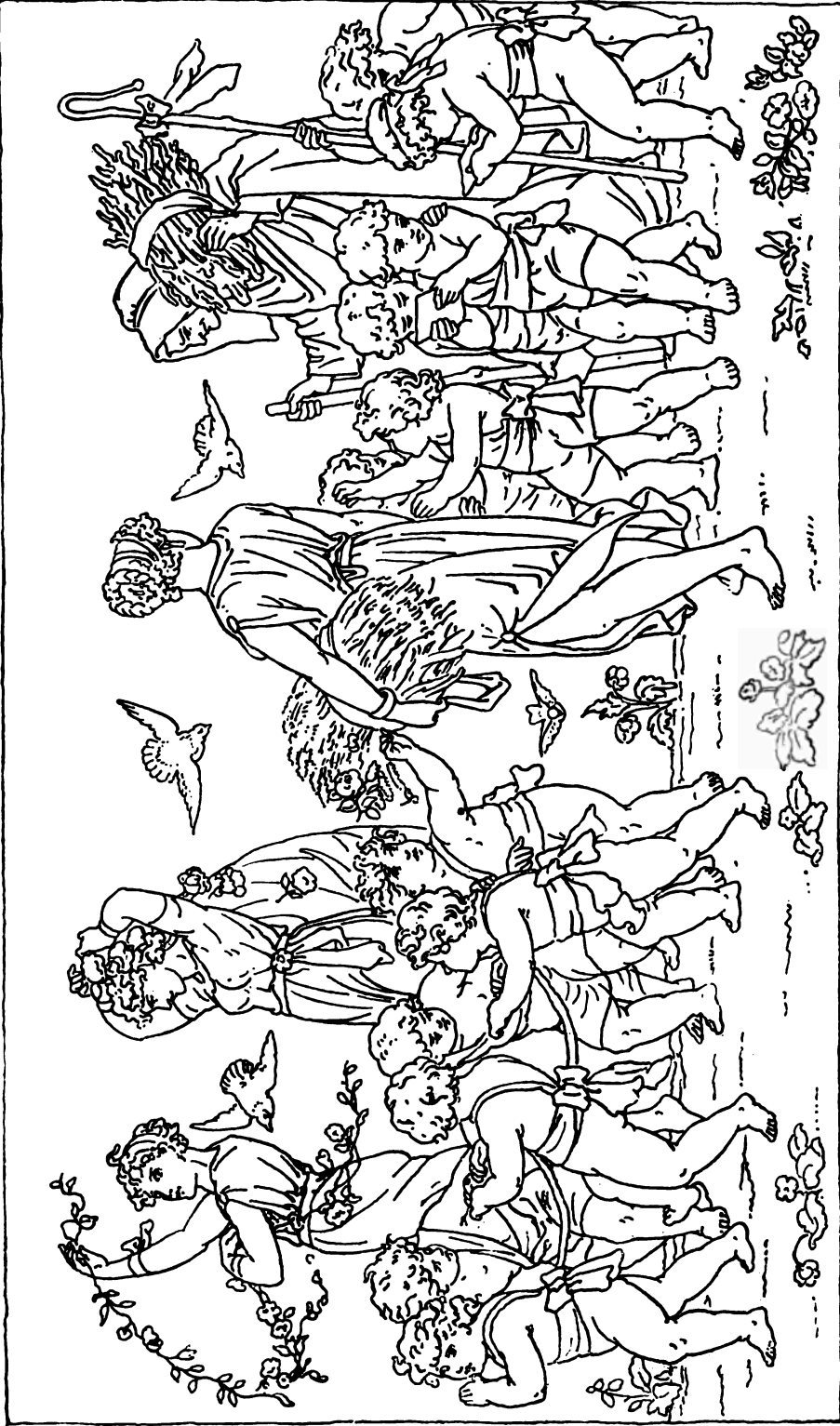
It needs only a glance to show that if everybody were of one mind about putting articles at once where they belong, picking up would be reduced to a minimum, and one labor of the housewife greatly simplified.

Margaret E. Sangster.

WHY MONDAY?

WHERE so much depends upon order and accuracy in the management of the housekeeper it is not always easy to proportion the work of each day. Too much is thrown upon Monday and Tuesday. Why not postpone washing till the latter day? On Monday the house can be put to rights, bread baked and desserts made for that day and the next. That night the table may be laid and covered with netting used for this purpose alone, the clothing put in soak and all the materials made ready for breakfast. Where there is but one domestic or none at all, the week's labor is thus under much better control. The first meal should consist of few dishes and the dinner may all be previously cooked save the vegetables. The domestic, who swept hall, steps and piazza while the fire was kindling, has only to remove the breakfast things, wash the dishes and go to her laundry work. On Wednesday she is not over fatigued by the previous day's work and there is time enough to keep the house clean during the remainder of the week, finishing up odd jobs on Monday. Where two or more girls are kept the same custom might well prevail, by which means the cook will be able to do all the cooking so that the food may be as nicely served as usual.

Hester M. Poole.



THE SEASONS AND THE MONTHS.
Designed for The Home-Maker Art-Class.

HOME-MAKER ART-CLASS.

IN nearly every family there is one member who is endowed by nature with a taste for drawing. The attention of such is directed to the art-study given each month by "THE HOME-MAKER." The pupil is invited to copy it carefully and to send his work when finished to "ART DIRECTOR OF THE HOME-MAKER, 24 WEST 23RD ST., NEW YORK CITY."

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This offer is made to subscribers only.

THE SEASONS AND THE MONTHS.

THE October study is the first of three panels designed for a screen. Another will appear in November, the third

in December. In January, directions for mounting the designs and making up the screen will be given.

As an incentive to careful copy of these studies the Art Director takes pleasure in announcing that he has in hand a cash offer for the set which the committee may decide to be the best submitted to them. Copies offered for this prize must be double the size of the study here given, and, if painted in oils, on canvas, if in water-colors, on silk. Stamps for return of copy must accompany subject in all cases.

RULES FOR TREATMENT.

Background—delicate greenish blue.

Ground—light green.

The figure of Spring rose-pink; of Summer, blue, veil greenish gray; of Autumn, rich golden buff, the sheaf of wheat yellowish-brown; and of Winter, mantle or cloak light peacock green and dress brown; fagots greenish-brown. The birds buffish-brown, gray and white. The whole subject outlined with a sienna or burnt umber.



TAKING BOYS SERIOUSLY;

OR,

BOYS AND THEIR MOTHERS.

A LAY SERMON IN FOUR PARTS.

PART I.

TAKING BOYS SERIOUSLY.



COME home with me, my dear," said a lady from the city, who was calling at the house of one of her country friends. She was speaking to a little boy of the family, perhaps two years and a half old, and a singularly prepossessing child.

"I should like to have you," she continued. "You could see the horse-cars go by, and we would go to the museum. Oh, it would be lovely! Won't you go?"

The little fellow's bright, confiding eyes looked sweetly into hers. They did not detect her insincerity. They saw only kindness and admiration there, and he started at once for his coat and cap.

"Mercy!" cried the lady, shocked at his literalness, "he thinks I am really in earnest! Bless you, dear! I couldn't take you. Your mamma wouldn't let you go."

Then, turning in apology to her friend, she added, "I never thought of his taking me at my word. It is too bad!"

The child gazed at her for a moment, his great eyes flaming with indignation.

He flung his little coat and cap down with a gesture as imperiously contemptuous as a child's could be. Then he rushed to his mother's side, buried his face in her gown, and cried hard and long. Wounded pride, disappointed hope and utter bewilderment were mingled in the expression of his smothered sobs.

A poem might have been written then and there, upon the undying impression of one's first experience in being deceived. The child's confidence had been abused and he never forgot it.

A very able woman once adduced in combating the proposition that children have no sense of humor, the following little anecdote, the only argument she had:

"Mary," said a mother to her child's nurse, "in about half an hour, you may bring up Willie's l-u-n-c-h," spelling out the last word, as the urchin himself was present.

"No," interrupted Willie, "I want my a-b-c-ginger-bread now."

He could not spell, but his quick wits, coupled, perhaps, with a nice ear for euphony, had interpreted his mother's mystery.

We do not see in this amusing little story any indication of a sense of humor on the part of the child. Except for an occasional joke, or a fancy entirely apart from their daily routine, most children are earnest and matter-of-fact every day of every year.

Perhaps this is a "special dispensation of Providence," in order that the young may be the more readily trained in matters of wit.

"There is nothing in which people more betray their character," says Goethe, "than in what they find to laugh at."

Blood, heart, training,—all are revealed in a moment to the intelligent ear which hears a man's laugh and its cause.

"Mother," said a boy of ten, coming in one day in great excitement, "we've got a raft down on the river! Edgar 'n I've fixed it up lovely,—an'—"

"Mercy, child!" cried his mother, who knew that the river was shallow, and felt no further interest in his work there, "don't bother me now. I'm cutting out a sleeve, and I can't hear your nonsense. Go 'way."

This was that mother's habitual way of taking her boy's communications. She had two, and she meant to do right by them, but before they were twelve years old, they had learned that there was no

place at home for the outpouring of their hearts, and they naturally sought sympathy elsewhere. The heart of a boy, if he be of the right stuff, is always full and running over. He needs a confidant. His "rafts" and "magic tables" are as mighty to him as the settling of the new minister, or the rise and fall of stocks may be to his elders, and his spirit recoils with the same injured sense from the imputation that his affairs are "nonsense," as if he were a man.

Visitors in a certain family were much interested to see a boy of nine come in one day and after a shy salutation pull his mother's sleeve. It was in the country and the boy was in charge of a flock of hens:

"She's come off!" he began with a face all sunshine.—"Say," glancing at the "company,"—"may I tell you about it?"

"Will you excuse Phil if he tells me?" said his mother.

The visitors, of course, assented.

"Well,—my good hen's come off her nest," burst forth Phil. "She hasn't lost a chick. There were twelve eggs and there are twelve chicks. Aunt Mary says it's the best luck could be,—and she thinks it's because I've tended to her so."

"I don't doubt it," said his mother kindly. "I knew you would get your reward for being so faithful to your 'good hen.' I will surely come out bye-and-bye,"—as he whispered to her. He rushed away, and she proceeded half apologetically:—

"I don't know but I make too much of my children's employments, but I have a theory that if I dignify their pursuits, by treating them as if they were of importance and worth my serious attention, it makes the boys more manly in their work. I take my sewing out nearly every day, and sit awhile beside the hen-house which Phil is making. I try to teach them that, as Mrs. Browning says, it is better 'to pursue a frivolous art by serious means, than a divine art frivolously'—though I don't intimate to them, of course, that I regard *their* work as 'frivolous'!"

The visitors had boys of their own and on their way home, they pondered over what they had heard.

Americans are accused of paying too much attention to their children, and of making their affairs too prominent. The rule of "the happy medium" must be sought here as elsewhere. The moment that the sense of proportion is lost between the opinions and affairs of the child and the opinions

and affairs of his parents, there is danger of developing the spoilt child. The youngsters know in a moment when they have the upper hand, and they despise the mother who gives up to them when she should not. They seem to know by instinct that "the stern refusals of wisely loving mothers are the mightiest of gifts." They may cry and protest at the time, but where the excitement passes off, they appreciate and are secretly glad that they have been properly dealt with.

"My mother," a boy of nine was overheard to say, "my mother would have fixed that Rodolphus that it tells about in the Franconia stories. She would have made a good boy of him in less than a month."

"What would she have done?" inquired a curious playmate with something of cynicism in his tone.

"I don't know," replied the boy, still with exuberant confidence. "You never can tell what she'll do,—but she wouldn't have such doings as his,—she wouldn't have it for one minute. It was because his mother didn't tend to him that spoilt that Rodolphus."

Intolerable as is conceit, some risk must be taken in that direction in bringing up boys. It has grown to be a proverb that the proper dose to be given them every day is ten parts praise to one part fault-finding. The poet says,

"The love of praise is planted to protect
And propagate the glories of the mind."

Under the stimulus of judicious commendation, we can all perform feats which otherwise were entirely beyond our power. And how else can that self-confidence be engendered which is one of the most essential aids to success? Self-confidence is one of the distinguishing marks of the character of Washington, of Gladstone, of Bismarck, of every great man. It is only another name for dignity. If we can give our boys dignity, it is a gift greater than any fortune in money. Then let us treat them with dignity, treat their occupations and interests,—not as though they transcended our own or the rest of creation's—but as though they were worthy of attention, and we shall go a long way toward developing dignity in the child himself. The carriage of any individual shows unmistakably whether or not he is accustomed to being treated with respect, and "there is nothing surer to make a human being respectable than to respect him." We rise to the level of the opinions

held of us, in nine cases out of ten. It is hard to "draw the line," in praising children but there is a certain Good Book, which contains the wisest of maxims for the guidance of parents, and,—how thankful should we be!—its Author is ever ready to listen to the prayers of His people. With the best set of rules obtainable, there are constantly arising cases for which we have made no provision, and in which human wisdom seems useless for guidance.

"But," one protests against this gospel of intense earnestness with children, "you should not deny to children the right of a jolly good time. They might as well play all they can. They will have enough of the hard earnest of life later. Do let them take things lightly now."

Bless your heart, my dear madam! Who wants to do any such thing as this! One of the chief reasons why parents should receive their children's confidences seriously is because children like that way better than any other. A gentleman said lately, "I never see children at play without thinking of what Milton has said, in some such form as this

'Enjoy these short pleasures
For long woes are to succeed,'"

and every mother should remember it.

Surely there is no happier home than that in which the lad flies to his mother the instant he is inside the door, with the story of his day's doings, knowing that the minutest detail will interest her, and that he is sure of her sympathy and counsel in it all.

"My son," said a mother to a boy of thirteen who had just told her freely the story of a really disgraceful act of his, "I am so glad you came right to me with this."

"Why, mother," said the boy with honest pathos, "I never thought of not telling you. I should die if I couldn't tell you everything. It makes me feel a great deal better. And you can tell me just what I ought to do."

The best of us make mistakes and what wonder is it that our boys, with their high spirits and their ignorance of the world, blunder and get into scrapes pretty often? But it is a cause of rejoicing if either father or mother can get the hold on a young heart which leads it to throw open its worst recesses to their loving eyes.

"What was the use of all our seeking and blundering," says Goethe, "if you young people will not avail yourselves of the experience we have gained?"

A boy in the mood described gets the benefit of this experience, and it may properly save him "whole weeks' livings of vitality." By instinct, boys seem to feel that, as old George Herbert phrases it, "Life is a business, not good cheer." They put their little hands to the plough, if they be, as the old farmers say, "worth raising," every day, often in a frenzy of energy over even the passage of a train of chairs through a dining-room. But check not, for vain cause, these ebullitions of divine—if often diabolically noisy!—enthusiasm over what seem to you most insignificant occupations, "To the Sentinel the hour is regal when he mounts his guard."

and the child's easy enterprise is big with moment to him. Enter into his feelings, respect his "crazes,"—even if the base-ball mania be one of them! Study coins and stamps and post marks. Learn what robins and doves and whippoorwills subsist upon—if you do not know already. All of this will not hurt you, and it may transform that *bête noir* of society, the half-fledged boy—at least as much of him as comes under your immediate influence—if not into a "thing of beauty," certainly into a comfortable companion with the promise of a good deal more of comfort in the future.

Kate Upson Clarke.

CHARADE.

ALL-HALLOW-EVE.



THIS Charade may be easily managed in any private house where there is a tolerably spacious drawing-room. The smaller chamber in the first scene, and the corridor in the last can be partitioned off from the larger by screens and curtains. The costumes are simple, and but one change of dress is required. Vocal and instrumental music should fill up the intervals between the scenes.

The little play is well-adapted for a club of girls, or for neighborhoods where available young men are few. One "Hal" of fair histrionic abilities, and four, five or more men for the pantomime will secure so much of a successful performance as depends upon the masculine element.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MRS. PERCY, *a wealthy widow, owner of Broadlawn.*

HAL PERCY, *her son.*

Dorothy Quinn

Jenny James

Hetty Masker

Florence Doane

Village girls.

Young men and girls in pantomime.

SCENE I.—ALL.

A sitting-room in Mrs. Quinn's house. Dorothy, a wide white bib-apron over her gown, her sleeves pinned back from her wrists, sits at the table, picking out nut-kernels. A dish of cracked hickory-nuts is at her right, a bowl into which she puts the kernels before her, a pan for the shells at her left.

Dorothy. Now, I am as positive as that my name is Dorothy Q. that the dear, simple-minded soul meant *me* when she talked of asking "some jolly, nice girl to spend the last fortnight of October at Broadlawn." She winked it with both good-humored eyes, and looked so disappointed when she found that Mamma was not at home. "I'll look in again about dinner-time," she said with *such* a mysterious nod. "I must see her about something *very particular!*"

It reconciles one to staying in-doors, making church-festival cake (*disdainfully*) on a glorious October morning, to think of a whole two weeks at that lovely place. I don't mind work, as a rule—that is some kinds of work! (*tossing an empty shell into the pan*). Least of all, when I can lift a feather's weight from the blessed mother. I wouldn't fret a single whine in her hearing for—well, all Broadlawn with Mrs. Percy's biggest diamond breast-pin thrown in as a con-sid-er-ation—but oh *dear!* (*stretching both arms wearily*) this tug! tug! tug! at the two ends of the income to make them just touch—they never lap! and sleeping with one eye open every night of the year, lest a thread or crumb should go to waste, is, as Mr. R. Wilfer says of his lady-wife, "a *little* wearing!" It cut me to the soul to see how the sweet, anxious face lighted up when I proposed that nut-cake should be our contribution to the festival-supper to-morrow night. Tom Bowman and I gathered the nuts last Saturday. My hen laid the eggs. The recipe for nut-cake calls for water, instead of milk, and I know that pocket compendium of the beatitudes will slyly leave the butter off her bread for

a week to make up for the cupful that goes into the churchly compound. (*Picks away very fast.*) Heigho! how heavenly it must be to be rich! To be the mistress of Broad-lawn, for example—(*A tap at the door*)—Come in!

(*Enter Hetty Masker, in neat walking-dress. Dorothy jumps up to kiss her.*)

Hetty Masker! this is enchanting! I was just on the point of wishing for you!

Hetty (*pinching Dorothy's ear*). But hadn't quite worked yourself up into longing, eh? What are you doing? My prophetic orbs scent nut-candy in the breezy perspective. I'll lend a hand!

(*While talking, she takes off her gloves, tosses her hat upon one chair, and pulls another to the table. Dorothy rises and gets a big darning-needle from a work-basket.*)

Dorothy. We haven't any regular nut-pick, but you can make this do, I think. I have an old awl that I always use. Nut-cake is one of my specialties, but it is a good deal like life—very nice if it wasn't for the labor of picking out the wherewithal to make it.

Hetty (*dolefully*). Nut cake! O, my prophetic soul! what a sell!

Dorothy. Yes, my dear! your fine "orbs" got mixed up in the "breezy perspective." These sweet and unctuous morsels will go into two loaves of cake to be sent with Mrs. and Miss Quinn's cards to the church-supper to-morrow night (*viciously*). I don't even know who will eat it. That is a cross! I am vain of my nut-cake, and I had meant to make some and have you and Jennie to tea. But I needed a lesson on the vanity of human hopes, and I have it. (*Sighs again.*) It's awfully good in you to drop in just now. I have a sort of semi-secret to share with some sympathetic soul.

Hetty. And I, as first come, am to be first served with the almost tid-bit! How flattering! Go on, and linger not in the telling, for I have a budding confidence to offer in return.

Dorothy. Let it bloom! I can repress mine.

Hetty. No. You have the right of way.

Dorothy (*trying to speak carelessly*). O, mine is only a half-earnest of good things. I might say, a suspicion of flavoring in a life that needs a good deal of make-believe to keep it from being insipid at times. You must know that I have had a call since Mamma went to the Chapel at nine o'clock, to help hammer planks and trestles into

tables, and drape them with glazed cambric—

Hetty (*groaningly*). And festoon evergreen-cables—dotted, every eighteen inches, with paper flowers—on the walls—

Dorothy. And loop shabby borrowed flags over the doors—

Hetty. And be bullied by the lookers-on, who never lift a finger! Yes! my mother is there, too! But who was your visitor?

Dorothy. No less a personage than Mrs. Percy! Her carriage looked almost as big as our poor cottage when it drew up at the door, and the big footman scared me, when I answered the bell more than his mistress did when she sailed into the hall—if her flounces did half fill our cigar-box of a parlor. She hasn't an atom of superciliousness about her, and her heart is as sweet and soft as sponge-cake batter. She wanted to see Mamma, she said. She had a favor to ask of her. What it was, she didn't say, but she let slip her intention to have a Halloween-party on Thursday fortnight, and mentioned that, as she was "a little rusty about such matters, having no daughters of her own, she meant to beg the loan of some jolly, nice girl for the last week in October." She did not say that she had come to borrow me—Dorothy Quinn—but she looked it. And she is to call again later in the day. I wish you were going, too!

(*When Dorothy mentions Mrs. Percy's name, Hetty starts and colors, then listens, head bent over her work, until the story is finished.*)

Hetty (*triumphantly, tapping the table with the big needle as she talks*). O, you are not the only one who receives morning calls from carriage-people! My visitor's footman was six-feet-four, and her flounces looked like a satin Horse-Shoe Fall as she sat on a reception-chair. She called to see Mamma. She had a favor to ask of her. What it was she didn't say, but she let slip her intention to have a Halloween party on Thursday fortnight (*speaking in a fast monotone, and with no stops but commas, as if reciting a lesson she is afraid of forgetting*), and mentioned that as she is a little rusty about such matters, having no daughter of her own, she meant to beg the loan of some nice, jolly girl for the last week in October, she didn't say that she had come to borrow me, Hetty Masker, but she looked it, and she is to call again later in the day, I wish you were going, too!

Dorothy (sits open-eyed and open-mouthed, awl suspended in the air while Hetty rattles it off). Het-ty Mask-er!

Hetty. Dor-o-thy Q!

(Both laugh so heartily, that they do not hear a knock at the door. Jenny James opens it. Her hat hangs on her arm; her hair is ruffled by her run across the garden, and she is out of breath.)

Jenny. What a cackling you two girls always keep up! The topmost pinnacle of the morning to you both! (Flits over to them, drops a kiss on the crown of Dorothy's head, and one on Jenny's cheek. Seats herself and fans her face with her hat.) What do you think has happened—and is going to happen? Such a wind-fall! I have just had a visitor—

Dorothy (with an air of calm conviction).

Mrs. Percy!

Hetty. Who came in her carriage—

Dorothy. With a six-feet-four footman!

Jenny (staring.) Why—why—who—told you?

(Dorothy and Hetty chant, beating time on the table with the needle and awl.)—

She cal-led to see Mamma,
She had a favor to ask of her,
What it was she didn't say.
But she let slip her in-tention
To have a Halloween par-ty
On Thursday fortnight and mentioned
That as she was a little rus-ty
About such matters, having, no
Daughters of her own, she meant
To beg the loan of some nice jol-
Ly girl for the last week
In October, she didn', 't say
That she had come to borrow me
Jenny James, but she *looked* it,
And she's to call again, later,
In the day, I wish you were
Going too, both of you!

Jenny (gazing at them as if stunned). Have you gone crazy—or have I?

(Dorothy, growing serious.) All of us have, if we imagine that Mrs. Percy intends to have any one of the trio as her assistant for that week. She has amused herself by playing upon the credulity of unsophisticated village-girls. Rather small game for one of her age and position! And she has always seemed so genuinely kind, in spite of her fussy ways, that I did believe in her. I was such a ninny as to be happy at the thought of a holiday at Broadlawn—(Falters and passes her hand over her eyes).

Hetty (with a hysterical giggle). But what could she have meant?

Jenny (rallying). Yes! there must have been a motive, you know. A woman doesn't rig herself up in a Niagara of satin flounces and drive about with more than twelve measured feet of flunkey for the purpose of playing April fool tricks out of season. Maybe she means to invite all of us. Each of us is so "nice and jolly" that she can't choose between us.

Dorothy (gloomily, jabbing the awl into the nuts as she declaims). No! she had to make talk with her poorer neighbors, and she said the first thing that popped into her head. She has no more idea of asking any of us to visit Broadlawn than I have of sending over for Florence Doane to help me pick out hickory-nut meats. Ah, well! I needed a good, sharp lesson in human nature. And I've got it—hot and heavy! Oh!

(Puts her finger into her mouth and dances with pain.)

Jenny (snatching up the awl and looking at it). The old awl is rusty too! Rusty nails give people lockjaw!

Hetty (anxiously). Don't take it out of your mouth, and suck it hard for five minutes! A doctor told me once that was the way to treat a poisoned wound.

(The door-bell rings. Dorothy without removing her finger, starts toward the door. Hetty interposes.)

Hetty. I'll go, you poor dear! (Exit.)

(Voices are heard in the hall. The girls exchange dismayed looks.)

Jenny. Florence Doane! And Hetty is bringing her in here.

(Florence enters—flashily-dressed, high-colored, loud of speech, and affected in manner.)

Florence. I told Hetty I'd come right in here, sans cérémonie. Don't get up, Jenny! Sit down, Dorothy! Don't mind me. (Drops into an arm-chair.) I only called on business, en passant, you know! Bless me, child! what ails your finger?

(Dorothy looks ruefully at the clock, and shakes her head, finger in mouth.)

Jenny. She has hurt it awfully! with a rusty awl! And rust is rank poison, you know.

Florence. Ma foi! The right-hand fore-finger too! Too bad! too bad! Isn't there something that would heal it up right away? Liniment or nervine, or Cureall's Porous Plaster, or egg phosphate or St. Jonese's Oil? All of them cure everything! I'll run out and get them, if you'll try 'em!

(Dorothy looks her gratitude, but shakes her head again, glancing at the clock.)

Hetty. She is to suck it for five minutes to extract the poison. A doctor told me that was a sure remedy—provided there is no crack or abrasion in the mouth. Then the poison will be fatal perhaps.

Florence (earnestly). Keep it there for ten minutes—I wouldn't take it out for half an hour, if I were you. What was she doing with a rusty awl?

Hetty. Picking out nut-meats for cake.

Florence. Don't do it again. I'll give you work that will pay you better. That's my errand here. I have lots of sewing to do in the next four days. Miss Black is to cut and fit, and we want some smart, handy person to sew with her. I knew that you got up all your own *toilettes*, and I guessed a few dollars wouldn't come amiss to you. You see—*(pompously)* I'm to spend some days at Broadlawn—

Jenny (gasps). Oh!

Hetty (faintly). Ah!

(Dorothy's finger drops from her mouth in her dismayed stare.)

Florence (with affected languor). It isn't quite convenient to leave home just now, with such a whirl of engagements on hand, but there is no resisting my dear Mrs. Percy. She says nobody can advise her in the preparations for a magnificent Halloween ball she is to give on Thursday fortnight but me. She will give me *carte blanche* if I will come to her for the whole week. She wanted me for a fortnight, but *that* was out of the question, *une chose impossible*. Of course, no matter how *recherché* one's wardrobe is, they must make some additions for a Broadlawn ball. So, will you come over the minute your finger stops bleeding—or rusting, or whatever it's doing, Dorothy? Mamma will pay you six dollars for three days' work.

(Hetty and Jenny in one breath.) Florence Doane!

(Dorothy has grown red and pale by turns, but now comes forward, composed and smiling at her indignant friends.)

Dorothy. By the time Miss Black has the work ready for me, I will come for it, Florence. I must bring it home to do.

Florence (patronizingly). O, I shouldn't mind that! Your house is always as neat as wax. I'm not afraid my white silk will get soiled in your hands. Good-bye, all. *(Exit.)*

Hetty (sarcastically). Well Dorothy Q! what have you done with your pride?

Dorothy (sadly). It needed humbling, Hetty! As for the money—we need that too! Mamma has so many expenses—

Jenny. Hush! Here comes the jack-daw, again!

(Enter Florence, red and crestfallen, ushering in Mrs. Percy. When she has admitted her, Florence retreats hastily. Mrs. Percy is plump and smiling, handsomely, and somewhat floridly dressed. She comes in laughing.)

Mrs. Percy (panting). Here I am again, my dears! Thanks, Dorothy, darling! *(Sinks upon the chair Dorothy offers.)* Haven't a minute to spare. Found all your mothers at the Chapel. Got their consent—in a body *(laughs)*. Being a poor pen woman, thought I'd bunch the whole matter and drove around to make sure of my prizes. Have asked Florence Doane, too. Just a carriageful of choice sweets, you know *(laughing)*. Carriage will call for you on Monday afternoon.

Dorothy. But, dear Mrs. Percy—

Jenny. We shall be only too glad, Mrs. Percy, if—

Hetty. You are too good, Mrs. Percy. But there are so many of us!

Mrs. Percy (shutting her eyes, and waving her hands outward, laughingly). But me no "buts." Not one "if." Won't listen to any "onlies." Must have you all! *all! ALL!*

Curtain falls.

Scene II. (HAL).

(Mrs. Percy's drawing-room. Jenny is crocheting at one side of the fire, Hetty leans back in an easy-chair on the other, hands folded, listening to Dorothy who is at the piano.)

(Dorothy sings.)

"Where the lilacs threw their shade,
Sat a dainty little maid;
Closed the book upon her knee,
Deep in fairy-dreams was she;—
Softly sang, 'When I grow old,
One shall come with curls of gold;
Blue his eyes must be, and bright,
And his hands as lily-white.
Sweet Prince Charming, it must be,
He alone shall marry me.'"

(As she sings the first line, the door softly opens, and Hal Percy, in travelling-ulster, cap in hand, stands within it. Unseen by the girls, he remains there while the song goes on.)

(Dorothy sings.)

"Tall and wise the maiden grew,
 Came at last a man to woo;
 Not the prince of fairy-lore;
 Rank in love alone he bore.
 Not with magic gold, forsooth,
 Only rich in faith and truth.
 Yet she whispered 'Love, with you,
 Sweet old fairy dreams come true.
 O, Prince Cha ming! it is he,
 Come at last to marry me!'"

Hetty. Would you have said that, Dorothy Q?

Dorothy. To a man "rich in faith and truth?" Yes! If I had to take in washing to help pay the first month's rent! (*Wheels around on the music-stool. At this action Hal Percy vanishes.*) I have no ambition to marry a rich man. It would be such a lopsided combination! Dorothy Quinn, minus everything, does not equal Prince Charming, plus all.

Jenny. Yet you would like to be rich?

Dorothy. Wouldn't I though? Still—(*musingly*) I believe my reason for wishing it is a good deal like that of a little girl, who is our washerwoman's daughter. Such a quaint, demure elf she is! She brought home the clothes last week and found me arranging some foreign photographs. She seemed so much interested in them that I asked if she would like to go abroad.

"O yes, ma'am," she said.

"And what would you do if you went?" I asked.

Her eyes brightened, and her fingers twitched nervously.

"I'd buy my mother a new dress!" she said. "And it should be the *very best of alapacky!*"

Poor little dot! The fact that nobody who has any pretension to fashion wears alpaca now-a-days makes her answer the more pathetic. I should like to have money, because money would take a weight from my mother's heart and shoulders. That is the only care I have in life. And, as she charged me to put it out of my mind while here, I am as happy as a lark.

Jenny (looking at her fondly). You "dainty little maid!" How well your gown fits!

(*Dorothy gets up to survey herself in the glass, turns this way and that, looks over her shoulder at her image, shakes out her white nun's veiling skirts complacently.*)

Dorothy. Thank you, dear! I bought the material with the six dollars Florence paid me. Mamma and I made it up in a day and a half.

(*Enter Florence, bursting into the room in a gale of excitement.*)

Florence. Girls! girls! GIRLS! Guess who has come?

Jenny. The Cham of Tartary!

Hetty. The Lord High Executioner!

Dorothy. The Great Panjandrum with the little round button on top!

(*Florence, bridling.*) Immensely witty, no doubt! You'll change your tune when you hear who it is. HAL PERCY! There now! Voila!

Hetty. This is news!

Jenny. How very nice!

Dorothy. Nice for my mother, but how very, very stupid for us!

(*Florence sneers.*) You needn't set up, at this late day, for a man-hater! You are fond enough of having Tom Bowman and Alex Smiles and Dick Taylor and Rob Simcoe, and a dozen others dangling about you!

Dorothy (coolly and significantly). Quite "a little list," isn't it? There's safety in numbers, you know. One man in a household of women is like one coffee-grain to a gallon of water. Unless he is phenomenally strong mentally and spiritually, he won't go around. And there wasn't an abnormal degree of potency in Hal Percy, as I saw him four years ago.

Florence. He is superb, now! perfectly stunning! The most *distingué* man I have seen in years. You see I was in dear Mrs. Percy's room when there came a tap at the door, and in walked this man, *tout-à-fait magnifique!* I wonder you didn't hear her screech. She rushed at him, arms wide open, and flung herself upon his neck, and went on in the most ridiculous way, as any Irish laundress might have done! (*Laughing.*) Whooping and kissing and whimpering—

Dorothy (hotly). Hold your tongue, Florence Doane! You are no lady, and—I am another! Both of us ought to be banished from decent society for making sport of people in whose house we are. I haven't a doubt that Hal Percy is a mental and moral Colossus, and, as for his mother, I could kiss the dust in her footprints if the blessed, great-hearted soul would let me humble myself to it. I am glad she has her son home again, and I love her better for every happy tear she shed over him.

Florence (scornfully). Oh, you can be depended upon for appreciation of a fine young man! Especially when he is rich and travelled, and an only child! It is amazing how fond a girl who considers men "very, very stupid," becomes of a fellow's mother upon occasions.

Hetty. Shame! shame!

Jenny. Our Broadlawn visit ought to have some compensations in the form of pleasant society, when it is made in company with Miss Florence Doane.

Dorothy. Never mind, girls! I needed a lesson in good manners, and I have had it. I deserved a severer one for speaking disrespectfully of our hostess' son.

Hetty (holding up a warning finger). St-t-t!
(*Enter Mrs. Percy on Hal's arm. He has removed his ulster and appears in a travelling suit of rough cloth. She is laughing almost hysterically, applying her handkerchief to her eyes, now and then. He looks down fondly at her. The girls rise at their entrance; Florence strikes an attitude; Dorothy in the rear of the group, hangs back modestly.*)

Mrs. Percy (agitatedly). My sweet girls, see what I have brought to sh-show you! (*gulping down a giggling sob*). My Ha-al! Didn't expect him for two months—not until Christmas! Miss James! this is my dear b-o-o-y!

(*Jenny and Hal exchange bows.*)

Hal. The prodigal calf,—at your service, Miss James!

Jenny (laughing). Has he cannibalistic tendencies?

Mrs. Percy. Isn't that too much like him! The prodigal calf! (*Chokes, gurglingly.*)

Hal (patting her gently on the back). Bear up, mother, until I claim Miss Masker as an old acquaintance. (*Bows to Hetty.*) I hope she recollects me as well as I do her.

Hetty (puts out her hand frankly). I recollect you perfectly, and am glad to welcome you home.

Hal. Thank you! (*Moves toward Dorothy.*) Can this be Miss Quinn? How you have grown! I left you in short gowns, four years ago.

Dorothy. I am no taller. The growth is in my gowns. You have altered, too. I am sure you have gained two inches in height.

Hal (strokes his moustache). I am no taller. The growth is in my moustache.

Mrs. Percy (mastering the sob, but not the giggle). And Miss Doane, my love! You weren't half introduced to her. (*Hal bows low, Florence, affectedly. Mrs. Percy talking all the while.*) You see, my dears, I was so taken off my feet by the sight of him, I forgot my manners, altogether. Suppose Florence was shocked at my behavior—

Florence (eagerly). Dear Mrs. Percy! how could you imagine such a thing?

Mrs. Percy (patting her arm). Shouldn't have blamed you a bit, dear. Hal darling! you must speak to Florence *secundem artem*. The first introduction goes for nothing.

Hal (bows low and gravely to Florence). Miss Doane, our first introduction having been inadequate to the occasion, allow me to present my unworthy self. Mr. Henry Percy—otherwise, Harry—otherwise, Hotspur—alias Hal; the graceless son of the best mother in the world, and your most obedient servant!

Florence (tittering and blushing). I couldn't think what elegant—I mean (*confusedly*)—I would say what strange gentleman it was walking so familiarly into Mrs. Percy's boudoir. You have such a *distingué*—I would say, such a foreign air, you know.

Hal. I am sorry to hear that. I had hoped that my nationality was like Olivia's complexion, "ingrain;" that it had stood the wind of travel and the weather of trans-Atlantic associations. I pride myself upon looking like an American.

(*Mrs. Percy, who has been talking aside with Dorothy and Jenny, catches the last sentence, and comes forward impetuously.*)

Mrs. Percy. You do, my love, you do! If you had been away forty, instead of four years, and been to eighty universities instead of one, and brought home all the old masters, and canvas enough to make as many more—you would always be the same sweet, sociable, amusing, affectionate boy.

(*Holding his arm, she turns to the girls who are laughing with, not at, her.*)

Dare say I'm an old fool! But can't believe its altogether the mother's eyes that make me think there's not another son in the four hemispheres who is the equal of my HAL!

Curtain falls.

SCENE III. (LOW.)

(*Mrs. Percy's drawing-room. Hal Percy, in painter's jacket and cap, is painting vigorously at an easel near the window, palette on thumb.*)

Hal. I believe the dear Mater would let me turn her bedroom into a studio, and vow that she slept the better for the smell of paint if I hinted at such a wish. I made the excuse for bringing my traps in here, that there was no such light to be had anywhere else on the premises. But I knew that girl would not sit to me in my upstairs

painting-room. What an honest, cunning, frank, shy, little thing—what an *Unique* she is! I flatter myself this begins to have a look of her about the mouth. (*Draws off and looks at the picture.*) I caught the likeness on my cuff night before last, when she was reading aloud to the Mater. It doesn't do her one-quarter justice. That goes without saying. But it isn't so far amiss for a study from a cuff-etching. I must contrive some story that will take the Mater's fancy, and get her to persuade the wild, sweet thing to grant me a sitting.

(*Resumes his work, and works away steadily for a while.*)

How does Holmes's poem run?

"O Damsel Dorothy! Dorothy Q!
Strange is the gift I owe to you."

He meant one sort of life. I owe my Dorothy another! But the rhymes have haunted me ever since I saw her at the piano that first night.

"In her cheek the lines are bright,
Dainty colors of red-and-white,
And in her slender shape are seen
Hint and promise of dainty mien."

"Hint and promise" forsooth! They are *there* already in my "Damsel Dorothy."
"Dainty" is just the word for her.
(*Sings out of all time and tune:*)

"Where the lilacs threw their shade
Sat a dainty little maid,
Closed the book upon her knee.
Dum-de-dumty, dum-de-dee!"

(*Florence has stolen in during the vocalization. Standing near the door, she frowns and clenches her hand as she listens. Now comes forward, shyly apologetic, with a sort of childish distress in tone and manner.*)

Why, Mr. Percy! I thought you had gone with the others to town! How you startled me!

(*Hal had turned his easel aside, at the sound of her voice. Rising hastily he comes forward.*) You startled me Miss Doane! certainly I thought you were one of the shopping-party.

Florence. I am not quite myself to-day. I have a slight headache and sore throat, and dear, thoughtful Mrs. Percy advised me not to venture out this windy afternoon. I am afraid I disturb you. Sweet Mrs. Percy had a fire made in my room, but it went out.

Hal (*politely*). Then you certainly ought not to stay there. Here! take this chair and make yourself comfortable!

Florence. I know I am silly and weak. I won't give way again! (*Gazes up with wet eyes and a forced smile.*) But it is not merely *une attaque des nerfs*, Mr. Percy. If I only knew how to act! You see I have no sister—or brother—to consult.

Hal (*in a relieved tone, returning to his stand on the rug.*) I wish I were your brother—or double-first cousin—or your sister,—or, we will say, a maiden aunt of experience in disappointments. If a combination of the four will be of any service to you, just now, I stand prepared to take the quadruple rôle, you know. Seriously, Miss Doane, if I can help you in any way—

Florence (*interrupting him, and clasping her hands, dramatically*). Oh! thank you! thank you! a thousand times! I won't detain you five minutes. I know how precious your time is!

Hal (*glancing sheepishly at the easel, murmurs*)—Oh! not at all! not at all, I am sure!

Florence. It is a case of conscience, you see! I have a friend—until recently my bosom-confidante. How I have loved and trusted that girl. She is wretchedly poor, and I have overpaid her for sewing I need not have put out, that she might be able to dress decently; have given her money, clothes, jewelry. I only mention this to show how intimate we have been. Lately—very lately—I have discovered that she is playing a double part with two of my most highly-esteemed friends. She is under countless obligations to one of them,—a lady whom all admire and respect, except this unhappy girl. She lets no opportunity pass of ridiculing her benefactress behind her back. She caricatures her manner, language,—all the harmless peculiarities that make her fascinating to *tout le monde* besides herself. The other victim is a man, noble, handsome—with more of *l'air distingué* which marks the true gentleman, than any other man I know,—kind and accomplished. This one of Nature's nobleman is the especial butt of this misguided creature's shafts. She called him in the presence of several others, on one occasion, "a grain of coffee in a gallon of water;" declaring that he was "very, very, stupid," and that "there was not enough of him mentally and spiritually to go round the circle of his acquaintances." She seeks his society and invites his attentions on purpose to collect material for fun-making.

Now, Mr. Percy—situated as I am—sup-

posed by the world to be her friend, respecting one of her dupes as I do, and being *perfectly devoted* to the noble, sweet woman whose confidence is so grossly abused, what ought I to do? What can I do? The whole thing is so revolting to me that I have a positive *mal de cœur* when I reflect upon it. It is so *low*, you know.

Hal (his head on one side, regards her curiously. His face is paler, and he tugs at his moustache as he listens).

It is an uncommonly disagreeable complication, and, as you say, rather low. If I were in your place, I should continue to bury the secret in the profoundest depths of my own heart. Cremation would be even better than burial. There can be no case of resurrectionists then, you know. It doesn't hurt people to have hard or funny things said of them so long as they don't know it. *There* is where the smart comes in. In my capacity as quadruple counsellor, I advise you not to take upon yourself the office of patent eye-opener to anybody. Most well-abused people live in blissful ignorance of what their best friends say of them, and are better off than if a would-be benefactor were to enlighten them. You wouldn't be on speaking terms with your own mother if you knew one-tenth of the things she has said about you.

Florence (clasping her hands, imploringly). Who is pessimistic *now*? Mr. Percy! My mother!

Hal (stoutly). Yes! yours or mine, or anybody's mother! Everybody gets out of humor and has unreasonable moods and says unjust things. *Don't repeat them!*

People will dislike you as the vehicle of unpleasantness, if you tell them of strictures passed upon them. Fight out your personal quarrel with your pseudo friend, if you like, but don't set up for philanthropist to the extent of stripping the scales from the eyes of her dupes. Some people like to have scales on their eyes. *I do!* I hope there is nothing else fishy about me.

Florence (trying to laugh). What does "fishy" mean, Mr. Percy? I am not well up in slang.

Hal. No? Then you mustn't talk of being "up" in things. "Fishy"—(*eyeing her quizzically*) means, Miss Doane, to be off-color, out-of-plumb, shaky! Not quite so bad as "shady" perhaps, but something that doesn't ring quite true. Something that is suspicious, untrustworthy, tricky, that pretends to be one thing, and is another. That works underground like a mole, and is

as slippery as an eel, and stings in the dark, like a snake, and is altogether *low*!

(*Florence starts up indignantly and faces him. The curtain falls.*)

SCENE 4. (*Eve.*)

(*Same scene. Hal stands before the easel, Dorothy in the middle of the room, a big apple in her hand. She looks bewildered, merry and rosy.*)

Dorothy. Your mother says you want to put me into a picture, and that I am to be holding an apple, and that it has something to do with the garden of Eden. I hope I am not to be the serpent?

Hal (energetically). No! a thousand times, no! Though all the world were to insist upon it!

Dorothy (amused). Has anybody tried to assign the part to me?

Hal (embarrassed). Nobody! Of course not! I was only horrified by the suggestion. (*Rallying his wits.*) But I've been reading an Eastern legend, Miss Quinn, which relates that Eve, after her expulsion from Paradise, could never see an apple without weeping. The fancy struck me, and I want to work it up into a picture. Will you oblige me by sitting as Eve?

Dorothy. I! Eve should be a Junoesque figure, "a daughter of the gods,

"Divinely tall, and most divinely fair!"

I am too plump and short—too undignified—too—too—

Hal (gallantly). Too tender-hearted to refuse my humble petition. Will you kindly take this low seat? (*Brings forward an ottoman.*) Thank you! (*as Dorothy seats herself silently.*) Drop your hands naturally upon your lap, the apple in the right—palm uppermost. So! thank you! Allow me! (*He arranges an India shawl about her, and backs away a few steps to survey the effect.*) Good! Sink the head a very little! There! nothing could be better. But you must not smile! Remember what the apple cost you!

Dorothy (demurely). I could shed real tears—great liquid drops, if you will ring for a knife and an onion!

Hal (laughs a little). One can be pensive without being actually lachrymose. Think of something serious—something that moves you to deep reflection!

Dorothy. For instance,—what must have been the age of my great foremother and prototype before her gardener-husband earned enough money to warrant the purchase of an India shawl?

Hal (mixing paints on the palette). For instance—how many admirers you will drive to suicidal desperation by refusing to dance with them to-morrow night. By the way—you will give me four dances—won't you? The first, and three others selected by yourself.

Dorothy. I am sorry—but I promised the first dance to Tom Bowman. He asked me for it a year ago—on the thirtieth of last October.

Hal. That was taking time by the forelock with a vengeance! Well, then! the second!

Dorothy (regretfully). It is too bad! Alex Smiles spoke for that on St. Valentine's Day. I suppose one anniversary reminded him of another.

Hal (biting his lip). May I have the third?

Dorothy (laughs and colors). Indeed, Mr. Percy, I am really sorry that I have given my word for the third and fourth dances to Dick Taylor and Rob Simcoe.

Hal (gloomily). I suppose one asked you on the twenty-second of February, and the other on the Fourth of July. The forehandedness of Young America is enough to drive a conservative semi-foreigner daft. And the fifth?

Dorothy (with gentle dignity). I shall be happy to give it to you.

Hal. The sixth, seventh and eighth, too?

Dorothy (deprecatingly). That would not be fair. As the host of the evening, you must not bestow too much honor upon a single guest.

Hal (impatiently). Honor! Does the beggar honor the sovereign who bestows?

Dorothy (lightly). This beggar petitions for sketch or for release. She is tired of posing for nothing.

Hal. Excuse me! (*Returns to the easel and paints for a few minutes silently, staring hard and much at the model. Dorothy studies the apple more and more seriously. Presently he pauses, brush and palette suspended in air, and feasts his eyes upon her, without speaking, for a moment.*

Hal (in a low, impressive tone). Dorothy! Miss Quinn!

Dorothy (looks up surprised). I beg your pardon! Did you speak to me?

Hal (stepping nearer to her). I never saw that look on your face before. It is full of earnest longing, saddened thought—too real to be assumed. Will you tell me frankly what you were thinking of at that instant?

Dorothy (drops her eyes again to the apple). Certainly! I was wondering if your choice of this apple were accidental, or an artistic touch. You see it is a *Fall* pippin!

Hal. Pshaw! (*Turns on his heel and goes back to his work, making slashing strokes at the canvas.*) I wonder if you were ever serious for five minutes at a time in your life. I suppose you regard a man who is in earnest as "very, very stupid," and think one who says only what he feels and believes, "has not sense enough to go around."

Dorothy (colors painfully; her head sinks for a moment, then she looks up bravely). I said that before I knew you—as you are now. Your informant did a base thing in repeating it. You are cruel! (*Hides her face in her hands.*)

Hal (springs forward and falls on one knee). Dorothy! forgive me! It was cruel, unmanly, dastardly!

Dorothy (behind her hands). No! no! I needed a lesson in discretion. I shall never have a harder one!

(*Both start and Hal springs up as Mrs. Percy rattles the door-knob, before flying in, ribbons streaming and skirts rustling.*)

Mrs. Percy. Well! is the painting done? Am dying to see it. And to think (*laughs*) of me never asking what part of the Garden of Eden this dear child is to represent!

(*Before Hal can speak, Dorothy answers with sweet gravity.*) A very imprudent, but repentant EVE!

Curtain falls.

PANTOMIME.

ALL-HALLOW-EVE.

A party of young people in evening-dress. A tub of water with apples floating in it on the floor; a row of cabbage-stalks on the table; a basket of chestnuts near the fire. Dorothy and Mrs. Percy in a cleared space in the middle of the room. The other *dramatis personæ* grouped about the apartment. Hetty and Jenny chat gayly with Alex Smiles and Dick Taylor; Florence watches Hal while seeming to talk to Tom Bowman; Hal is looking at Dorothy. Mrs. Percy holds a square mirror about a foot long in her hand, which she presses upon Dorothy. Dorothy shakes her head smilingly, but when the others urge her, takes it. Mrs. Percy signifies in dumb-show that the girl is to walk backward down the cellar-steps and the whole length of the dark cellar, holding the glass and looking

into it. At this moment a servant brings in a telegram to Hal, who shows it to his mother, and signifies that he must be absent on important business for a little while. She holds up her hands regretfully, then yields to necessity and pats him on the shoulder with a parting nod. He bows to the rest of the party, who look their regrets, and leaves the room. Mrs. Percy shrugs her shoulders and sighs in looking after him; then rallies her spirits, leads Dorothy to another door than that through which Hal has disappeared, kisses her, and gently pushes her out, laughing all the time. Some one begins to play on the piano, and the young people take their places for a dance.

Curtain falls.

SECOND PART OF PANTOMIME.

A long, dim corridor. Appear Dorothy at one end, walking backward, very slowly, holding the mirror up before her. At the other end appear Hal, in travelling-ulster and cap, a dark lantern in his hand, Dorothy gains the middle of the corridor and pauses, as if to listen, still gazing into the glass. At this instant Hal steps up behind her, turns the lantern-slide, so as to throw the light on his face, and peers over her shoulder. She starts violently, then stands transfixed, staring at the face in the mirror. He lifts his cap and bows smilingly to her image reflected by the side of his; as she lets the mirror slip from her hands in her fright, he catches it, and facing her, drops on one knee to ask pardon (perhaps!).

Curtain falls.

ALL-HALLOW-EVE GAMES.

GAMES.—BOBBING FOR APPLES.

IF this is done in the drawing-room lay a square of oilcloth, or a thick rug turned wrongside out, under the large tub which is brought in and filled within four inches of the top, with water. A dozen or more apples with firm, well-defined stems, are laid on the surface. The sport is confined to the young men of the party. Each, aloud, or mentally, gives to an apple the name of something he would like to have or accomplish, be it sweetheart, wealth, honors, success in some specific pursuit, or a certain coveted pleasure. A towel is given him

with which he covers his shirt-front and collar, and kneeling down, tries to capture the apple with his teeth. Three trials are allowed to each diver.

FAIRY-BOATS.

HALVE English walnuts and clean out each side neatly. Melt in a tin cup enough white wax to fill as many shells as there will be persons present at your party, and while heating it, stir in a few drops of essential oil of cinnamon or cloves. Have ready short lengths of coarse cotton cord, loosely-twisted. Hold a bit upright in the middle of each half-shell, and pour in enough melted wax to fill it. It will harden quickly, when you can let the wick go and prepare the next boat.

In the evening, launch the spice lamps in a tub of water, and light the wicks, naming each for a guest, or letting him do it for himself. To set them in motion, jar the tub lightly.

If two boats approach one another, touch, and continue the voyage in company, the owner's lots will, some time, become one and the same. If one lamp sputters and soon goes out, the owner will have a brief, turbulent career.

If two jostle and interfere with each other, those whose names they bear will quarrel.

Should a boat refuse to quit the wharf, or return persistently when pushed out, its namesake is indolent and lacking in enterprise.

Those that burn longest, predict length of days to the possessors.

CABBAGE-STALKS.

IN the country, these are to be pulled from the garden by the young people, in the dark, or if there is a moon, with closed eyes. Each must honestly bring to the light that which he or she first lays hold of. If much earth clings to the roots, the holder will have wealth; if it is bare, scarcity of means awaits him. A healthy, well-made stalk promises a handsome partner for life, and *vice versa*. A bit cut with a keen knife from the top of the stalk indicates, when tasted, the temper of said partner. Some are sweet, some sour, and a few bitter.

When cabbage stalks cannot be taken from the earth by the merry-makers, let them order them from a market-gardener. They must be put into a bag and drawn

out, one at a time, hap-hazard by the girls with no masculine eye-witnesses. Each fair owner, after inspecting and tasting hers, cuts her initials on the stalk, and all are laid on a table with a cloth cast lightly over them. The young men are now admitted, and draw in their turn, without uncovering the row.

If a dance is to wind up the evening, each young man dances the first set with the girl whose stalk he has drawn. The Christian name of each girl's husband will be the same as that of him who gets the stalk marked by her.

THE CUP OF FATE.

ON a stand in the middle of the room are arranged three tumblers or goblets. One contains vinegar, another milk, a third, clear water. Each person is led blindfolded to the table and dips his finger in the first vessel he touches. If it contain water, he will die a bachelor; if vinegar, he will marry a shrew; if milk, his wife will be sweet-tempered. These rules hold good with women who put their fate to the test, with, of course, a change in the sex of the partners for life.

The position of the tumblers must be shifted after each trial to confuse the next candidate for luck or discomfiture.

ROASTING CHESTNUTS.

THIS may be done on the hearth of an open fire-place; on the top of a stove, or on a hot shovel held over the grate. Two chestnuts are named, and laid, together, on the heated surface. If, in burning, they rest contentedly, side by side, the omen is favorable to harmonious association. If one hops away, or refuses to ignite, the parties designated would do well not to attempt to join their fortunes.

UP AND OUT.

NAMES are written with a broad-pointed black pencil, on slips of paper, these folded small, the written side inward, then, enclosed in pellets of Indian meal dough one in each. They should be about as large as a robin's egg, but perfectly round. When all are ready, a certain number of balls containing men's names, and a like number with women's names enclosed, are dropped carefully into a broad basin of water. In a minute they begin to rise, cracking as they come up, and must

be fished out at once, two together, coupling those that rise nearest to one another. If the names thus disclosed are those of a man and a woman, a happy union is foretold; if two men pop up, side by side, both will remain bachelors; if two women, they will die spinsters. Some arise, blank and whole, and refuse to crack after they are up. The persons represented by these are thus adjudged to be unsocial and sullen. If the names are written in ink the water may blur them into illegibility.

AS IN A LOOKING-GLASS.

THE girls are sent out of the room in turn, one by one (as was Dorothy in our Charade) to walk backward the whole length of a dim passage or cellar, holding up a small mirror in which the walker sees her face reflected. If she sees nothing else, she is destined to live single. Not infrequently, however, it happens that, by a clever manœuvre on the part of an admirer, his face appears beside hers, in the looking-glass.

Readers of the always-charming "Leslie Golthwaite's Summer" will recollect how Dr. John Hautayne really happened to be coming up the piazza steps as the heroine backed down.

SNAP DRAGON.

RAISINS, citron cut into dice, candied ginger, a few bitter almonds, sliced, and any crystallized fruits that may be convenient, are spread on a large silver or stone-china platter, set on a marble table. If such a stand cannot be obtained conveniently, put a board under the dish lest the heat should injure varnish or cover. Turn down the lights and collect the company about the dish before pouring in enough brandy to cover the fruit. A match is then applied. Each person must, in his or her turn, try to rescue a bit of fruit or nut from the blue flame. The fearless succeed best in this. A tentative "drag" is more apt to burn the fingers than a quick resolute snatch, and there is also danger that the former method may bring the liquid fire over the side of the dish.

One's lot in life is supposed to be prefigured by the nature of the thing secured. A raisin signifies comfortable competence and contentment; citron, wealth; candied ginger, a peppery wife or husband; bitter almond, trouble and vexation; apricot, an amiable consort; a candied cherry, a voyage

across seas; a bit of pineapple, social success, etc.

THE DUMB CAKE.

NOT a word must be spoken while three or four girls beat eggs, weigh sugar and other ingredients, mix and bake the Dumb Cake. Before it is iced, the mother of one of the makers, or some elderly friend, secretes a ring, a half-dime and a pearl button in the loaf, still without speaking, and coats it with frosting in the same silence.

On All-Hallow-Eve, it is divided into as many slices as there are unmarried people present. Each slice is crumbed or eaten in silence, which remains unbroken until the finders of the three prizes display them all. The ring shows which of the party will be married first; the coin promises wealth; the holder of the button, if a man, will have to sew on his own buttons and tapes without the help of a wife. If a girl draws it she will never, according to the dumb oracle, become a matron.



FANCY WORK.

CURTAINS AND PORTIERES.—ORIENTAL WORK ON HANGINGS.—LAMP SHADE IN AMBER BEADS.—KNITTED LACE.



THE remark is common enough that in fancy work there can be nothing new under the sun, as the subject must long ago have been exhausted, but there are still surprises for the novelty-seeker, and still revivals of ideas that are ancient enough to seem fresh in the eyes of modern people. But the persistent search for novelty is rather to be deplored when it leads to the relinquishment of really desirable things, simply because they have not the recommendation of newness.

In the matter of material which is to serve as a background for needlework we have lately been sensible enough to take a lesson from antiquity, and instead of using, as a few years ago, elegant fabrics, like plush or velvet, select soft flexible stuffs that are inconspicuous in themselves and fall in artistic folds, even when stiffened with embroidery.

For cushions, panels, stand covers, and

similar articles, richer materials may be used at pleasure with very good effect, but where a rich ground is used the decoration, if there be any, should be solid and correspondingly elegant.

CURTAINS AND PORTIERES.

WITH curtains and carpets a room is almost furnished, so it is desirable that those important points should be carefully attended to. For cottage windows and doors, simplicity is more appropriate than magnificence, but where a room is dressed, if one may use the expression, in matting and scrim, it may with excellent taste receive a touch of elegance by the richness and beauty of small hangings, such as book-case or corner shelf curtains.

ORIENTAL WORK ON HANGINGS.

FOR portieres and book-case draperies these imitations of Eastern work, are very pretty. They are made in stripes joined together like the Bagdad draperies, which they rather remotely resemble.

The stripes are made of a coarse, plain, worsted material, which is sold for covering cheap furniture. Each stripe is six inches wide with a narrow hem on each side, except in case of the pieces which have one selvage. It is desirable to buy single-

width goods for the sake of obtaining more selvages. A variety of colors is necessary: light and dark blue, scarlet, dull orange and cream, are colors that combine well, and there may be two stripes of each.

After the stripes are hemmed, decorating them will be pretty "catch up" work, as close attention to detail is not needed after the idea is once grasped that it is railroad work, and the longer stitches that can be employed in carrying out the design the better. Crewels are to be used, and the color of one stripe is to be used in the decoration of another, except on black and cream; in that case a mixture of several colors may be used. The stitch is simply an enormous exaggeration of the varieties of herring-bone or briar stitch, and by examining a crazy quilt, enlarging from the copy sufficiently to nearly occupy the width of the stripe, as many and as pretty patterns will be found as are necessary. Some of the designs will be close enough to keep in place, but where the stitches stretch very far, the same pattern reduced or another smaller one should be run through the centre of the large one. By turning over a real Persian rug and copying the outline of some portions of the border, very handsome patterns can be found, which, if impossible of execution in the crazy work stitches, can be followed in long loose outline stitch.

When the stripes are all decorated join them with light brown druggist's cord, threaded into a worsted needle. Take an overhand seam over a coarse steel knitting needle, which you will pull out whenever you reach its end in sewing the pieces together. The object of putting in the knitting needle is to make the loose open seam between the stripes, which is a feature of the genuine Oriental hangings.

LAMP SHADES.

OF making these there is no end, and as there seems to be no limit to the use of lamps, both for lighting and as helps in decoration, new methods for making them must still be welcome to the home makers.

A shade that has made an old lamp handsome enough for promotion to the parlor, has for its basis a plain white porcelain shade of the shape used for student lamps. This the owner stained inside and outside with orange family dye, dissolved in gum water. It was necessary to make the mixture very dark, but when applied it appeared like amber.

Procuring clear, large amber glass beads, the artist,—one surely might call her so,—fastened a string of them around the neck of the shade, using it as the beginning of a network which reached to the lower edge. Passing a needle threaded with twist, into one of the beads of the foundation, she took seven beads on the string, passing the needle through the fifth bead of the chain and making another loop of beads, and thus continuing all around. A second row of loops were secured to the central bead of first row of loops, and so on till the shade is covered. The slope is obtained by putting more beads on the loops every third row. The edge is finished with a row of four-inch width fringe, made of double strands of the same beads.

An unstained shade covered in the same way with "looking-glass" beads would be very pretty, especially in rooms where there is already too much yellow to make amber desirable.

SILK KNITTED LACE.

JUDGING by the constant issuing of works upon knitting, that time-honored pursuit, or recreation, its adherents call it, still retains its popularity. The following pattern given by an experienced knitter is made with white knitting silk and is intended for edging the collar, cuffs and vest front of a buff cashmere tea gown. In cotton, linen or wool it might be prettily adapted to other purposes. To make it, cast on nineteen stitches and knit once across plain. 1st row:—Nine plain,* purl two together, make one stitch, knit one plain.* Repeat twice from star to star. Make one, one plain.

2d row:—Make one, narrow by slipping one stitch, knitting one plain and drawing the slipped stitch over the plain one, knit plain to end of the row.

3d row:—Knit eight plain,* purl two together, make one, one plain; make one, one plain, make one, narrow* repeat between stars three times.

4th row:—Make one, narrow, alternate twice, then knit plain to end of row.

5th row:—Seven plain,* purl two together, make one, one plain,* repeat three times, then make one, one plain, alternate twice, make one, narrow.

6th row:—Make one, narrow, alternate three times, knit plain to end of row.

7th row:—Six plain,* purl two together, make one, one plain,* (three times); then

make one, one plain, alternate this three times, make one narrow.

8th row:—Make one, narrow, alternate four times, then knit plain to end of row.

9th row:—Five plain,* purl two together, make one, one plain* (three times); then make one, one plain, alternate four times, make one, narrow.

10th row:—Make one, narrow, alternate five times and knit plain to end of row.

11th row:—Four plain,* purl two together, make one, one plain,* (three times); then make one, one plain, alternate five times, make one, narrow.

12th row:—Make one, narrow, alternate six times, knit plain to end of row.

13th row:—Three plain,* purl two together, make one, one plain,* (three times); then make one, one plain. Alternate six times, make one, narrow.

14th row:—Make one, narrow, alternate seven times. Knit plain to end of row.

15th row:—Two plain.* Purl two together, make one, one plain,* (three times); then make one, one plain, alternate seven times, make one, narrow.

16th row:—Make one, narrow, alternate eight times, knit plain to end of row.

17th row:—Four plain,* make one, purl two together, one plain,* (twice); then make one, knit three together plain, narrow, alternate six times, make one, narrow.

18th row:—* Make one, narrow,* alternate seven times, knit plain to end of row.

19th row:—Five plain,* make one, purl two together, one plain* (twice); make one, narrow twice, alternate five times, make one, narrow.

20th row:—Make one, narrow, alternate six times, make one, narrow, knit plain to end of row.

21st row:—Six plain,* make one, purl two together, one plain,* (twice); then make one, narrow twice, alternate four times, make one narrow.

22d row:—Make one, narrow, alternate five times. Knit plain to end of row.

23d row:—Seven plain,* make one, purl two together, one plain,* (twice); then make one, narrow twice, alternate three times, make one, narrow.

24th row:—Make one, narrow, alternate four times. Knit plain to end of row.

25th row:—Eight plain,* make one, purl two together, one plain,* (twice); make one, narrow twice, alternate twice, make one, narrow.

26th row:—Make one, narrow, alternate three times. Knit plain to end of row.

27th row:—Nine plain,* make one, purl two together, one plain,* (twice): make one, narrow twice, make one, narrow.

28th row:—Make one, narrow, alternate twice. Knit plain to end of row.

29th row:—Ten plain,* make one, purl two together, one plain,* (twice); make one, narrow twice.

30th row:—Make one, narrow. Knit plain to end of row.

Repeat from first row until the desired length of lace is attained. If a wider edging is required the same pattern may be widened by adding several rows of fagotting to the upper edge. A fagot is made by two extra stitches added when casting on.

1st row:—Slip one, one plain, wind thread once around needle, seam two together, two plain, thread over twice, narrow, two plain.

2d row:—Four plain, seam one, two plain, thread over twice, seam two together.

Martha Washington always knitted as she conversed with her callers.

Rose Eytinge is said to have crocheted some miles of edging during parlor scenes upon the stage.

ADVICE COLUMN.

ALL through the country there are houses that contain within themselves the means for gaining tasteful effects, if the owners knew exactly how to utilize the means at hand. Not knowing how to adapt furniture and materials to present ideas, does not presuppose ignorance on any one's part, but people who live at a distance from large towns cannot easily keep posted upon the subject.

For the benefit of readers who are so situated, or who lack confidence in their own taste and judgment, I propose to answer in this "Advice Column," to the best of my ability, any questions upon matters belonging to decoration or house furnishing. I cannot claim infallibility upon this or any other point, but I will promise, in the words of Bridget's valuable "reference," to do anything that comes within the sphere of my capacity.

Address any inquiry to

Mrs. M. C. Hungerford.

Stamford, Conn.



OUR BABY

AFTER THE BATTLE-SUMMER.



N eminent authority in children's diseases, tells us that "the second summer of life is full of perils, and so are the first and the eightieth." Another writer on the same subject remarks that "the danger of the second summer lies not so much in the process of dentition as in certain intestinal changes that occur at the same time."

It matters little to the anxious mother from what quarter the foe may attack her baby, or that demi-yearlings and octogenarians die in large numbers. Treatises many and doctors in troops will batter long at her dread of the "second summer" before she can enter calmly upon it. It is in anticipation, the valley of the shadow of death, full of grisly shapes that roar with hollow voices, and come after the child she clasps in her arms, "with a great padding pace."

And not to her, alone, does October, the golden,—

When the fair days grow short,
And the cool nights grow long,—

bring a sense of thankful relief. It must be conceded that Winter, with its threatening train of coughs, colds and croups, is less to be feared for Our Baby than the season ushered in by June, month most fatal to infant life of all the twelve.

However strong and tender may be the mother's hold on her treasure, his assailants during this period are Legion. The sustained stress of the American summer slays children by the thousand; experiments in diet, swill-milk, malaria, and impure water, by the ten thousand. Farm-house chambers under the ridge-pole of the roof and badly-ventilated; genteel hutches in expensive hotels, "the children's and nurse's table" in the same; the dust, stifling heat and jarring roar of steam-cars; mosquitoes, prickly heat, unripe melons, stale cherries, fog and dews—are among the "toils and trials overpast," over against which the mother of a

living, well child, may, with the first day of this month, raise a memorial-cairn and inscribe thereupon a legend of gratitude.

September is cruel as the grave. If ever a month deserved to be stricken from the calendar, it is surely this, the ninth in the stately procession. Her suns are sickly-hot, and extract from stagnant pool and rotting fen miasma that smells rank to heaven; her night-chills and soaking evening damps are fraught with ague and congestion; her fervid noons ripen pears, the least wholesome of summer fruits for young stomachs. Ere her days are half-told, there are ugly, bilious-yellow streaks in the hearts of cooling melons, that signal danger to adults, and children. The one redeeming trait of No. Nine is that she has but thirty days on her list.

When these have passed the mother may chant a *Te Deum* beside her darling's pillow for deliverance from great and sore perils. We would shake hands with her over the unconscious sleeper, and, sitting down beside the little fire kindled to dispel the coolness and possible humidity of the autumn evening, plan for the altered mode of life lying before her and the children through the coming season.

She knows that they will be safer than while the summer fight raged, but they will not accept her cheerful view of the situation. Baby loves the country and out-of-door-weather, despite heat and mosquitoes. He misses the green grass, the cows and horses and chickens, the loose frocks and general unceremoniousness for which the nursery in town or village is an unsatisfactory exchange.

"*Hollid ole nallow* chicken-toop!" muttered a three-year-old, standing in the middle of his mother's superb parlors, and beholding the reflection in tall mirrors on three sides of him of the swelling breast and wet blue eyes of the rebel in travelling-cap and coat. "Taint fitten for pigs to 'tay in!"

The parlor of the farmhouse he had left was a stuffy "best-room," and his mother's bed-chamber above it had but two windows,

each four panes deep. *He* had lived for three happy months in two hundred acres of field and grove and mountain, with a ceiling twenty-four miles high, and all his toys were alive. Be patient with his mutinous tears, sensible mother! He is *ennuyé* beyond his telling, grieving for the loss of liberty and friends, and, for the time, without an object in life. You are so busy with house-cleaning, dress-making and "settling down" as to redouble his woes. He is hustled into a corner of the "chicken-coop," hoisted to a perch and told to keep quiet there while the turmoil goes on. He strays into draughts and takes cold, falls down a forgotten stairway and raises a bump on his head; tears his clothes on packing-cases, smears himself red with Putz-pomade and black with stove-polish, and empties a box of Electro-silicon upon his tangled curls. Oh! Master Baby is a handful for a fortnight and more after the return home objurgated by him and enjoyed by his elders!

"Possessed!" cries Mamma, disturbed in the serious business of unpacking and airing winter woollens and furs, while the

nurse, called away from helping the waitress clean brasses and silver, to wash and comb the troubler, wonders "what under the canopy has come to the child who used to be as easy managed as a lamb!"

Just what would have come to the lamb, and would be esteemed reasonable in a kitten or puppy snatched from his gambols in hay-mow and lawn, and shut up in a peach-crate all day long.

Let somebody in the hurrying household make time to give our human kitten an airing daily—tri-daily, if possible. Break him in gradually to his new estate. His short memory cannot recall the amusements that solaced former captivity, the comforts of dry warm rooms in bitter weather, and he sorrows as one without hope. Contrive pleasures for him that may reconcile him to nursery-limits and the inevitable winter, and as you stick chick-weed between the bars of the song-bird's cage and let it pick sugar from your lips, interfuse motherly consolation and caresses into all you do to ameliorate the imprisonment of the unfeathered pet.



ONLY

By Harriet Prescott Spofford.



SOMETHING to live for came to the place,
Something to die for, may-be,
Something to give even sorrow a grace,
And yet it was only a baby!

Cooing and laughter and gurgles and cries,
Dimples for tenderest kisses,
Chaos of hopes and of raptures and sighs,
Chaos of fears and of blisses!

Last year like all years, the rose and the thorn,
This year a wilderness, may-be;
But heaven stooped under the roof on the morn
That it brought there only a baby!



TIED.

I am so tired to-day;
 I long to lay
 My head, for rest, upon the pillow green
 Of some still churchyard grave, and shut me
 in
 From all the cares, the worries and the strife
 Of all this anxious, restless Mother-life,
 And sleep, please God, for aye.

Ah! little children, with your dancing feet
 And glances sweet,
 I have so weary of my burdens grown,
 I fain would loose your fingers from my own,
 And leave to other hands the dear delight
 Of guiding baby-footsteps up the height,
 And thus my task complete.

But, weary Mothers, would I have it so?
 Would I? Ah! no.
 I could not sleep within my grassy bed,
 For hearing pattering footsteps overhead.
 This Mother-heart, though turned to dust,
 would throb,
 Responsive to the baby's lonely sob,
 However faint and low.

And so I could not rest me, after all;
 The grasses tall
 And snowy daisies could not bring me peace.
 The aching Mother-love would never cease.
 Oh Christ! who gave this love with Mother-
 hood,
 On Mothers tired bestow this greater good,
 Patience—whate'er befall.

Eva P. Ketchell,



WOMAN'S day is over by the time she is sixty," said the intelligent, accomplished mother of a large family, in sad resignation.

A physician of learning and experience testifies,—“When I want to have thorough work done—without partiality and without prejudice, work that is neither slovenly nor overstrained—I look about for a woman over forty-five years of age.”

Putting one of these authorities over against the other, we draw the deduction that a woman's working life is but fifteen years long. Up to forty-five, she is getting ready to accomplish excellent things. At sixty, she is laid aside. This is worse than quicksilver mining.

Where, and whose, is the error, fault, or misconception?

Unless a mother is exceptionally strong of will and clear of head, she is apt to fall in with the expectations of those about her, and become, as her children reach man's and woman's state, a cipher on the wrong side of the family total. If amiable in grain, she effaces herself, little by little. Soon, she is “only Mamma,”—in time, “nobody but Grandma.” In general conver-

sation she makes small, colorless talk, deprecatory in tone, her whole manner apologetic for the circumstance of her continued existence. She refers frequently to the often-infirmities of age, as if to bespeak toleration in consideration of an end that cannot be far off at the worst. An indisposition that might as well assail her granddaughter is “what might be looked for at my age.” She does not affect to keep up with the times in dress of body or of thought, being “too old to learn new tricks.” With her own hands she weaves the web which shuts her in, cocoon-wise, from the fresh air and sunlight of a world that is ever renewing its youth. Desuetude weakens mental muscle, and the physical powers follow suit. An effort of will is requisite if she would hold up her head and straighten her spine, and with no incentive to put this forth, she stoops earthward, her whole attitude expressive of the abiding conviction that there remains no other asylum for “old folks.”

This is the gentler and less objectionable aspect of “growing old”—the confirmed curve of a much-used bow. A smart, resolute bend in the contrary direction might make it abide in strength, if applied seasonably and regularly. But—who wants to use “the old thing?”

A woman (or man) of stouter fibre makes

fight, but seldom along the right line. Suspicious of the love of her very children, impatient of youth as of arrogance that is a personal insult to her decadence, she is sharp, acrid, aggressive, bringing to bear upon the peccadilloes of young people keenness of perception and severity of judgment that prove the strength of her faculties. Her elegant grandson may think her a fossil, but she tracks him in his "gay ways" like a sleuth-hound. She watches her coquettish grand-daughter with sly appreciation of every manoeuvre, and knows just where an *exposé* of wife and failure will be the bitterest mortification. She scolds her daughter-in-law for extravagance, and is openly disdainful of her son's uxorious indulgence of that which she predicts "will land him in the poor-house." For herself, she exacts attention and service in the minutest particular, and lets no imagined lapse into carelessness, no fancied slight, pass without condign punishment. She is a terror—not to evil-doers only, but to well-meaning blunders, and her grand-children write "TERROR" in small capitals.

There is one glory of youth—another, like the sun shining in his strength, of wise maturity—still, another, mild, chastened, beneficent, of old age. It is beautifully symbolized by the silver crown that refines the plainest features.

"Mamma," asked a serious-eyed child, looking up from her favorite "Sunday-book," *Pilgrim's Progress*, "did you ever know anybody who lived in the Land of Beulah?"

"Yes, dear!" dropping her voice that it might not reach the patriarch who watched the sunset from the porch; "Grandpapa does!"

From a letter written in his *ninety-first* year, four pages in length and transcribed in clear characters, the following extract is taken:

"As I write, a blue-bird begins to sing in the lilac bush outside of my office window. I have always loved birds and flowers. On this bright Easter Monday, I am thinking how unlikely it is that I shall be here when the next comes. Ah, well! if not, then where 'everlasting spring abides.'

"The dark river has dwindled to a summer brook, so narrow that I fancy, sometimes, I hear the birds sing on the Other Side."

The most significant phrase in the quotation is, "my office window." This man, never especially hale in body, found at the top of the hill of life fertile level lands in

which he dwelt and wrought until one week before he stepped over to the near and familiar Other Side. He was necessary to his household as long as he drew mortal breath. The key of his continued vitality was given (had it been needed by those who know him) in his last message to his absent sons, uttered ten minutes before his tongue was still forever.

"Tell them to take good care of Jim."

"Jim," aged seventy, was a faithful colored servant who had driven or walked with his master to "the office" every day for over a quarter of a century.

It is self-absorption that carves wrinkles in the face, and streaks the hair with gray. Kindly thought and labor for others dependent and beloved; the living out of and not in the petty round of personal and individual interests keep heart and energies fresh.

"I have been too busy to count the years. I suppose some have slipped by unnoticed, and so I have made a miscalculation by a dozen or so," was the explanation given by a grandmother when asked "how she had kept herself so preposterously young?"

Forget the years, or register them by blessings, and they will forget you.

In another number, something will be said of the wise conservation of forces on the part of elderly people. The object of this article, introductory of the "ARM-CHAIR AND FOOT-STOOL" Department, is to hold up the hands that ought not to hang down, and to strengthen knees that need not be inactive, although they may, at times, be feeble.

If Life's best earthly aim be to live for others' good, the lesson should be well-learned by the time one is fifty. By then, we should have acquired the knack of letting months and years pass, unchallenged. "Live as if you knew that each day was your last," may be sound advice to the slothful. A better, where work for the home and the world is involved, is, "Plan and labor as if you were sure of living a hundred years."

Not that we shall set the arm-chair in the track of the daily rush and round of the household. Grandma's corner must be fenced in lovingly from the chance of hard knocks, and where the footstool will trip up nobody. But we would seek out pleasant tasks for her fingers and pleasant themes for her thoughts; would resort to her for sympathy and advice; keep her with us and of us while we can.

To this end we invite correspondents to

tell us of things she can do without over-taxing her strength; pretty gifts she can manufacture for children and friends; of books she would like to read; of botanizing and flower-tending that can be done with-

out undue fatigue or exposure. We invite letters from and to her; bits of personal experience that may help her live out in contentment and in trust what should be a valuable existence even to the end.



HOW DO YOU DO?



HIS most gracious salutation of our mother tongue is uttered thousands of times during the day. Thoughtlessly, flippantly, considerably, deliberately, intelligently, anxiously,

with every inflection, it comes from the lisping lips of toddling infants framing the first few syllables of speech, from innocent children exchanging happy greetings, from friends and relatives.

Are these few words responsible for the fact that discussion of the health has come to vie with that of the weather as a topic of conversation? If instead of the indifferent perfunctory "how do you do?" to which has been given the automatic reply, "Very well, I thank you," one hears the truly amical interrogation, with a sufficiently sympathetic intonation warranted by a certain degree of intimacy, there results an exchange of a list of ills, followed by a long dissertation on aches and pains, diseases past and present, doctors successful and unsuccessful; and when these are exhausted, the newspaper stories, the more extravagant the better, are brought in review. Vivid imaginations are fired with the thoughts of the vast possibilities of perils to health, and thus it happens sometimes, because of the oft-repeated, every-day salutation, issuing thoughtlessly from friendly lips we come to think too much of our bodily condition, and the result is a morbid one.

Very different from the friendly is the anxious "how do you do?" the most frequent and typical of which is that of the mother. With great anxiety and solicitude she is constantly inquiring "How do you do, my

child?" Thus interrogated daily, almost hourly, the little one is forced to think of itself and its condition, and becomes morbidly self-conscious. Trifling indispositions which would soon be forgotten in play, if unnoticed, are brought forth beneath the microscopic searching of the anxious, maternal "how do you do;" and the more the child hears of sickness the more he responds to the idea that it is the natural order of things not to be well, and to complain. The higher the organization of the child, the greater the danger to it of this anxious maternal "how do you do?" This talismanic combination of a few short words, which, however admirable as an indifferent or amicable salutation, can, as the anxious "how do you do?" of mother to child, of husband to wife, of friend to friend, conjure up such an appeal to the imagination as to bring about that which one would most wish to avert, since many people are susceptible to what is called suggestion, by which is meant that there exists a condition in which the presentation of an idea of a certain state, be it of health or of disease, acts to bring about that state.

To the physician belongs the professional "how do you do?" It is his probe. In response to his interrogation there should be a full disclosure of bodily and mental health. In this instance the mere telling of trouble instead of magnifying it will give relief. Fancies, superstitions, crude ideas with regard to physiology and hygiene are refined by his science, for it is the lifelong study of the physician to find out how you do.

In assuming intimate relations with the readers of the House-Maker and their households, we greet you all with the friendly salutation; and trust that our professional inquiry may lead to the establishment between us of the highest ideal of scientific, hygienic and medical intercourse.

THE USES AND ABUSES OF DOMESTIC MEDICATION.



IT is inherent in all of us to like to doctor. Even the children take great satisfaction in playing with gingerbread pills, and molasses and water medicines. The words "household remedies" are enticing, and the patent medicine man appeals to one of the strongest instincts of the human race with his mysterious drugs which are "good for" so many things. Who can resist prescribing when hearing that a friend has a cold? and such a person, were he to follow out all the directions recommended by his kindly, well-intentioned acquaintances would have a busy time indeed. He would take hot and cold baths, he would try the long list of remedies whose virtues are announced in columns of wonderfully worded advertisements, or set forth on rocks and fences; he would bind his neck with salt pork, onions, pepper, vinegar, mustard and various other groceries; he would inhale vapors, snuff up snuffs; anoint himself with balms, balsams and salves, rub himself with liniment and medicated oils; he would either clothe himself with all woolen material, even to his collar as some friend suggests, or would throw aside all these and would wear linen only as another insists that he should do. In following one person's advice he would close himself up in an hermetically sealed room away from all drafts and exposure to the air; or heeding the next one who comes to comfort him, open the windows and ventilate thoroughly. Who has not had a cold and received kindly suggestions from well-intentioned friends? who does not know what a dance it would lead him to follow out even a tithe of it?

Every household has its medicine chest or cupboard, even as in the attics of our grandmothers hung the huge bundles of dried herbs ready for the many kinds of teas with which they used to conjure the fell demon Disease at its first onslaught. But we have departed from the simples used in those days, and now handle drugs themselves with a truly reckless fearlessness. Instead of the poppy tea of the ancient time, paregoric and laudanum are used, and those who can dexterously use a hypodermic needle charged with a solution of morphine are not a few. Instead of the simple bitters of quassia, eupatorium

and thoroughwort, quinine in large and deleterious doses is often self administered; instead of offering as a propitiation to the sleepy god, libations of hops, or a hop pillow, often without the advice of a physician, that dangerous and insidious drug, chloral hydrate, is employed.

The household is getting in the habit of dosing itself. Its appetite is never so good but what it can be improved by some tonic. Its digestion is never so good but what it can be bettered by some assistant.

In the worry of living our fast modern life, in the hurry of doing all that can be done both for gain and pleasure, our nerves and our strength are taxed and strained, and there arises a craving for something to tide us over when we feel weak and faint. Great quantities of coca wine and beef, wine and iron are consumed for this purpose. These stimulants are easily taken, easily procured. Beef, wine and iron have been referred to as "the woman's tippie." While it is excellent in certain depressed conditions of the system, as with all stimulants one can come to depend too much upon it. It must be remembered that iron administered in this form will cause the teeth to decay.

We have spoken of quinine as a drug altogether too rashly employed; its tonic properties, its efficacy in fevers and in breaking up a cold, its anti-malarial virtues are all well known and fully recognized, and an indiscriminate dosing results. Patients have told us of enormous doses which they have taken, doses which would act like a club to knock down the system. Deafness has occurred from large doses of quinine. In moderate doses it has often been known to give headache, and it will upset the stomach, so that the sickness arising from even five grains of quinine and two grains in some cases, will be sufficient to outweigh any good effects, and leave the person in a worse plight than ever. We will say in passing that without the advice of the physician, or previous experience, not more than two to four grains should be taken, preferably the former.

Aconite is another drug which should be used with the greatest care, and which is often administered too freely in the household. In fact, there are few drugs which should be handled without the advice of a physician. Experience with certain attacks have rendered many familiar with powerful drugs which they had come to employ properly themselves, having been guided in so

doing by the family physician; but when, as is often the case, they take it upon themselves to prescribe for whomever seems to them to have similar trouble they may, as in the case of passing on prescriptions, make great and perhaps perilous mistakes. Do not, dear members of the household, try too much wholesale prescribing for your neighbors, lest your generous act result far otherwise than you intend.

In these days the book agent travels over hill and dale, through village and town, searching out the households that will buy of him certain works containing descriptions of all the ills that flesh is heir to and methods of treating them. To many these books are most fascinating and tempting reading, the curious and often grotesque outcome of which only the physician sees. The strange diseases with which the readers come to be afflicted, the difficulty with which these bizarre ideas are dislodged, the terrible, and not infrequently dangerous dosings which ensue, are the results which are only known to the family doctors. You would be astonished too at the authority which these books obtain over individuals. Not even eloquent and scientific statements, clear demonstrations, earnest reasonings are sufficient to set aside the dogmatic and absurd statements of some of these works of household medicine. They breed a crop of imaginary tumors, they cover the body with contagious and eruptive diseases, they magnify chills and colds into pleurisy and pneumonia, all of which call for severe and effective measures of relief. We have hinted a little at the nuisance these books may become to the attending physician when called upon to combat their statements; less serious but scarcely less annoying to him, is the gratuitous instruction poured upon him from this source, as if it were an *ipse dixit* not to be gainsayed.

What then can be done in the way of domestic medication?

1st. Do not regard every trifling ailment or attack of pain as requiring immediate and instantaneous attention. Turn your thoughts to something else, and it is not at all unlikely that you will be surprised after a time to remember even that you had a pain.

2nd. Instead of medication try the efficacy of hot or cold applications, poultices, mustard pastes, for pains which can often be relieved in this way.

3rd. Try simple remedies, if any, for the household ailments, such as peppermint, jamaica ginger, aromatic ammonia.

4th. Ask your family physician, who knows you and your idiosyncrasies as well as those of your household, to give you some plain directions as to what you shall do in cases of the ordinary emergencies which arise in your family, such as constipation, diarrhoea, headache, sleeplessness, attacks of pain and the like, and look to him rather than to books and newspaper prescriptions, and the recommendations of friends for advice for those occasions when you are not quite sure that there is sufficient warrant for sending for him.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

THERE are two topics of great interest which concern the welfare of the household, which we propose to treat at some future time in these columns, in which we desire the co-operation of our readers: these are popular superstitions relating to health, and personal idiosyncrasies as shown with reference to food or medicine. We shall be glad to receive an account of any instances of these. By "popular superstitions" we mean those notions which have taken root in the popular mind without any foundation in fact—as, for instance, that tomatoes produce cancer, and that "sea-sickness is good for one."





FALL FABRICS.

The new styles in dress-goods for this fall preserve a few of the characteristics that have marked them for two or three past seasons. Plaids are still to be worn, and combination-costumes will be no less favored than during the winter of 1887-8. Apart from these, there are many novel features, some of them revivals of old modes, others that appear to be new departures. A fine soft woolen, with a finish that makes it resemble ladies' cloth, comes in fascinating shades, reseda-green, pearl-gray, bisque shades and a hue that a few years ago posed as "crushed strawberry," but has been re-christened "Gothic red." These fabrics are made up in combinations, or plain. A charming effect is produced in a costume of black and lavender, while one of bisque and black is even more striking. Plaid suitings, the plaid broken or indefinite, are also made up with these plain goods.

Nothing can be prettier for street dresses than the camel's hair serges. These are in both striped and plain patterns, and are to be used together, the striped portion composing the skirt, while the solid color is used for the waist. These serges come in many colors, and in a variety of designs. One is interspersed with a block stripe, artistically interwoven, another has a stripe that resembles tapestry embroidery, still another has a *broché* effect. The same material is seen in plain colors with a fanciful border to be used in trimming. One especially beautiful style of border has rainbow effects in brilliant tints that contrast admirably with the solid material of darker shade upon which they form an edging. Robes in serge are also furnished with borders, but the latter are chiefly in tinsel.

Silks will be much sought after this Fall. There was a boom in silk goods this Spring; witness the foulards, pongees, and Summer silks worn in greater profusion than for many previous seasons. There is every reason to believe that the popularity of silks will continue, while *moiré* and satins will be no less worn than they were last winter.

FALL WRAPS.

In cloaks, there is a marked change. The short wraps and shoulder capes that were most favored last Winter bid fair to give place to stylish jackets and long cloaks. The old *redingote* or something like it, reappears. One of the new garments of a rough striped material, trimmed with *moiré*, is of a length to cover the dress completely, and is finished with long drapery sleeves that fall to the hem of the cloak. A pointed hood lined with *moiré* completes the garment. Ulsters in rough striped materials are also shown, and instead of the short shoulder-capes worn with them last year are long capes reaching well below the waist, and constituting themselves separate wraps.

The jackets that are to supersede short wraps are made postillion shape and are very handsome. Trimmed with tinsel and with braid, provided with vests, with military fronts or made plain, there is a large enough variety to suit any taste. The bell sleeve is an innovation upon the close cuff so long worn, and certainly contributes to the ease with which the jacket is put on and off. Astrakhan will be even more used for trimming than it was last Winter.

HATS AND BONNETS.

Milliners may be reserving surprises for Winter hats and bonnets, but the head-coverings made ready for the Fall trade show few novelties. *Toques* and English walking hats are expected to be very popular, and the cloth bonnets worn last year are expected to give way entirely to felts. Small bonnets will again be used and trimmed with ribbons, ribbon velvet and fancy feathers. Ostrich plumes and tips are still out of favor.

SHOES AND SLIPPERS.

One of the new fashions in shoes is the substitution of Oxford ties for slippers as evening wear. Pretty slippers are still seen, but they will be less in the mode than patent leather ties with Suède tops in gray or tan. The whole shoe will in some cases be

made of the Suède, but these will demand a wearer with small slender feet. Beaded ties in black and bronze are prettier for women who need a good-sized shoe. Either by them or by their more fortunate sisters may be worn the Adonis tie, with its big silver buckle. White satin slippers, not ties, are still in vogue for weddings, and the woman who is not quite willing to wear the low cut shoe may adopt a compromise by selecting a slipper with a strap buttoning across the instep.

To the credit of American women be it said that, except for evening wear, high heels have almost gone out. For the street come the broad-toed, low-heeled, thick-soled English walking boots and common-sense boots. These, while they cannot by any stretch of the imagination be considered pretty, are yet so comfortable that one almost forgives their ugliness. Boots for church and calls are of Dongola with tips, or even with the vamps of patent leather. The smoothly-fitting cloth top is still preferred to kid by many women.

JEWELRY.

Many pretty fancies appear in jewelry. The general trend seems to be to lightness and delicacy of effect. The heavy gold bands and chains that reminded one of barbaric ornaments, or of the fetters of a slave, have disappeared almost entirely. In their stead are for the wrist slender bands no thicker than finger-rings, and set with jewels, and for the neck exquisite necklaces in the daintiest designs. Bar-pins are going out and round or oval brooches taking their places. Earrings are very small and are nearly all in screw-shape rather than pendants. French enamel is seen in profusion in watches, watch-fobs, rings, bracelets, necklaces and pins. The last come in a multiplicity of patterns, most of them imitating clusters of flowers or single blossoms. Half-hunting-case watches, made very flat, are even more popular than the extremely small watches. Chatelaines and chains are little worn in comparison with the still popular fobs. The latest style of these is a round ball covered with raised flowers in enamel.

For information received thanks are due Messrs. Lord & Taylor, R. Dunlap & Co., and Tiffany & Co.



MY FERNERY.



AN English cousin instigated me to have an aquarium built by a country carpenter. We were living then within sight and hearing of the sad sea-waves. I had never seen an aquarium.

Neither had the carpenter. Nor had my Anglican cousin. She and I had the advantage over him of having heard of such a thing. He had the advantage above us of being able to fashion wood into a frame,

and to set glass in it by means of cement.

He brought the result of our combined knowledge and skill home one hot July day, and set it on the kitchen table. "The Girl" was baking gingerbread, and stood still, her elbows on her hips, her floury hands stuck out straight before her, looking at The Thing, when my English cousin and I came out of the sitting room to interview it and the maker. He was in his shirt-sleeves, which were rolled well toward the shoulders. It was a blue gingham shirt and faded across the back. The faded area had

the effect of high lights upon his bulging shoulder-blades. He did not wear a collar. He did wear a hat, and it was pushed so far back on his head as to suggest the insoluble question, "Why doesn't he take it off entirely?"

"Wall! I brung yer box," he said. "An' a quarer consarn I never see!"

"Eh! the aquarium!" said my English cousin, in a British contralto.

"Ah! the case!" said I, in American nasal soprano.

We four eyed it for at least eighty seconds in silence. The heating cloves and cinnamon of the gingerbread began to exhale in aromatic sighs between the oven-joints. Beyond the open kitchen-door were ten acres of coarse meadow-grass, rustling serenely in the sunshine. They were as treeless as a prairie and as flat as a pancake when the cook has forgotten eggs and baking-powder. Beyond the sedges lay the sea.

The sight of the aquarium used to bring it all back to me, and the dull dismay with which I surveyed the "box." It resembled nothing else so much as a topless burial-casket. It was three feet four inches long, fifteen inches deep, and thirteen inches wide. The frame was of black walnut oiled; the bottom was a solid board of the same, overlaid with half-an-inch of solid cement, smooth and hard. The glass at front, back and ends was fitted into close grooves and made water-tight with cement. The cement was white. It had a ghastly gloss that reminded one of a satin lining. The smell of new wood and oil was irresistibly suggestive of a country funeral. This I would have died sooner than admit even to myself.

"Most like a child's coffin—haint it?" remarked "The Girl" with ghoulish relish. "'Sets on th' table same way, too!"

I love gingerbread. The ingredients in the batch in the oven were paid for by me. But I was glad it began to burn at that minute. It excused my biting recommendation that the ghoul should "mind her own business."

"Bring It into the parlor!" I said to the man, with cold dignity. And when there, "Put it in that corner—on the floor!"

Still with dignity, I paid his bill.

"'Seein's how 'twas a kind 'o fancy job, I hev t' charge you ten dollars thirty-seven cents fur it," he observed, pleasantly.

(I had sent to the city for the glass.)

When he had gone, my English cousin and I went on reading Thoreau aloud, with our backs to the yawning case, until it was

cool enough to go down to the sea for something to put into it. The Girl lugged up ten bucketfuls of sea-water to fill it. We collected pebbles and wet sand to cover the bottom; captured floating sea-weed and dug up tufts of marsh-grass to make things home-like for the one small crab, five shrimps, two jelly-fish, six mussels, and four sea-spiders we gleaned from the shore. We added to the collection three anonymous fish which we called dace, and a pair of what we knew were sticklebacks. These we found, two days later, in the mouth of a brackish creek, and, prize of prizes! an eel, five inches long, captured just beyond the wash of the languid surf that gave us "a good bathing-beach."

The shrimps devoured the jelly-fish; the crab killed the shrimps. After which we took him out of the aquarium and flung him far away into the grass to perish, or to sidle his way back into his other native element. The eel made an insufficient breakfast upon the spiders and then disappeared so mysteriously that we had dark suspicions of the mussels that lay in purple ease in the sand, and did not wholly exonerate the happy family of five that huddled together in one corner and seemed to be comparing notes as to the peculiar features of captivity. An *alibi* was proved in the case of all, a week afterward, when something like a dried stick was swept out from the remotest corner of the pot-closet, and proved to be a desiccated eel. By this time, dace (if they were dace) and sticklebacks had dwelt together in such unity that all five developed simultaneously an unpleasant type of leprous mould. Coming down to breakfast on the tenth day of their residence with us, I found them floating sideways on the top of the water, like oblate and highly-objectionable fungi.

The mussels remained. But the most imaginative piscatorian cannot assert that muscles are lively pets, and when they began to exhibit symptoms of nostalgia by opening their shells widely and never closing them, the faint interest I had taken in them went out.

By this time my English cousin had returned to a region where sea-anemones flourish, and sea-urchins (whatever they may be) disport themselves in wash-hand basins for the edification of Miss Yonge's natural history students. The Girl was impertinent in her disinclination to "drag up gallons o' brine every day for them nasty varmins," and dismissed herself. Her suc-

cessor flatly refused to play Aquaria upon any terms. Before the induction of No. 3 into office, I emptied the case, wiped it out, and paid a man, who drove a fish-cart, a quarter to take it up to the garret.

Four years after our removal to an inland New England town, another cousin, a wide-awake Yankee girl, happened upon the glass box in a lumber room and told me it was a "Wardian case." I knew of such a thing by the hearing of the ear. It now appeared that I had seen, without recognizing one. When my friend had laughed, and exclaimed pityingly over the history of the detested casket, she set me on to convert defeat into delight.

A second carpenter, under her direction, fitted a hinged glass top, gabled like the roof of a house, upon the original structure. Sylvia and I did the rest.

We put in, first, a layer, an inch deep, of coarsely-pounded charcoal. This was covered with potsherds—common red clay flower-pots, broken into bits. Over this we spread three inches of leaf-mould, brought from the woods. On the top of the mellow earth we laid mosses, also procured in our forest rambles. In the velvet pile of this carpet we stuck abundance of partridge vines, full of red beads that lasted all winter. Here and there was a clump of gray-eyed lichen fast to a bit of bark. The month was October and we dug up fringed gentians in flower and in bud; dwarf ferns including maiden-hair, and a fine root of pitcher-plant. Scraping aside the pine needles where we had found arbutus last spring, we lighted upon a cluster of leaves, spotted with brown, and jagged as if squirrels had gnawed them. We uprooted the plants carefully and transferred them to the corner formerly occupied by the leprous colony. Other roots went in—woolly-leaved incognitas, with a baby-pine, and a streamer of wild lycopodium. From the garden, we selected a stocky begonia for the central figure of the parterre; ribbon-grass, English ivy and *tradescantia* ("Wandering Jew"), a variety with silvery streaked leaves. Deep in the soil we buried half-a-dozen hyacinth bulbs, with a mass of violet roots, and a dozen crocusses.

In the sitting-room of the unfashionable "flat" occupied by my widowed mother, my sister, and myself, was a window we especially disliked. It opened upon a side-street, built up with mean, cheap houses, and the sun never touched the sashes until March. All winter long this window, with

its yellow Holland shade, was like a blind eye in that side of the simply, but neatly furnished, chamber. Sometimes the shade was not raised for a week at a time. Nobody ever sat near it. One autumn day we opened the shutters and fastened them back, and set a small table in front of the window. A red shawl belonging to my mother since her girlhood draped the table. It was tender of fabric through age, but the color was warm and constant. Lastly, we lifted the heavy fernery into place by the united strength of us all, a kind neighbor lending a fourth pair of hands.

From that hour, October 10, 1880, the miniature conservatory has been a continual comfort in our modest household. The taller ferns died down to the roots by Christmas. But the *tradescantia* had climbed to the top of the case, besides striking new roots in a dozen places; the begonia had budded, and the ivy put out delicate leaflets, crossed by bronzed veins. The gentians bloomed bravely for three weeks before they shrank back under the moss to keep the ferns company. The partridge-vines crept smilingly, inch by inch, over what was to them familiar soil.

In February, the hyacinth-blades peeped up to look for the spring. Early in March, yellow, purple and white crocusses, pale from long confinement, heaved the yielding soil. Next gray, furry crooks, unfolding as they arose, recalled to us the precise spot where the ferns had gone to sleep. The pitcher-plant displayed a spring stock of what we called "cream-jugs," more translucent than *Seures*, and of a clear green majolica could not rival. In early March, too, the arbutus actually blossomed! There were just three flowers, frail and tintless. But they had the shape and smell of arbutus. No night-blooming cereus, at fifty dollars a blossom, ever created such a stir in the house in which it expanded. The hyacinths were unsatisfactory as to color and size. Still, they were fragrant and welcome—and genuine *hyacinths*.

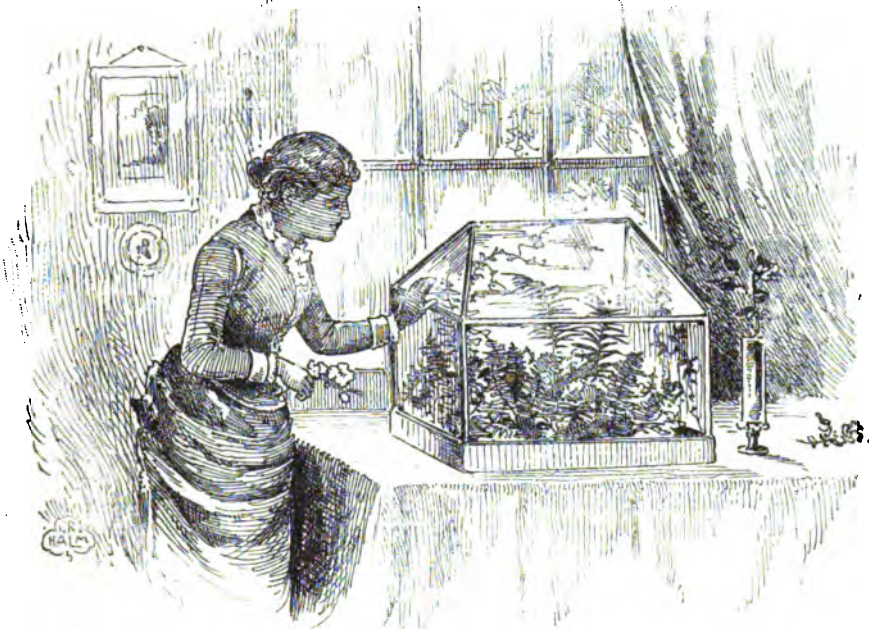
The following autumn, we kept our bulbs in the cellar, for six weeks after potting them, then put them in a sunny window, until they were full of buds. After which, we transferred them to the fernery. They grew amazingly fast and opened finely there.

In the summer, we set away the case and earth in a dark closet. Some things are transplanted into the garden, before this is done. For instance, *tradescantia*, begonia, ivy and violets. These keep well

until next season. Everything else moulders quietly, unseen by us. I think the sight and thought of the decay would sadden us, so fond have we become of our nurslings. In the fall, we supply new earth for new plants.

Sometimes we make experiments on our own responsibility. Some are successful. Some are failures. A notable triumph of ignorance over knowledge was the case of a pink cyclamen purchased at a (to us), exorbitant price, because it nodded blushing to us, one snowy day, through a florist's plate-glass window. He warned us, honestly, that "it would not live under

By the middle of January, our fernery gives us, on a reduced scale, a reproduction of a woodland brake. The sweet, wild things springing from their mossy bed, salute us with the true forest incense when we lift the lid each morning for the ten minutes' airing, which is all they need in the twenty-four hours. The moss is made very moist when the fernery is reconstructed in the autumn and the pitcher plants are filled with water. After this, all are profusely sprinkled once a month. The mist that goes up from the ground and condenses on the inside of the glass does all the irrigation that is needed between times. The



glass," but it did, bringing so much color and life into our then gray lives and room that we buy one of him every March in grateful memory of his error. White violet-roots, brought in a hand-bag from a Georgian garden, come up and bloom, year after year. It sometimes happens that we introduce an angel unawares. As when an anemone sprang from the moss of her own accord, and produced four or five absurdly-minute, but perfect, flowerets, holding up straight, tiny heads with hereditary disregard of the caprices and severities of early spring. They preached a silent, eloquent sermon to us on the obligation of sensible Christian folk to adapt themselves to circumstances yet preserve individuality.

sun must not shine on the closed lid. The mist is then heated to steam that blights and kills.

The cost of such a Wardian case would not exceed five dollars, if it were made of yellow pine and varnished. It could be made of walnut or cherry for eight. Beyond the pleasing pains of gathering plants for it in the autumn, the care of it does not consume ten minutes per week. It looks after and regulates itself when the morning mouthful of oxygen has been given. The enjoyment of what is an elegant ornament in any apartment and the interest of watching growth and blooming, are not to be appraised by dollars and cents.

Judith Smythe.



BOOK NOTICES

BOOKS READ IN THE ROCKING-CHAIR.

"*Tenting on the Plains, or General Custer in Kansas and Texas*," by Elizabeth B. Custer. Charles L. Webster & Co., New York.

A literary gossip asserts that Mrs. Custer's "*Boots and Saddles*," being the work of a tyro in literature, was submitted to a competent critic who edited it into publishable shape. The same authority adds that "*Tenting on the Plains*" went direct from the author's into the printer's hands.

The reader of the two books congratulates himself upon the latter fact—if it be fact. "*Boots and Saddles*" gave us what may be called a drawing-room acquaintance with the author. She was winsome, piquante and always interesting, but our exchanged salutations were bows, our pleasant talk skimmed the surface. The book before us takes us with her into camp-wagon and kitchen.

Perhaps the professional "reader" would have edited out the episode of the pointer Ginnee's gift to her master of a litter of seven "pulpy, silken-skinned little rolls," and objected to the incomparable Eliza's frequent appearances upon the stage. The practical jokes of the Custer brothers upon their father are not history, and mention of the "ugliest white bull-dog I ever saw;" of the pretty Monroe girls; the tricks of the pranksome young officers which sent a new comer to call upon the commanding-officer in bizarre costume; the descriptions of the prairie-races; the episode of the lost section of her riding-habit,—are digressions from the path of narrative. But we would not lose one of them. The very air of frontier and plains-life breathes for us from the opened pages; the slightest incident introduced is graphic. Apart from the vivacious style and abounding incident that make the perusal a delight, the volume wins upon us from the first page by the intense but unconscious personality of the narrator. It is evident that she has taken up her pen with one sublime purpose—that of giving to the world a truthful portrait of the husband she knew as no one else could, and, whom knowing, she admired and loved

worshipfully. It is granted to few men to receive such homage from those familiar with every foible. This wife's belief in the subject of her story cannot be questioned. She speaks of herself freely, but always and only to illustrate some act or trait of "the General." Least of all does she dream that our eyes wander from the figure she extols to herself. While she makes light of the four months' life in a wagon, that "par-boiled her face, roughened and faded her hair and muddled her complexion irredeemably,"—"a memory," she says, "emphasized by my fastidious mother's horror when she saw me afterwards;" provokes us to laugh with her over the tales of empty pockets, and drinking-water, "so full of gallinippers and pollywogs that a glass stood by the plate untouched until the sediment and natural history united at the bottom;" over the horn-toads in her moss-pillow, and the mule that ate away the hay-cushion from under her head,—and scores of other funny adventures told with grace and humor, we do not lose sight of that which she confesses held her back from grumbling at "anxiety, heat, mosquitoes, poor water, alligators and mutiny."

"There was not"—she says—"an atom of heroism in this; it was undeniably the shrewd cunning of which women are accused, for I lived in hourly dread of being sent to Texas by the other route, via New Orleans and the Gulf of Mexico. It is true that I was not then a veteran campaigner, and the very newness of the hardships would, doubtless, have called forth a few sighs, had not the fear of another separation haunted me. It is astonishing how much grumbling is suppressed by the fear of something worse awaiting you."

What she alludes to here is evidently in her estimation so natural a feeling—indeed so inevitable with every wife, that admiration of the unconscious heroine deepens into reverence. Some of the stories of army life are as tenderly and eloquently pathetic as others are amusing. It goes without saying that there is not a single

touch of coarseness or broad humor in the whole book. As truthfully it may be asserted that there is not one dull paragraph.

In Nesting-Time, by Olive Thorne Miller. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston and New York.

Mrs. Miller's "Little Folk in Fur and Feathers" are always more like intelligent elves than mindless animals. Her stories of them are character-sketches. Their lives have the interest of personal biography. She stands unrivalled in her chosen line of literature, a link that brings the wild things of wood and field to our homes and hearts, lets us into the secret of their loves, antipathies, joys, sorrows and ambitions. The pretty volume before us is thus prefaced:

"The facts may not all be new to Science, but since they are genuine studies from life, and each bird whose acquaintance I make is as truly a discovery to me as if he were totally unknown to the world, I venture to hope that lovers of birds may find in these pages real, live individuals in feathers, honestly "brothers of ours."

The titles of her chapters are enticing: "Baby Birds;" "Bird-study in a Southern State;" "The Mocking Bird's Nest;" "A Tricky Spirit;" "The Wise Bluebird;" "The Golden Wing;" "A Stormy Wooing;" "Flutterbudget;" "O Wondrous Singers."

We are enchained midway in the enumeration by the poetic beauty of this chapter on the sweetest of American songsters, the thrush. "None but a poet should speak of them," the author says modestly. "Yet I cannot bear to let their lovely lives pass in silence; therefore if they must needs remain unsung, they shall at least be chronicled."

Her story shall not be marred here by synoptical essay. The thrush sings in our ears while we read; we love and wonder over him as never before when we learn of his playfulness, his love of quiet nooks; his Narcissus-like admiration of the "ideal thrush" reflected in the water, hear of the rhythmic dance at sunrise and sunset, the wings fluttering rapidly over his back "with a sound like soft patter of summer rain"—a dance that "was music itself."

With the maternal affection that has opened for her the jealously-guarded arcana of bird-haunts, the author tells how her pets bathe and dress and eat, play, quarrel and make up again. She is their confidante, and through her talk of them

runs a thrill of generous indignation at their wrongs, of pride in their beauty and cleverness that engages our sympathies with hers.

Mrs. Miller's English is excellent. She writes well and strongly, never lapsing into bathos or sentimentality. Living close to Nature's heart, she is always healthful in tone. Having something worth telling, she never "pads." The *motif* and manner of her story are as free from meretricious mannerisms as are the lives and ways of her heroes and heroines.

The Tailor-Made Girl. Chas. Scribner's Sons, New York.

In *The Tailor-Made Girl*, her Friends, her Fashions and her Follies, Mr. Welch and Mr. C. Jay Taylor have given what can hardly be called overdrawn pictures of New York society. All of the *dramatis personæ* depicted in this series of clever satires might probably be recognized without difficulty among Mr. Ward McAllister's four hundred friends. Mingled with the amusement one feels, in turning from one characteristic dialogue and telling sketch to another, is a sentiment of half pitying contempt for the emptiness of the lives described. The author and artist who could catch as these have done the spirit of their subject are gifted with quick observation and keen insight. The book is prettily bound and the reading matter resembles the style of some of Robert Grant's earlier society satires.

From the same firm comes a new edition of that well-known little volume that sold largely last season, "*How to be Happy though married*." The paradoxical title is of itself enough to attract readers, and the sound common sense of the contents should ensure them against disappointment.

The Housekeeper's Handy Book. Cassell & Co.

This is a valuable little volume, embracing a wide field in its range. No branch that could by any possibility come within the housewife's province is neglected in this miniature cyclopaedia. Some idea is gained of the extent of its contents by opening at random and finding compressed in two pages directions for getting rid of rats and mice, for making rennet, for relieving rheumatism, for roasting meats, for ridding roses of parasites, for polishing rose-wood, for removing rust and for curing roup in poultry.

Another handbook by Cassell on "*Man-*

ners" deals with social customs and has a highly eulogistic prefatory note signed by several well-known New York society women.

Forget-Me-Not. Thomas Whittaker, New York City.

If one must have autograph-albums,—and it seems a necessity with the youth of both sexes—nothing in that line could be prettier or daintier than this little "*Forget-me-not*," a floral album with spaces for autographs.

The same house also brings out "*Christianity in Daily Conduct*," a collection of essays rather in the style of MacDonald's "Unspoken Sermons." Each paper is a study of a text relating to principles of the Christian character.

Family Living on \$500 a Year, by Juliet Corson. Harper Bros., New York.

Family living on \$500 a Year bears its only imperfection on its head, *i. e.* in the title. Under even such exceptional circumstances as vicinity to large markets, unparalleled skill and experience in buying, and the greatest facilities for transporting purchases, such living as Miss Corson describes could hardly be accomplished on the sum appropriated for it. Apart from this defect, however, the book is invaluable—a perfect mine of useful information. The minuteness and clearness of the directions given are such that the housewife, though a fool, could hardly err therein. Chapters are given on the purchase and use of food, upon dining-room and table service, upon entertaining, and recipes of all kinds. The oldest and most practised housekeeper may find something here to learn, while the tyro will be led by easy paths to knowledge and skill.

The King of Folly Island by, Sarah Orne Jewett. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston and New York.

"Good wine needs no bush," and a book from Sarah Orne Jewett's pen should require no puffing. In *The King of Folly Island*, she displays again the delicacy of touch that prevents her work from deteriorating into mere dialect jargon, as is the tendency with many of our local sketches

of the present day. Like "*A White Heron*," this book is a collection of short stories, all reprints, and all well worthy of their second appearance.

Physiology for Young People. A. S. Barnes & Co., New York.

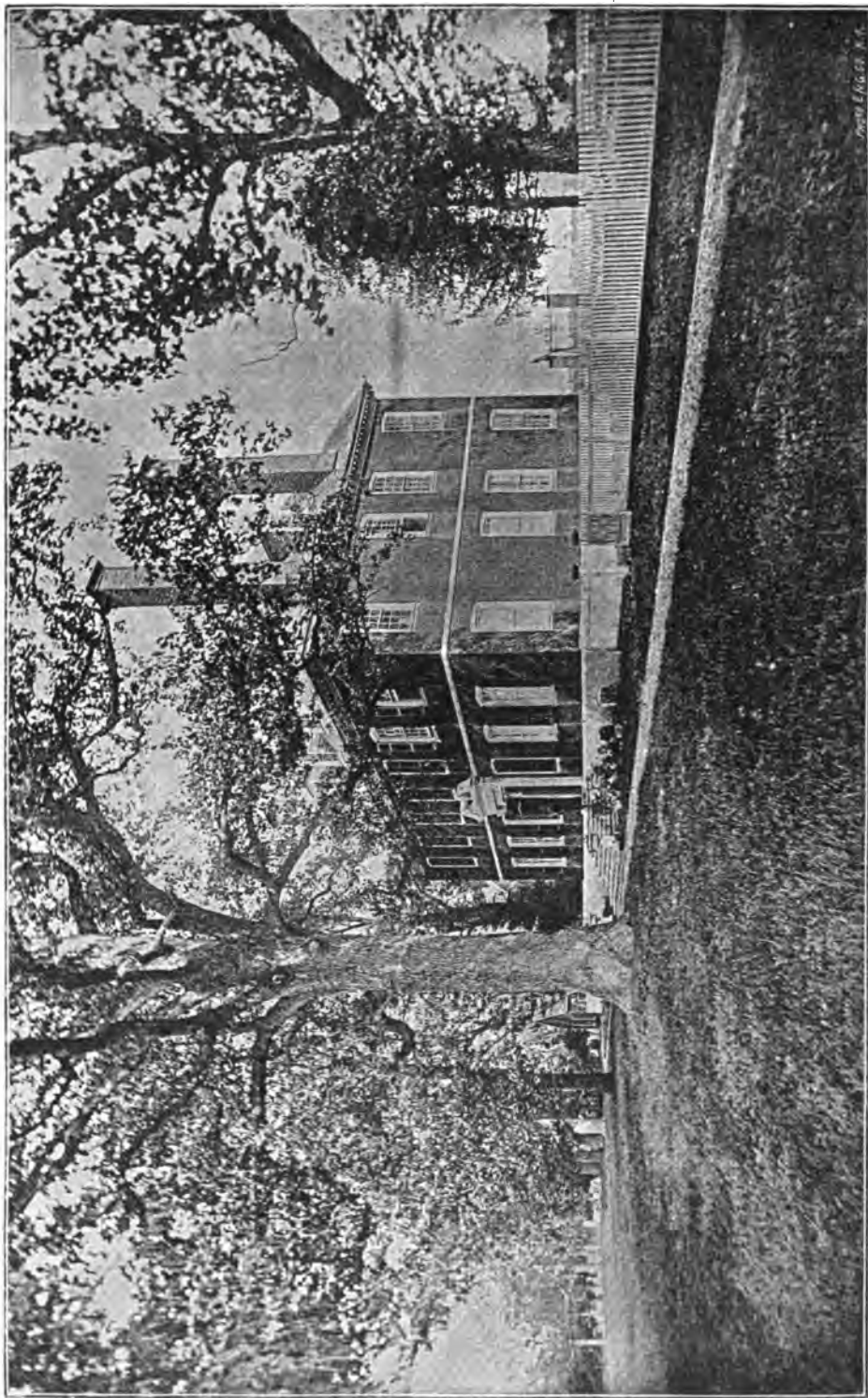
Physiology for Young People is a school-book on hygiene, dealing chiefly with the effects of alcohol and narcotics on the body. Under the head of narcotics are included tobacco, chloral-hydrate, chloroform and opium.

How to Amuse Yourself and Others; the American Girl's Handy Book, by Lina Beard and Adelia H. Beard. New York, Charles Scribner's Sons, 1887.

The most complete, the most readable, the most practical, and altogether fascinating volume of the kind published in this country. Games of all sorts, and entertainments for all seasons, with methods of painting, fancy work, and home decoration, are described so clearly that a novice could follow directions with fair hope of success. The illustrations are in themselves a charm and a temptation.

A periodical that is rapidly gaining ground is *Once a Week*, published by P. E. Collier, New York City. Although less than half a year old it already numbers a constituency of 250,000 subscribers, and the publishers hope to increase their subscription list until their magazine shall be the most widely circulated weekly in the world. Published simultaneously in twenty-five different cities, it offers to its readers good literature selected from well-known books, original stories, cleverly written biographical and historical sketches and good poems. Popular comment upon political matters is also given, and as the paper is strictly non-partisan, each side is allowed to speak for itself. On the staff of contributors are the names of George Parsons Lathrop, Amélie Rives, H. Rider Haggard, Julian Hawthorne, Marion Harland, Charles Barnard, Lucy C. Lillie, "Bill Nye," Dion Boucicault, Sarah Orne Jewett, Edith Thomas, Joseph Howard, Mary Kyle Dallas, Benson J. Lossing, Edgar Fawcett, James Whitcomb Riley, etc., etc., etc.





WESTOVER—RIVER FRONT.

THE HOME-MAKER.

VOL. I.

NOVEMBER, 1888.

NO. 2.

EDITORIAL.

FAMILIAR TALK OF PEOPLE AND THINGS.

NOVEMBER.



IN the genial optimism that is beginning to supersede the pietistic and poetic talk over a ruined world and the dying year, botanists tell us that sereness is ripeness, autumn, maturity, and not decay. The flush of color we were wont to liken to the hectic of phthisis, is such bloom as we welcome on apple and peach. We say now that leaves ripen and drop seasonably, not that they have their time to die, and thus indicate it. In mouldering under the branches that bore them, they pass into other and beneficent forms of life, enrich the parent-trunk and supply vigor for their successors of the next year.

In this spirit we would watch the lapse of October—stately-sweet queen of the year—into Eternity past. She does not die. She is translated amid such glories as attend the sinking sun with prefigurement of a radiant resurrection.

Sorrow at losing her makes us unjust to the grave-eyed sister who takes the vacated throne. Who sings the joys and beauties of November?

Bryant calls hers—

“The melancholy days,
The saddest of the year.”

Hood sobs and snarls in her dispraise:

“No warmth, no cheerfulness, no healthy ease,
No comfortable feel in any member,
No shade, no shine, no butterflies, no bees,
No fruits, no flowers, no leaves, no birds,
November!”

Whatever may be the discomforts and glooms of an English November, her reign in our favored land is not all sternness, more rarely unkind. Oak-coppices, russet and Spanish-brown and red-purple; cedars, crowded with berries until at a distance a blue-gray mist seems to envelop them; tall, nameless weeds, strung with rose-pink beads, growing in the shelter of wayside fences; stray survivors of the fringed-gentian family in sunny nooks; and, in hedge-rows, a sudden smile of the mystic witch-hazel, defiant of frosts and bitter rain,—are gleams of warm color in the folds of the sombre garments November trails over hill and plain.

The skies have changed with the world they overhang.

“With the southward-slipping sun
Another stage of life is done.
The day is of a paler hue,
The night is of a darker blue.”

The languorous drifts that swooned in the July heavens, the clear orange glows of summer sunsets and the dappled pearl of summer dawns have given place to neutral tints, leaden and gray. When rains come, they are fierce, but steady; the following winds that dry the ground and whirl sere leaves knee-deep in the curves of the forest-paths, plough and pack the heavy vapors into rifts that look like clouded marble, or clot them into curdled masses. The music of November gales is grand, stirring the pulses and firing the imagination as does an orchestra of drums and trumpets, or a thunderous chorus of men's voices. We may dream in the hazy noons of Indian Summer, the weird Enchanted Ground of our annual pilgrimage. Harkening to the sublime *Opus* given on moonless nights by pine and hemlock, by the soughing boughs of leaf-laden oaks and the bare branches of giant elms, poplar and beech, with never a weak or shrill note,—we think and plan and hope, awakening to the missions, the ambitions, and the possibilities of the Winter.

We should never know the full sweetness of Home were summer a year-long season. Driving or walking homeward in the early nightfall, fingers and ears tingling frostily, the air resonant with bodings of coming tempest, the windows lighted for us mean more than they did to the saunterers in August twilights. The evening-lamp draws us, busy, purposeful moths, within its radius. Books, music, social chat, games,—the labor and joys of winter—are taken up with zest due, whether we own it or not, to the curtain of chill and darkness that folds each household in upon itself.

November sweeps up and sorts into available ranks the world's workers from wanderings at home and abroad, steadies each down to his own task, and tones mind and body for the right performance of the same.

A PROTEST

THE Midsummer number of a popular magazine contained a somewhat remarkable contribution purporting to be a

candid consideration of the pecuniary gains of literary work in America.

"Literature in general," says the writer, "must be accounted a luxury, to be maintained only at considerable cost. It is encouraging to think that it is far more remunerative than it has been; but it is doubtful if it will ever furnish the sinews of sustenance, in any number of instances, to its most devoted and diligent disciples. The list of American authors, dead and living, should serve as a wholesome warning to all who dream of turning authorship to profit."

Dr. J. G. Holland, who, the same authority states, "was rich for a literary man, but did not grow rich by literature,"—wrote, not two months before his death, of the deluge of cheap foreign re-publications pouring into the country,—

"It is safe to declare that, in consequence of this system of wholesale piracy, the American author who once drew an income of thousands from his books now draws only hundreds."

As the author of successful books and the head of a successful magazine, Dr. Holland was presumably fairly well-acquainted with the facts respecting the comparative remuneration received by writers in the antediluvian days and these. Other veterans of the pen will echo his sigh for the time when a popular novel not infrequently reached the twentieth thousand in less than a half-year from the date of publication, and five thousand copies "went off" at a single trade-sale. It is not our present purpose to dispute or endorse the repetition of the assertion, made in another part of the article in hand, that,—*"The wages of literature are much greater than they were twenty-five or thirty years ago, and yet they are too small to tempt those who have had any experience to embrace it for financial considerations."*

Still less do we quarrel with the one half-sentence in eighteen columns (closely-printed), that does partial justice to the dignity of a noble calling:

"As to authors proper"—(this in contradistinction to journalists, editors and "book-makers who are not authors") "they are apt to be actuated by other motives than those of gain, money being with them a secondary object."

"Other professions," he remarks again, "yield their followers a livelihood at least."

The average salary of clergymen in America is \$600 per annum; that of New York lawyers, \$2000. But this is parenthetical.

A little less than two columns is devoted to the *ex cathedra* announcement of our essayist's theory on the points we have indicated. Sixteen are taken up by illustrations in the shape of "personals."

"Refraining designedly"—in gallantry or indifference—"from introducing women, so many of whom are authors, into this paper, because women do not as a rule, take care of others than themselves, or even of themselves, being generally provided with a home,"—the writer reckons up no less than forty distinguished American authors,—poets, novelists and historians, not one of whom has won daily bread (battered) by the legitimate practice of his profession.

Thus much as the preface of our protest.

Literature may not be lucrative, nor the followers thereof worldly-wise. But they are men and women (when the latter are not left out of the critic's calculations), with sensibilities, and with some of the rights of private citizens. The man who writes books should be as safe from espial and public attack as he who binds, and he who sells books. If any one of the three deserves respectful consideration, it is he whose brain-children make the world better and happier. A printed list of forty leading publishers, with details of their modes of conducting business, their private resources, including the fortunes gained by marriage, their various failures and the causes that led to each, winding up with the past and present income of every man—would be cried down as an outrage upon the sacredness of family life and individual affairs.

Let a man be never so unworldly and royally indifferent to public opinion, he—or, if he be dead, his nearest of kin—shrinks from reading that he was "wretchedly-poor, most of his days," that he "well-nigh starved while writing books that will be read for ages," and "passed the bulk of his sixty years on the strain to provide for his family."

Even an unpractical poet might object to having it put in print that "he is delivered from the common needs and cares of an author through his unearned revenue," further described as "the liberal competency secured through his wife."

A degree more objectionable is the mention that an author lately deceased was "constantly struggling with debt," while the description of a living poet as "a serene, sagacious, optimistic vagabond, a kind of modern Elijah, miraculously fed by ravens and supported by poor widows, one of his theories being that a man is not bound to provide his own livelihood when his friends are willing to relieve him of the necessity"—would be bald impertinence were the subject of the stricture a printer, or paper-mill owner.

One of the most beloved of poet-reviewers is quoted as saying of himself, that, "if he has not achieved fame, he has achieved poverty. If he had set up an apple-stand in his youth and stuck to it, he might, by this time, have enjoyed many of the comforts of city-life." We may be allowed to doubt if the wit smiles in reading his *bon mot* in close connection with "ingloriously failed."

The information that a brilliant essayist and dignified gentleman "has seldom been able to earn more than two hundred dollars per month, and has, also, mortgaged himself moderately to booksellers, but has been able to do little beyond keeping the wolf from the door,"—is impertinence, and gratuitous.

The work of another distinguished vender of what the biographer is fond of styling "inky wares," "brings the very highest figures, but he is incapable of sustaining him-

self thereby. Probably he could not if he were qualified to earn one hundred dollars per day." A conclusion so evidently, according to the limner's showing, the fault of the man, and not of the profession, that one suspects a smack of malice in the further record of the author's embarrassments at home and abroad. This suspicion is not allayed by the patronizing superciliousness of the final phrases of the section devoted to the spendthrift:—

"When he falls heir to the Bank of England, he may be able to balance his complicated accounts and start afresh. He is a delightful fellow, but cannot resist his delusions."

The acme of impertinence, of patronage, and of superciliousness is gained in the half-column which deals with a spirit so rare and fine, so sweet, pure and genial, that the most ill-natured critics have done himself and his work cheerful justice,—but we have not the patience or the lack of taste to copy the sneering diatribe.

"One of the daintiest of poets"—so runs one sentence,—"*his prose exhales an aroma of the polishing instrument.*"

In conventional terms, "the italics are ours," and convey but an inadequate impression of our inability to enter into the meaning of the criticism. What polishing instrument is aromatic? That the aforesaid aroma is as objectionable to our censor as that from an onion-scented knife, is very evident.

This atrocity finds a place in a highly-respectable periodical, and so far as we have seen, has, in all these months, passed uncondemned by the press. The facts are startling as indices of a progressive evil to the enormity of which we are growing calous. The creed of the burglarious Asmodeus of the press has but one article—the general order issued by the Chief of the Donnybrook shillelah-bearers—"Whenever you see a head convaynient,—HIT!" Gentleness, goodness and gray hairs are no protection, nor a host of benefits rendered to humanity. Praise palls on the

public palate. In "writing up" a distinguished man, the chronicler must salt liberally and add a smart dash of cayenne and curry. The crown lifted above those of his fellows has always been the preferred target of detraction. It was reserved for this century and this decade, to riddle the walls of dwellings with peep-holes, to dog, and spy upon so-called celebrities, from president down to prize-fighters; to count nothing as private property that can feed the idle curiosity of the herd of nobodies who are the interviewer's *clientèle*. If there be anything which the vivisected subject would fain conceal, the laws of perspective are violated that it may be set broadly in the foreground. Should the lynx eyes fail to discover blot or skeleton, one must be manufactured.

The forty men dissected in the paper which serves as our text, and the forty hundred as inoffensive, if not as worthy of reverence, whom these represent as the quarry of the "sensational" bird-of-prey, are absolutely without redress. The awful irrevocableness of print stamps the brave life-laborer for life's noblest ends as a semi-pauper, or a visionary ne'er-do-weel. His holy thrifts, his heroic self-denials, the sorrows that have wrung from him no complaint; the mortifications which were torture—are matters of pitying and contemptuous gossip. Three-quarters of what is written may be false. At the peril of sorer discomfiture does he send a resentful denial in pursuit of the libel. It never overtakes the traveller. If spoken slander is a sword-thrust, written lies are poisoned blades. The wounds dealt by the circulation of inconvenient truths are sometimes as sore and deadly.

Some people do get used to public impertinence and malignment, but finely-attuned spirits feel these most and longest. There is nothing in authorship to deaden the moral epidermis; no obvious association between the genius who has written a book and the cashier who breaks a bank, that they should be pilloried in company. There are varying kinds, as well as degrees

of distinction, and notoriety is not, in the usual acceptation of the word, the synonym of fame. The perusal of the article before us—a mild type of a class, let us observe—casts new and strong lights upon the penalties of Reputation.

The field is wide, the persecuted are many. We plead now only for a dignified, and, in the main, modest fraternity who mind their own business (when they have any) and ask leave to ply an honest vocation. We say nothing here of the crosses they lift, the lanterns they hang in dark places, the pure joys they bestow,—although the heart bound in the recollection is an unvoiced blessing. Our critic puts them in the category of day-laborers who have a living to wrest from the world. There let them stand and toil, each in his lot, but with the private citizen's right to respectful treatment from those who have no more proprietorship in the author's personal history than in the daily life of stock-broker or pork-packer.

"Hath not *an author* hands, organs, dimensions, senses, affections, passions? If you prick us, do we not bleed? and if you tickle us, do we not laugh? If you poison us, do we not die?"

A LEAF OF ROSEMARY.

WHILE our October number was passing through the press, a distinguished astronomer sickened and breathed his last within forty-eight hours after his seizure. For three days more, the papers granted honorable space to the details of his last hours and funeral, and less room to a *résumé* of his life and works. Scientific institutions passed regretful resolutions; booksellers reaped some advantage from the calamity in the increased sale of his books;—and the toiling, teeming world swung on, to all outward appearance, as if RICHARD ANTHONY PROCTOR had never lived or died.

At this date, six weeks after his decease, we involuntarily fall into the reproachful tone of slain Abner's royal eulogist:—

"Know ye not that there is a prince and a great man fallen?"

We, the unlearned readers of learned theses, knew him as we knew no other writer and lecturer upon similar topics. He told us sublime things in language we comprehended; his reasoning was so direct, his deductions so calmly authoritative, his familiarity with his themes so evident, that we rendered him entire confidence. Even the superstitious multitude—blenching at prognostications of tidal wave, of colliding planets, of a comet headed straight for the earth, all electricity on, at the rate of a million leagues per hour—grew tranquil with the reading of the simple announcement—"Professor Proctor says there is no cause for alarm."

He was the people's astronomer, and he knew it. His "Half-Hours with the Stars" and "Half-Hours with the Telescope" are hospitable invitations to walk, hand-in-hand, with him through infinity, a ramble as familiar to him as our favorite lane or wood to us. His "Flowers of the Sky" proved him a poet, no less than a philosopher. His geniality never betrayed us into forgetfulness of his greatness. Mingled with the shock of his sudden demise and the attendant circumstances, were genuine heart-ache, a sense of irreparable personal loss, the bewilderment of travellers bereft of a guide. We feel vainly after one who can take his place to us, as to the great outer world of science.

With many, the next and solemn reflection was what the flight through space must have been to *him*! and, close upon the thrill of this thought, the wish that he could come back to tell us in his own way what he knows now, not in part, but wholly, of "Other worlds than Ours."

GOD rest his large heart and lofty soul!



HOME LITERATURE

SOME OLD VIRGINIA HOMESTEADS. No. II.

WESTOVER.



THE Plantation of Westover finds place in the annals of Colonial History as early as 1622. The original grant was made to Sir John Paulet. Theodorick Bland was the next owner. An

Englishman by birth, he was a Spanish merchant before he emigrated to Virginia in 1654. He was one of the King's Council in Virginia, established himself at Westover, gave ten acres of land, a court-house and prison to Charles City County, and built a church for the parish which occupied a portion of the grave-yard on his plantation. He was buried in the chancel. A sunken horizontal slab bearing his name marks the site of the sacred edifice.

The estate came into prominence under the régime of the Byrds. Hening, in his *Statutes at Large*, spells the name, Bird. Family tradition claims descent for them from a Le Brid, who entered England in the train of the Norman Conqueror, and it transmits an ancient ballad, beginning,—

"My father from the Norman shore,
With Royal William came."

The first American Byrd—William—was born in London, in 1653 and settled in Virginia as merchant and planter in 1674. He bought Westover from the Blands, and died there in 1704. He held the office of Receiver-General of the Royal Revenues at the time of his death. His son, William Evelyn Byrd succeeded to the proprietorship when thirty years of age, having been born March 28, 1674. Two years later, he married a daughter of Daniel Parke. (See "Brandon," in October No. of "THE HOME-MAKER.") She died in England of small-pox in 1716, leaving two daughters, Evelyn, who never married, and Wilhelmina, who

became the wife of Mr. William Chamberlayne of Virginia.

Col. Byrd's second wife was Maria Taylor, an English heiress, and with her he returned to his native land, after a sojourn of some years abroad. His father had built a house at Westover in 1690. The son proceeded, in 1737, to build a greater, choosing the finest natural location on James River. The dwelling of English brick consisted of one large central house, connected by corridors with smaller wings, and was underrun by cellars that are models of solidity and spaciousness. The sloping lawn was defended against the wash of the current by a river-wall of massive masonry. At regular intervals, buttresses capped with stone supported statues of life-size. Gardens, fences, outhouses and conservatories were evidences of the owner's taste and means. His estate is said to have been "a Principality," and was augmented by his second wife's large fortune which included valuable landed property in the neighborhood of London. Within his palatial abode were collected the treasures brought from England and the Continent. Among the pictures were the portraits now preserved at Lower and at Upper Brandon. They were removed to these houses when Westover passed out of the Byrd family for a time.

A partial list (taken from a Westover MS.) is herewith given:

"Portrait of Sir Wilfred Lawson, by Sir Godfrey Kneller. One of a progenitor of the Byrd family by Vandyke. Duke of Argyll (Jeannie Deans's friend.) Lord Orrery and Sir Charles Wager, an English Admiral. Miss Blount, celebrated by Pope. Mary, Duchess of Montague, daughter of the Earl of Marlboro' and wife of John, fourth Duke of Montague. Governor Daniel Parke. Mrs. Lucy Parke Byrd, and her daughter Evelyn. Col. Byrd and his

second wife, Miss Taylor. The daughters of the second Col. Byrd."

William Evelyn, second of the "Byrd of Westover" name and title, was the most eminent of the line.

One historian says of him—"A vast fortune enabled him to live in a style of hospitable splendor before unknown in Virginia. His extensive learning was improved by a keen observation, and refined by an acquaintance and correspondence with the wits and noblemen of his day in England. His writings are among the most valuable that have descended from his era."

Another:—"He was one of the brightest stars in the social skies of Colonial Virginia. All desirable traits seem to combine in him; personal beauty, elegant manners, literary culture and the greatest gayety of disposition. Never was there a livelier companion, and his wit and humor seemed to flow in an unfailling stream. It is a species of jovial grand seigneur and easy master of all the graces we see in the person of this author-planter on the banks of James River."

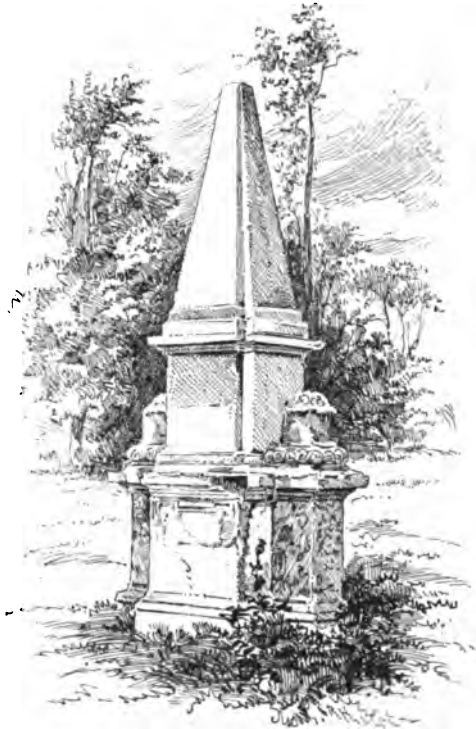
Of the Westover Mss. described in our "Brandon" paper, the same writer says:

"We may fancy the worthy planter in ruffles and powder, leaning back in his arm-chair at Westover, and dictating, with a smile on his lips, the gay pages to his secretary. The smile may be seen to-day on the face of his portrait; a face of remarkable personal beauty, framed in the curls of a flowing peruke of the time of Queen Anne. * * *

"His path through life was a path of roses. He had wealth, culture, the best private library in America, social consideration, and hosts of friends, and when he went to sleep under his monument in the garden at Westover, he left behind him not only the reputation of a good citizen, but that of the great Virginia wit and author of the century."

The testimony of the monument is prolix and exhaustive, forestalling, one might suppose, the necessity of any other *post-mortem* memorial.

"Here lieth the Honorable William Byrd, Esq. Being born to one of the amplest fortunes in this country, he was sent early to England for his education, where, under the care and direction of Sir Robert Southwell, and ever favored with his particular instructions, he made a happy proficiency in polite and various learning. By the means of the same noble friend, he was introduced to the acquaintance of many of the first persons of that age for knowledge,



COL. BYRD'S TOMB.

wit, virtue, birth or high station, and particularly contracted a most intimate and bosom friendship with the learned and illustrious Charles Boyle, Earl of Orrery. He was called to the bar in the Middle Temple; studied for some time in the Low Countries; visited the Court of France, and was chosen Fellow of the Royal Society. Thus eminently fitted for the service and ornament of his country, he was made receiver-general of his majesty's revenues here; was thrice appointed public agent to the court and ministry of England; and being thirty-seven years a member, at last became president of the council of this colony. To all this were added a great elegancy of taste and life, the well-bred gentleman and polite companion, the splendid economist, and prudent father of a family; withal, the constant enemy of all exorbitant power, and hearty friend to the liberties of his country. Nat. Mar. 28, 1674. Mort. Aug. 26, 1744. An. ætat. 70."

A catalogue of his books is in the Franklin Library, Philadelphia.

He also advertised in "The Virginia Gazette" of April, 1737, "that on the North Side of James River, near the uppermost

Landing, and a little below the Falls, is lately layd off by Major Mayo, a town called Richmond, with Streets sixty feet wide, in a Pleasant and Healthy Situation and well supplied with Springs and Good Water. It lyeth near the Public Warehouse at Shoccoe's," etc. In his journal of 1733, he says—"We laid the Foundation of Two large Cities, one at Shoccoe's to be called Richmond, and the Other at the Point of Apomattox, to be called Petersburg."

Truly the good this man did was not "interred with his bones."

And yet—and yet—!

The portrait of his daughter, known in family tradition as "The Fair Evelyn," (pronounced as if spelled "Eevelyn") hangs next to that of her superb parent. Sir Godfrey Kneller painted both. He represents Evelyn Byrd as a beautiful young woman, with exquisite complexion and hands, the latter busied in binding wild flowers about a shepherdess-hat. The fashion of her satin gown is simple and becoming to a slender figure; a rose is set among the dark curls on the left temple; a scarlet bird is perched in the shrubbery at her right. The features are regular; the forehead broad, the hair arching prettily above it; the nose is straight; the lips are rosy, ripe, and lightly closed. The round of cheek and chin is exquisite. The great brown eyes are sweet and serious. It is a lovely face—gentle, amiable and winning, but not strong—except in capacity for suffering.

Her father took his children abroad to be educated, accompanying them on the voyage and paying them several visits during their pupilage. In due time, Evelyn was pre-

sented at Court. One of the Brandon relics is the fan used by her on that momentous occasion. The sticks are of carved ivory, creamy with age. On kid, once white, now yellow, is painted a pastoral scene; shepherdess and swain; pet spaniel; white sheep; green bank and nodding cowslips under a rose-pink sky. They delighted in these violent contrasts with the gilded artificialities of court-life in Queen Anne's day. We hold the fragile toy with reverent fin-

gers; can almost discern faint, lingering thrills along the delicately wrought ivory of the joyous tumult of pulses beating high with love and ambition. Lord Peterboro', a Roman Catholic nobleman, wealthy, distinguished and accomplished, fell in love with her, and was loved in return, as absolutely and passionately as if the fan-pastoral were a sketch from Nature, and the pair Chloe and Strephon.

They might have known better, if lovers ever know anything better than to follow blindly whither Love

leads. The "jovial grand seigneur and easy master of all the graces" was the stanchest of Protestant churchmen. The polished courtier, smiling at us from the drawing-room wall of Brandon wore quite another aspect when he enacted Cymbeline to the plighted twain, and,—

"Like the tyrannous breathing of the North,
Shook all their buds from blowing."

"The Fair Evelyn" was brought back to Westover, with her secret buried so deep in her heart that it ate it out. Ennui may have had something to do with the low nervous state into which she fell. Unconsciously,



EVELYN BYRD.

she may have pined for London gayeties in the uneventful routine of colonial plantation-life. The story asserts that the brown, deep eyes grew wistful with thoughts of the lover they were never more to see; her soul sick unto death with longing to be with him.

"Refusing all offers from other gentlemen, she died of a broken heart," is the simple record.

We learn furthermore, that the author-planter bore himself remorselessly while the cruel decline went on. If he did not—to quote again from the play that must be among his catalogued books—bid her,

"Languish
A drop of blood a day, and, being aged,
Die of this folly,"—

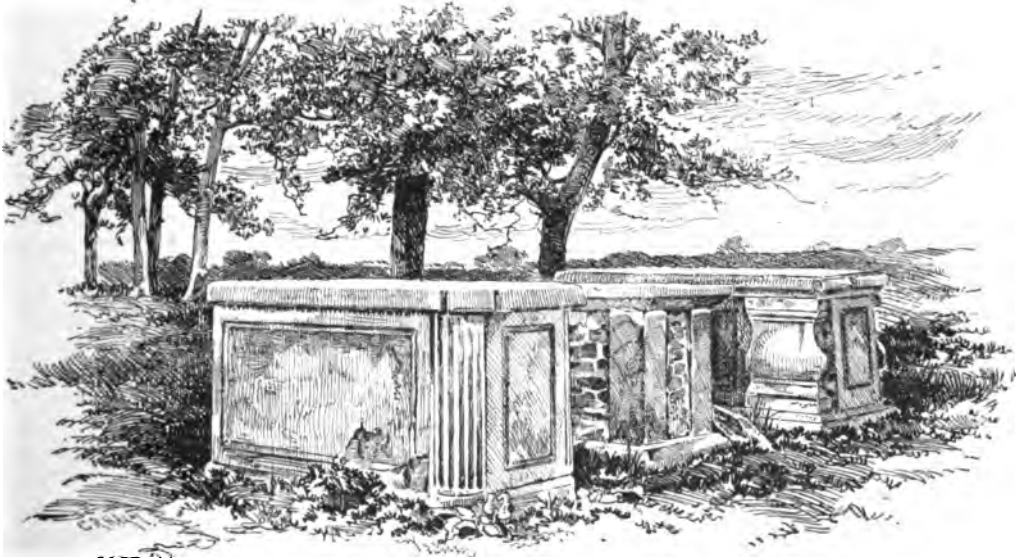
he stuck fast by his purpose not to let her wed the Popish peer. It is a comfort to be told that her heiress-stepmother was of different stuff. In this connection occurs another bit of traditional incident.

It was the habit of the Berkeley Harrisons and the Westover Byrds often to take tea together in the summer weather in a grove on the dividing-line of the two plantations. Butlers and footmen carried table-equipage and provisions to the trysting-place, set them in order and waited on the party. One afternoon, some weeks before Evelyn's death, as she and her beloved stepmother were slowly climbing the slight ascent to the rendezvous, the girl promised to meet her companion sometimes on the

way, when she had passed out of others sight. Accordingly on a certain lovely evening in the next spring as Mrs. Byrd walked, lonely and sadly up the hill, she saw her step-daughter, dressed in white, and dazzling in ethereal loveliness, standing beside her own tomb-stone. She fluttered forward a few steps, kissed her hand, smiling joyously and tenderly, and vanished.

The inscription on this same tombstone is assuredly not the composition of the author of the Westover mss. I give it, *verbatim, et literatim, et punctuatim*:

"Here, in the sleep of Peace,
Reposes the Body:
of Mrs. Evelyn Byrd:
Daughter,
of the Honorable William Byrd Esqr:
The various & excellent Endowments
of Nature; Improved and perfected,
by an accomplished Education:
Formed her,
For the Happyness of her Friends
For an Ornament of her Country.
Alas, Reader!
We can detain nothing however Valued
From unrelenting Death:
Beauty, Fortune, or exalted Honour!
See here a Proof!
And be reminded by this awful Tomb:
That every worldly Comfort fleets away:
Excepting only what arises,
From imitating the Virtues of our Friends;
And the contemplation of their Happyness.
To which
God was pleased to call this Lady
on the 13th Day of November 1737—
In the 29th Year of Her Age."



EVELYN BYRD'S TOMB.

On the right of Evelyn Byrd's tomb is one of like size and shape which guards the remains of her grandmother. An oddly-arranged inscription, running sometimes quite around the flat top, sometimes across it, records that she was "Mary Byrd, Late Wife of William Byrd, Esq." (They never left the "Esq." off however cramped for room!) "Daughter of Wareham Horsemander, Esq., Who dyed The 9th Day of November 1699 In the 47th Year of her Age."

Her husband lies beside her, a Latin epitaph registering the provincial offices held from the Crown, and his demise—"4th Die Decembris 1704 post quam vicisset 52 Annos."

His more distinguished son was buried under the more ambitious monument in the middle of the garden.

The Westover church was removed from this burying-ground to a portion of the estate called Evelyn-ton, about two miles away, as the crow flies. There is an ugly story of an incumbent, Rev. John Dunbar, who married a daughter of the third Col. Byrd. He "openly renounced the ministry, and with it the Christian faith, and became a notorious gambler." On the occasion of some misunderstanding between Benjamin Harrison of Brandon and Benjamin Harrison of Berkeley, the whilome rector offered to bear a challenge from the latter and himself fought a duel, resulting from a race-course quarrel, in the sight of Old Westover church where he had formerly officiated.

The third and last Col. William Byrd was born in 1728, succeeded to title and estate at his father's death in 1744, and served as Colonel in the French and Indian War. On August 3, 1758, the Virginia troops at Fort Cumberland were 2000 in number, under the command of Col. George Washington and Col. William Byrd of Westover, and the regiment of Col. Byrd was 859 strong.

His first wife was Elizabeth Hill Carter, of whom we shall hear more in the paper on "Shirley." His second was Miss Mary Willing of Philadelphia, who bore him eight children. Three of them married into the Harrison family; one married a Page of Pagebrook; one a Nelson; a sixth a Meade, —all noted Virginia names.

William the Third of Westover, Virginia, Esq., "involved himself in debt while under age and abroad. He kept company with the nobility and gamed."

He laments in his will that "the estate is still greatly encumbered with debts

which embitter every moment of my life." But several incidents that have come down to us give us pleasing views of his character. One is his bravery in rescuing his wife's brothers from the third-story chamber during a fire that partially destroyed Westover in 1749. No one else dared rush up the blazing staircase. Had the young men perished then and there, the daily embitterment of debt would have been removed, their sister being their next of kin.

Another anecdote describes Col. Byrd's habit of taking a walk in the Westover grounds every evening, "about dark," without his hat. "Whatever company might be in the house did not prevent his doing so. His family knew this to be the time he passed in devotion."

He died in January, 1777. His wife's grief was excessive. She obstinately refused to have him buried for several days, finally yielding to the necessity at the persuasion of her neighbor, Col. Harrison of Berkeley. She was a woman of remarkable ability, highly-cultivated mind and excellent business talents. Benjamin Franklin was her godfather and friend. She sold her husband's library and silver to assist in the payment of his debts, and was her own plantation-manager.

When Benedict Arnold landed at Westover, he made her a prisoner in an upper chamber; grazed his horses in her harvest-fields and shot her cattle. He ravaged the place twice, Lord Cornwallis once. Nevertheless, suspicions of her loyalty were so rife that she was twice summoned to Richmond to be tried as a Tory.

Arthur Lee writes in 1780, that Arnold carried on regular correspondence with Mrs. Byrd, until one of his vessels happening to run aground, discovered her treason.

"I have reason," he adds, "to think she will not be tried at all, means having been taken to keep the witnesses out of the way."

It is certain that no one appeared against her at the appointed time of trial.

She died in 1814, and Westover was sold, passing through many hands in the next half-century, remaining longest in the Selden family. During the civil war, it suffered severely in common with most James River plantations. General Pope and other Federal officers occupied it in turn as headquarters. At the conclusion of the war it was bought by Major A. H. Drewry, the hero of Drewry's Bluff. He married Miss Harrison, a member of a collateral branch of the ancient race. There is genuine satisfaction

in knowing that it is again "back in the family." The Major, an able financier and intelligent agriculturist, has restored mansion and farming-lands to a condition so nearly approximating that of the "genial seigneur's" times as to deserve the gratitude of all who survey the noble building and smiling acres.

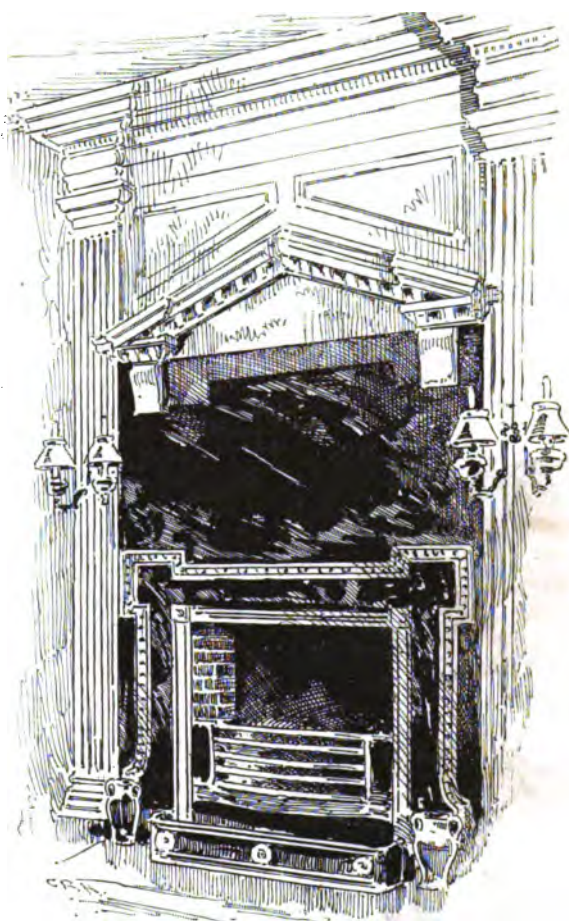
Leaving the burying-ground at our back, we pass by cottage-"quarters," and the extensive stables, where the score of mules are a marvel in themselves for size, strength and comeliness, through the west gate, erected by *the* Col. Byrd, into a broad sweep of clean gravel curving up to the house. The lawn is incomparable for beauty among the river homesteads, rolling gently down to the wall rebuilt by Major Drewry on the foundation of Col. Byrd's, which was demolished to furnish material for Federal barrack chimneys. The sward is smooth and luxuriant, dotted with grand trees, standing singly and in clumps. The tulip-poplar on the left of the front door is a monarch, carrying his crown aloft with the pride of a lusty octogenarian who has outlived his generation.

The view from the squared stone steps, stained with time, was strangely beautiful one showery day in April, when up-river floods had dyed the waters a dull-red. The warm color deluded the eye with the effect of a sunset reflection that seemed to light up the rain-swept lawn and gray boundary-lines blurred by mists. And all the while, the birds were singing! Red-winged black-birds, wrens, cat-birds, mocking-birds, robins, American sparrows, red-birds—dropping like sudden flame from the wet trees—thrushes,—every little throat and heart swelling with the gospel, "Behind the clouds is the sun still shining!"

Truly, bright days have come to West-over. Every arable foot of the large estate is under cultivation, and this year, a marsh of 300 acres over which duck-hunters and fishermen used to sail, has been reclaimed by steam dredge and pump.

"Mind, Money, and Muscle are the agriculturist's Blessed Three," is a saying of the Major's; "but the greatest of these is Mind. Muscle counts for little in the race."

A great hall cuts the house in two; the



DRAWING-ROOM MANTEL MIRROR.

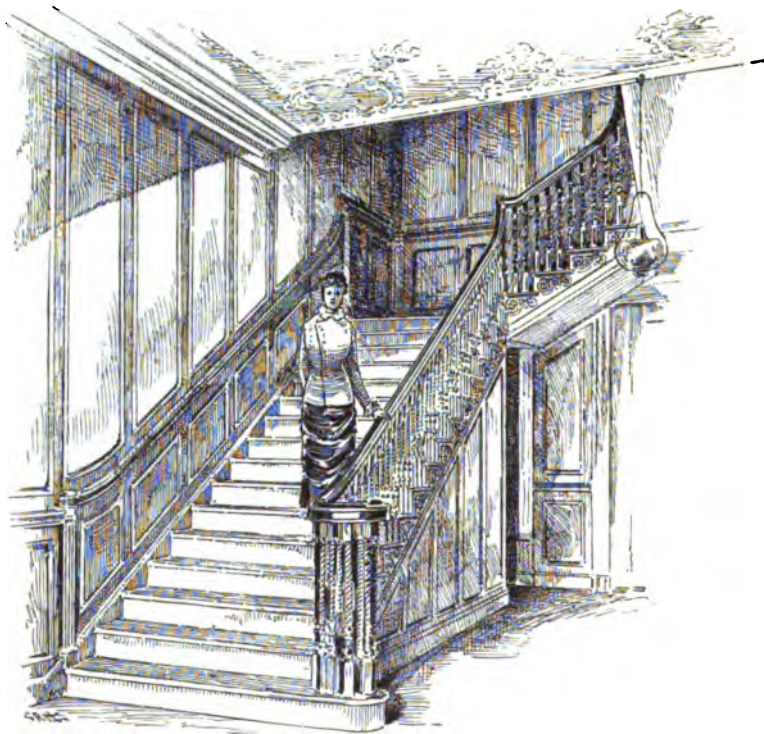
twisted balustrades of the stairs at the back are of solid mahogany; all the lofty rooms are wainscoted up to the ceiling. Over the drawing-room mantel Col. Byrd had a mirror built into the wall, and framed in white Italian marble wrought into grapes, leaves and tendrils. The cost was £500. The troops in occupation during the war shivered the mirror and beat the sides of the frame to pieces, leaving the plainer setting at bottom and top comparatively unharmed.

Through the open back door (which is the carriage-front) is visible a curious iron gate, surmounted by the monogram, "W. E. B." The soldiers levelled it also, with the two leaden eagles perched on stone globes, "with a rakish, *dégagé* air positively disgraceful at their age!" declares the sweet-faced, sunny-hearted mistress of the home. The visitors dislodged, too, the big

stone balls and pineapples that alternate upon the pillars of the fence dividing the yard from the level richness of the fields. Major Drewry sought and gathered up each fragment and restored all to their original places, expending at least \$20,000 in the work of reparation of buildings and enclosures.

The left corridor and wing, pulled down by the soldiers, have not been rebuilt. A tool-house stands above a dry well once covered by this wing. The cemented sides

suggestions of meat-and-wine cellars, and when we had drawn from him the account of a tunnel, the mouth of which was unearthed by his laborers but a few weeks before, remained in possession of the field. Nothing was clearer to our apprehension than that this tunnel—opening upon the river—five feet in height and as many wide, and paved with flagstones, formerly connected directly with our vaults, and was constructed in the near memory of the Indian Massacre of 1622, when in the list of the "killed" we



STAIRCASE AT WESTOVER.

slope inward toward the bottom. At a depth of fifteen feet are two lateral chambers, eight feet square. The walls are smooth cement, the floors paved with brick. In one of these formerly stood a round stone table with a central shaft and spreading feet. Again, tradition comes to our aid with tales of a hiding-place from the Indians, connected with a subterranean passage, long ago closed, that led to the river. Leaning over the mouth of the shaft, while two gallant young men descended a ladder with lamps which revealed the arched entrances of the mysterious recesses, we three practical women scouted Major Drewry's

read "At Westover, about a mile from Berkeley Hundred, 33." Had not Cooper described in his "Wept-of-the-Wish-ton-Wish," just such a well, in which a whole colony took refuge while the blockhouse was burned over their heads?

Berkeley, the "Berkeley Hundred" of the chronicle, is still in excellent preservation, the English brick of which it was built promising to last two centuries longer. The owner of the plantation at the date of the Massacre was Mr. George Thorpe, one of the principal men of the colony who had befriended Opechancanough—the uncle of Pocahontas—in every possible manner, and

treated all the Indians with marked kindness. "He had been warned of his danger by a servant, but, making no effort to escape, fell a victim to his misplaced confidence."

The place passed out of the Harrison family, a quarter-century ago, after eight

generations of the name and blood had owned it and lived there. Gen. W. H. Harrison was born at Berkeley, and came to Virginia, after his election to the Presidency, to write his Inaugural "in his mother's room."

Marion Harland.



IRON GATE AT WESTOVER.

DOWN THE ROAD TO THE EMERSONS.



I M afraid you won't get ready for meetin', father, more'n nothin'."

Hiram Goodell was shaving around his mouth, and he could not speak. Not a muscle of his face moved, still

he looked irascible. He stood before the kitchen-glass and shaved cautiously and slowly. He was always afraid of cutting himself when he shaved.

Hiram Goodell was a very cautious man. His wife stood by and held his vest ready for him to put on. Her hands twitched as she watched him wipe his razor painstakingly with a bit of paper and then hold it up to the light and squint at it to see if it were clean enough. She felt like snatching the razor and shaving him herself.

"For mercy sakes, father, don't be so long-winded!" said she. She was a sandy-haired woman, tall and broad-shouldered and lean. Her blue eyes were weak, and

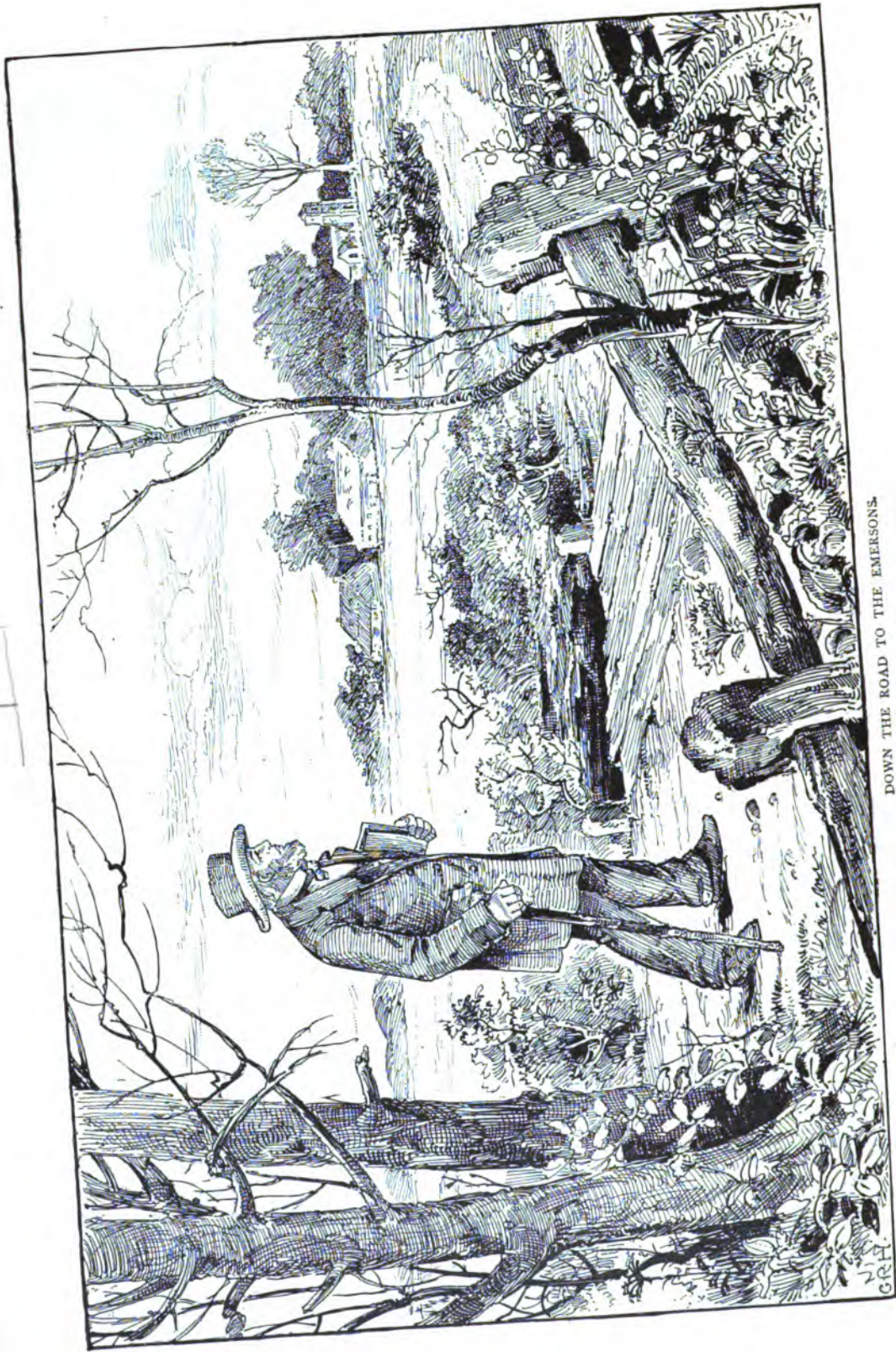
she narrowed them and wrinkled her brows when she talked. Hiram carefully scraped around his mouth and held his lips firmly pressed together. It was quite a time before he spoke, then the words came out with the added impetus of repression. "I wish you'd lay down that vest, an' go 'long 'bout your work, mother," said he, "an' not stan' there watchin' me."

"Stan' here watchin' you—I'd like to know if you'd ever get anywhere, father, if I didn't foller you up. I'd jest like to know what you would do."

"The bell ain't tolled yet."

"The bell ain't tolled! That's jest the way you talk, father. What if it ain't, you can't walk down there under twenty minutes, an' you know it. An' it's time for it to toll now. This clock's ten minutes fast. But there you stan' as deliberate as if you'd got a week before you."

The old man muttered something. His wife laid the vest on the table and the buttons rattled.



DOWN THE ROAD TO THE EMERSONS.

G.R.H.

"Well, you can swear if you want to," said she, "a man as old as you be an' professin' what you do."

She turned herself about with a majestic air.

"I wan't swearin'. You say pretty hard things, mother." The old man's tone was suddenly humble, and conciliatory.

"I know what I hear. I've got ears."

"If it's got so anybody can't speak without bein' told they're swearin', I guess I might as well keep my mouth shut all the time. I think you go most too far, mother."

Hiram now went to the sink, and washed his face long and thoroughly; his wife had turned the water into the tin basin for him. She eyed him sharply when he had dried his face on the roller-towel.

"Stan' round here, father!" said she.

She dipped a corner of the towel in water, and dabbed energetically at his ears. The old man stood still with his face screwed up, finally he made a break away from her:

"As fer standin' this, I ain't goin' to!" said he, "I dunno what you think I'm made of, mother."

He glared at her resentfully.

She emptied the water from the tin basin, and put the soap back in the dish.

"I guess you ain't hurt very bad," she returned, "I'd like to know what kind of a figure you'd cut to the folks that sit behind you, if I didn't look out for you a little. You don't have any more thought for your ears than as if they didn't belong to you. Now don't stan' round any longer, father, for mercy sakes! Your greatcoat an' your hat are on the settin'-room lounge, an' I've brushed 'em. Seems to me the bell's tollin' now."

But the bell had only just begun to toll when Hiram Goodell had left his own yard and was fairly out in the road. The long bell tones came sweet and clear through the frosty air. It was very cold for the season, and there was no snow on the ground. The road was frozen in great ridges. The rough ground hurt the old man's tender feet, and he stepped gingerly and toed in to save them. He was large and lumbering, and could not walk easily. The church was half a mile away, and the Emersons' a quarter of a mile. Before he came to the Emersons he passed the house where the Lord sisters lived. It was a square white house with four windows in front. Two belonged to the sitting-room and two to the parlor. At each of the sitting-room windows a head with a black lace cap and spectacles was

visible. The heads were bent down in a peering attitude so as to clear the obstructions of the sashes, the spectacles themselves seemed to squint curiously.

The old man, passing close under the windows, looked up and bowed gravely and stiffly.

"Always a peekin'!" he thought to himself with a slow masculine disapprobation of curious women. Hiram had never in his life looked out of a window to see who was passing, so far as he could remember.

Down the hill, and beyond the Lords' with no house between, was the Emersons'. That was a one-story house, large on the ground but very low. It had been painted white, but it was now gray, the roof was lurchy with loose shingles. In the wide side-yard were a straggling wood-pile and an old farm-wagon. Hiram did not look squarely, but he took it all in. As he passed, he held up his head quite high, and toed out firmly in spite of the frozen ground. He did not appear to be looking, but he saw quite plainly a figure come to one of the front windows, then start back; he saw the front door open a little way, then close with a jerk.

"They saw me comin', an' went back," he thought to himself.

When he was well past the house, the door opened again, and an old man and a young woman appeared. They came out of the yard and proceeded down the street, behind Hiram, who clumped along with solemn deliberation. The bell had now nearly stopped tolling, and the Emersons felt in haste. They sat well toward the front of the church, and were abashed when they went in, if it were late. But they could not quicken their pace without overtaking Hiram, and they did not want to do that.

Foster Emerson had a weakly nervous gait. He walked with alacrity, but when he swung himself forward, his knee appeared to weaken under him. It was almost like a slight lameness. His daughter Fanny walked like him. Fanny was thin and sharp-featured and pretty. She had a lovely color on her cheeks, that deepened as she went on in the frosty air. Her stiff black beaver coat hung straight half-way to her knees; there were shiny lines around the seams, where she had tried to remodel it. She held her hands in a small old-fashioned fitch muff, and walked soberly on beside her father. Hiram in front of them never quickened his pace at all. The bell had quite stopped ringing when they reached

the church, and there were no people in the vestibule; even the sexton had gone in.

Hiram opened the door and tiptoed up the aisle; his boots squeaked. The Emersons' did not enter until he was fairly seated in his pew. Then he did not appear to watch them, but he saw them quite plainly. He even noted a little red feather on Fanny Emerson's black straw hat, and wondered how much it cost. It was so bright, he thought it must be expensive. The Emersons were now very straitened in their circumstances, and the Goodells watched them narrowly, and appraised jealously everything they had. There was a feud between the two families, a New England feud. There was no blood shed; there would never be any breaking of orthodox trammels, but the Goodells and the Emersons had hated each other stiffly and rigidly, after the true manner of their Puritan blood, for the last ten years. There had been a piece of woodland, whose possession was disputed. The question had been carried to law, and Foster Emerson had won the suit, while Hiram Goodell had to pay the costs, as well as to lose his claim. He had considerable property, but he was close with it; it was an awful thing for him to pay his hard-earned dollars to the lawyers in addition to giving up his own will. Hiram Goodell was a New Englander of New Englanders. He could not carry on a Southern vendetta, but he could walk hand-in-hand with hatred with an iron grip. To-day he seemed as bitter toward Foster Emerson as he had been ten years ago. The one thing that could have served to ameliorate his wrath had apparently not yet done so; that was Emerson's ill-fortune. It almost seemed as if the law suit had been decided unrighteously and so brought a curse with it. Poor Emerson had the disputed woodland, and bad luck had seemed to fly out of it in his face like a bird. The wood was standing ready to be cut, when it came into his possession; the week after, it had burned to the ground. In ten years time it had grown again, this winter he was to have cut it, but the summer before, it had been burned for the second time. The Emersons had dark suspicions, but they never mentioned them. Indeed they were not well founded. Hiram Goodell was not capable of setting fire to his enemy's wood. He would never think of such a thing.

However, the night when the wood had burned, he and his wife watched the red glare on the sky, and neither of them was sorry.

His wife spoke with a certain stern triumph like the Psalmist, "I can't help thinkin'," said she, "that it's a judgment on him." She and Hiram rather regarded all Emerson's misfortunes as judgments, and there had been a great many of them. His son whom he had depended upon for the support of his old age had died, his wife had been delicate, his stock had gone down with the cattle-evil, his crops had failed, and his house was heavily mortgaged. This year the strain to meet the interest-money had been terrible. It had been whispered about town that Emerson would fail to do it, and lose his place. But it had been done, although nobody knew with what difficulty. The Goodells had speculated a great deal as to whether Emerson would pay it. One day Hiram came home with the news that he had.

"It's so," said he. "I got it from young Simmons, an' his brother's in the bank." He half-sighed unconsciously. He had an undefined feeling that this time the shaft of the Lord had missed his adversary.

"I spose it must be so then," rejoined his wife.

She would not have recognized her own sentiments on the subject had she seen them. She was not a hard woman, but like her husband, she had that grim clutch at a resentment, that came from her blood. Then too she was fond of money, and she dwelt constantly upon their loss. She liked nice things in her house, and nice clothes, and she had stinted herself defiantly ever since the affair of the woodland. "I could have a new black silk dress every year, and a new parlor carpet, if we hadn't been cheated out of so much money," she was wont to say. She expressed her mind upon the subject quite freely to the Lord sisters. They had a shrewd way of leading her on, and Mrs. Goodell for all her decision, had at times an innocent unconsciousness that she was being led. The Lord sisters, one or the other, or both, ran over nearly every day, and sat down a few minutes for a little talk.

Thanksgiving morning, some half an hour after Hiram had gone to church, Jane Lord came over. She brought a white bowl. She wanted to borrow a little sugar; she feared they had not enough to sweeten the cranberry-sauce.

"I'm ashamed to come borrowin' sugar Thanksgivin' mornin'," said she, "but we didn't neither of us know how to go to the store, an' we didn't think of it's bein' quite so near out."

"You can have it jist as well as not," said Mrs. Goodell.

After the bowl was filled with sugar, Jane Lord sat holding it for quite a while. She had something on her mind that she wanted to say, and she led up to it delicately.

"I see Mr. Goodell goin' to meetin'," she remarked after a little.

"Yes, he went," returned Mrs. Goodell.

"Well, there ain't many to go in this neighborhood, Thanksgivin' mornin'. You have to stay to home to get the dinner, an' Rachel and me do. We ain't neither of us fit to get it alone. Then there's the Emersons—I dunno but Fanny an' her father go."

"I dunno whether they go or not," said Mrs. Goodell in a stately and indifferent manner. She was on her way to the oven with a spoon to baste the turkey.

Jane Lord sat holding the bowl of sugar, and pursing her lips softly. She was sallow-faced and there was a sad droop to her features. Her voice was unexpectedly quick and strident.

"Speakin' of the Emersons," said she.

"I was down to Mis' Silas Grant's the other day, you know she's Mis' Emerson's cousin, an' she was tellin' me how dreadful bad off they was. They've had to rake an' scrape every cent they could lay their hands on to pay that interest-money, to keep a roof over their heads, an' —" Jane Lord lowered her voice, she leaned forward confidentially—"Mis' Grant said—I don't s'pose she thought 'twas goin' any further, but I'm goin' to tell you—that—*she didn't b'lieve they had enough to eat!*"

Mrs. Goodell was down on her knees before the oven, basting the turkey; the savory odor steamed out into the room.

"Well, I wouldn't tell it if I was Mis' Grant," said she, "her own cousin, an' Silas Grant's rich. Why don't she give 'em somethin' to eat?"

"Folks ain't always so fond of givin'," rejoined Jane Lord with asperity. "An' there ain't no use in givin' to some folks. Foster Emerson's bound to lose every cent, an' always was. He ain't got no judgment."

Mrs. Goodell went back to the table with the spoon. She had resumed her indifferent air.

"I guess they're got enough to eat," she remarked; "you can't make me believe they ain't."

"Mis' Grant says they ain't, an' what's more—" Jane paused a moment, "*I know they ain't!*" added she impressively.

Mrs. Goodell stopped and looked at her. Jane continued with a sadly triumphant air. "I was in there myself a few days ago, an' I see a few things."

"What?"

"Oh I kept my eyes open, an' I see. It was supper time, an' Mis' Emerson, she wouldn't set about gettin' supper 'cause she hadn't nothin' to put on 'the table, an' she was ashamed, an' I wanted to borrow a spoonful of ginger, an' I followed her into the buttry. She didn't want me to, she kept sayin' she'd bring out the ginger, but I was bound I would, an' I did. Mis' Goodell it's the livin' truth, that there wan't enough in that buttry to feed a baby."

"I guess she had some things put away."

"No, she didn't. Mr. Emerson he called her out a minute, jest before I went home, an' I jest slipped in there again, and I peeked in two or three jars, an' the flour barrel—*there wan't nothin'!*"

"Well, it's awful thinkin' of anybody not havin' enough to eat," said Mrs. Goodell.

She was frowning deeply as she went about her work again. Jane Lord continued to expatiate upon the sad case of the Emersons'.

"An' that ain't all," said she, eyeing Mrs. Goodell sharply. "They ain't got enough to wear to keep 'em warm this cold weather, 'cordin' to my belief. You ought to see the clothes they have out on the line. Of all the patched-up flannels, an' so thin you can see the light through 'em—an' the clothes they wear outside ain't hardly decent. Mr. Emerson's great coat is all threadbare, an' it's a bright green across the shoulders, an' Mis' Emerson's looks as if it came over in the ark. An' Fanny ain't no better off. Mis' Grant says she had to take every cent of her school-money to pay in toward that interest. I don't believe she nor her mother either has had a new dress for three year."

Mrs. Goodell was still frowning. "Well, I dunno, I'm sure," said she.

"Well, I dunno neither, but it seems pretty hard lines to think of folks a-sufferin' right amongst us Thanksgivin'. I ain't no idea they've got a turkey nor a puddin'. Well, I dunno what folks can do. If men ain't got judgment, they ain't, an' I dunno whether it's the duty of them that has to support ~~them~~ that hasn't, or not. I know I can't afford to. Well, I must be goin', or Rachel 'll think I'm makin' sugar."

After Jane Lord had gone, tripping shiveringly down the road with the sugar, John

Goodell, Mrs. Goodell's son, came. He lived in a town some fifty miles away, the railroad connections were not very good and he could not reach home much before Thanksgiving noon.

The young man entered the kitchen door, and a gust of fresh cold air came with him. He set his valise down on the floor, and shook hands with his mother. He did not kiss her. The Goodells were not demonstrative among themselves.

"Well, mother, how goes everything?" said he.

"Pretty well," replied Mrs. Goodell, looking at him with a kind of repressed delight.

"Father gone to church?"

"Yes."

The son strongly resembled his mother, only he was better looking. A certain blonde harshness of feature that did not set well upon her, was quite attractive in him. People called John Goodell a very good-looking young man. He took off his overcoat and hat, and sat down in the kitchen with his mother, and watched her work, and chatted with her. He had not seen her for some six months.

He inquired after the neighbors in a furtive fashion, as if he were stepping on debatable ground.

"How are all the neighbors getting along, mother?" he asked. He picked up a raisin and put it into his mouth with a careless air, and chewed it absorbedly, but his face began to flush.

"Well, I guess they're gettin' along 'bout as usual," his mother replied guardedly.

"How are the Lords?"

"Pretty well, I guess Jane was in here this mornin'."

"How are—the Emersons?"

"Well, I dunno."

The young man tried to speak in a jocular way, but his face was very red.

"Well," said he, "I guess I'll find out. I think I'll go down and call on Fanny some day while I'm here."

His mother was stirring some butter into a dish of squash. She stopped short, and surveyed him.

"John, you ain't goin' down there, when you know how your father an' I feel about them Emersons?"

"I ain't been down there for quite a while, because I knew how father and you felt, mother."

"Ain't you goin' to keep on?"

"I don't know."

"I don't see for my part what you can see in that Fanny Emerson, little thin peaked-nosed thing. There's lots of girls I should pick out before I should her, if I was a young man."

John straightened back his shoulders—"That hasn't got anything to do with it, that I can see, mother," said he; "I don't see why she doesn't look as well as the other girls. But we won't talk any more about it now. It's Thanksgiving Day, and I've come home to have a good time; we don't want to get to arguing over anything or anybody. Ain't the turkey most done?"

"You ain't goin' down there to see her, John?"

"I tell you, mother, I won't talk any more about it. Here's father coming."

Mrs. Goodell dropped the subject then. When it came to an argument with John, she never wished for any assistance from her husband. She had always punished him herself when he was a little boy, and she had felt fierce at the bare idea of any one else touching him.

Hiram Goodell had a sober air when he entered; even the meeting with his son could not dispel it. He had walked home from church with a neighbor, and the two men had stood talking together for quite a little while at Goodell's gate.

Presently when John left the room for a minute, Hiram turned to his wife. "I come up the road with Abel Bemis," said he, "an' he says the Emersons' are in a pretty bad box this time, an' no mistake."

"Jane Lord's been in here talkin' about it," returned Mrs. Goodell.

"What did she say?"

"She thinks they ain't got enough to eat an' keep 'em warm. I dunno, but it does seem as if a man might contrive to get along, an' have enough to eat, if he had any judgment at all."

"He ain't got any—Foster Emerson never had a mite of judgment. Well, I dunno. When you goin' to have dinner?"

"Jest as soon as I can get it on the table. I want you to go out to the well an' draw me a pail of water before you take your boots off."

The Goodells generally despatched their meals quickly. They were thrifty with time as with everything else, but to-day they were a good hour at the table. There was plenty to eat; all the homely richness of a country Thanksgiving feast was spread out on the table. The turkey was very large and brown.

After dinner, Mrs. Goodell cleared away the table, and washed the dishes, then the family sat down together in the sitting-room. Hiram had his religious paper, John a city one, that he had brought with him. Mrs. Goodell sat quite idle. She never sewed on Thanksgiving-Day. Her conscience seemed to grow abnormal excrescences in some directions, and this was one of them. From her childhood she had held the firm belief that it was wicked to sew on Thanksgiving-Day. She did not talk much; the two read, and she sat thinking. The sitting-room was scrupulously clean; there was not a speck of dust anywhere. There was a fine gilt paper on the walls, and the woodwork was very white and glossy. The fire in the air-tight stove crackled, the air was soft and warm.

About four o'clock John got up and left the room. Pretty soon he passed the window.

"I wonder where John's goin'," said his mother. Hiram sat near the window and he looked out.

"He's turned up the road," said he, "I guess he's goin' up to see the Bemis boy."

"I shouldn't think he'd go off Thanksgiving-Day."

The Bemis house, low and red-painted with a smoking chimney, was visible up the road across a wide stretch of field. Hiram turned again to his paper; his wife rocked, with her feet close to the stove. Presently Hiram also arose, and prepared to leave the room.

"Where you goin', father," asked Mrs. Goodell.

"I ain't goin' far."

But he didn't return speedily. Mrs. Goodell went to the window, and saw a figure that looked like his plodding up the road.

"For the land sake he ain't goin' up to the Bemises', Thanksgiving-Day!" said she, "I should think they was all struck on the Bemises."

She looked vexed and frowning. She sat down again. Presently the fire got low, and she went out for more wood. On her way, she stepped into the buttery and looked around.

"There's that other chicken pie," said she, "and I could cut a plateful off that turkey, an' nobody'd know it, an' there's twenty mince pies, an' ten apple, an eight squash—no there ain't—why I don't see through it. I knew there was twenty mince, an' I can't count but nineteen, an' there

ain't but nine apple, an' seven squash. For the land sake!"

She counted over and over again, but she could make no more of them. She could not account for three pies.

"Well, there's enough, anyhow," said she. "I could carry 'em three or four, an' a piece of my plum-puddin', an' not miss it, I s'pose. I dunno. I dunno how they'd take it."

Mrs. Goodell stood deliberating. Then she put a stick of hard wood in the sitting-room stove, packed a basket full of provisions, put on her thick shawl and hood and started. When she got to her own gate she stopped and looked up the road cautiously; she had put on her spectacles, but she could see nothing of her husband or son. Then she braced the basket against her hip, and went down the road to the Emersons. The Lord sisters were at the window, she saw them with a quick side-flash of her eyes, but she did not look up. She went straight on at a good pace; the basket was heavy, but she was muscular. When she reached the Emersons she set the basket under a lilac-bush at the corner of the house, then she kept on to the side door. She stood before it and knocked. She heard a step inside, then Mrs. Emerson opened the door. She was a stout woman with a pretty, childlike face. She flushed when she saw Mrs. Goodell, then she became quite pale. Mrs. Goodell herself was pale, and she looked scared, but she spoke first.

"Good afternoon," said she.

"Good afternoon," returned the other woman with a kind of stiff timidity; then she added—"won't you come in?"

Mrs. Goodell stepped in. Mrs. Emerson led the way to the kitchen.

"I'll have to take you in this way," she said feebly, "there ain't any fire in the settin'-room. Fanny's in there now. Somebody came to the front door, I dunno who; I'm afraid they'll catch cold."

"I'd jest as soon go into the kitchen," returned Mrs. Goodell, with anxious affability.

The two women sat down in the large kitchen.

Mrs. Goodell noticed that there was no odor of Thanksgiving cooking in it, when she entered. Mrs. Emerson did not ask her to lay aside her hood and shawl. Both women were afraid to speak, and they hardly looked at each other. Still Mrs. Goodell had a distinct purpose in view and that gave her more self-possession.

"It's a pretty cold day, ain't it?" said she.

"Yes; it's been pretty cold," Mrs. Emerson admitted shyly.

Mrs. Goodell turned her eyes on the other's face. Mrs. Emerson's hair was quite curly over her temples; she used to wear her hair in long curls to her waist when she was a little girl. Suddenly Mrs. Goodell remembered them and how pretty she had thought her. They had been schoolmates when they were girls.

"Seems to me you look kind of pale, Nancy," said she.

Mrs. Emerson looked at her—then she put her hands up to her face.

"Oh Lois!" she sobbed, "you dunno what I've been through lately!"

Mrs. Goodell sat immovable in her chair, but her eyes suddenly became red.

"Dont take on so, Nancy. Mebbe the worst of it's over," said she.

"I dunno how the worst of it's over. Foster ain't got a thing to do this winter, an' we ain't got a cent of money. Fanny's had to put in all her poor little money toward the interest. Oh, Lois, it's been dreadful!"

Mrs. Goodell had out her handkerchief. "Look here, Nancy, there's somethin' I want to say—I s'pose you've been feelin' hard 'cause I ain't been in, an' I know I've had hard feelins' myself—an' I'm willin' to let it all go now, an' go back an' forth jist as we used to, if you are."

Mrs. Emerson sobbed so that she could hardly speak. "I guess I'm willin'!" she said. "Oh Lois, you dunno how it's worried me, when we used to be so intimate! it's been a dreadful trial to me. I've told Foster time an' time again, that the woodland weren't worth it. An' I wish Mr. Goodell had it this minute; we've jist had it to pay taxes on this ten year, an' that's all it's 'mounted to. I wish the lawyers had decided the other way 'round."

"There ain't any use talkin' about that," said Mrs. Goodell. "We'd better let that all go. There's somethin' I'm goin' to ask you, Nancy, an' you mustn't be offended. How are you off for things?"

Mrs. Emerson's tears seemed to suddenly stop flowing, her pretty face grew very red. "Lois," said she with a certain dignity, "we're dreadful poor. It's much as ever we've got enough to eat an' wear."

"You wait a minute," said Mrs. Goodell. She hurried out of the kitchen, and presently returned with the basket. She set it down on the kitchen table, and turned toward Mrs. Emerson.

"It kinder makes me think of the times when we was little girls an' used to have some of each other's dinner, to school," said she.

Mrs. Emerson looked at her and the basket. The tears were streaming over her cheeks again. Suddenly she took a step forward, and the two women had their arms around each other, and were crying on each other's shoulders. After a little they drew apart with a shame-faced air. Mrs. Goodell turned toward the basket, and began taking out the articles it contained. She had them all spread out on the table, when the door opened and Foster Emerson and Hiram Goodell came in. They had been out in the barn talking. Hiram had a parcel under his arm. When he and his wife saw each other, both looked frightened, but they said nothing. She greeted Foster, and he spoke to Mrs. Emerson, as if it were an every-day call. Then he cast a comprehensive glance at the table. He recognized their basket. He begun undoing the bundle he carried.

"I thought I'd bring you over a little Thanksgivin'," he said in an abashed but sturdy manner. He looked defiantly at his wife, and slowly unrolled the newspaper that he had wrapped around the bundle. Then he held it up. There were three pies, one set in another. Mrs. Goodell made a spring forward.

"For the land sake, father!" she cried, "if you ain't set the apple an' the mince pies right into the squash!"

Hiram stood still and eyed the pies dubiously. "I declare I never thought about that," said he.

"It's jist as much as a man knows," said his wife.

She helped Mrs. Emerson set the pies to rights. The two men stood by and watched. Foster Emerson's nervous face, grey-bearded and delicate-colored as a girl's, was radiant. His deep-set blue eyes were full of delighted excitement; now and then the muscles around them twitched. All at once he heard a murmur of voices in the sitting-room, and opened the door. Then he made an exclamation. The others all looked. There stood Fanny Emerson and John Goodell in the middle of the floor. John had gone to the Emersons' in the same way that his father did. They had both gone up the road past the Bemis' house, then turned into a lane, and struck off across lots behind their own, emerging from another lane just above the Lord house, into the high-road.

Fanny and John were both blushing. When John saw his father and mother, he looked abashed for a minute, then he stepped forward boldly.

"Hullo! you here?" said he. "I've been making a little call on Fanny."

He surveyed the table, and the array of food swiftly, then he placed some chairs near the stove for himself and Fanny, and they sat down. Presently the others did also; it seemed like an ordinary neighborly visit. By-and-by it was growing dusky, and Mrs. Emerson brought out the teapot. Mrs. Goodell helped her spread the table and the two families had supper together.

It was bright moonlight when the Goodells went home. John walked on ahead whistling, and his father and mother followed more slowly. Now they were alone together, both felt somewhat stiff and embarrassed. It was not until they were past the Lord house that Hiram spoke.

"I ain't told you what I told him I'd do, have I?" he queried.

"No, you ain't."

"Well, I told him I'd give him a job cuttin' wood for me all winter, if he wanted it, an'—I've 'bout made up my mind I'll buy that woodland of him. He can part pay up his mortgage if I do. The wood won't be ready to cut on it for another ten year,

an' there's the taxes, but I dunno but I'd better."

Hiram's old face in the moonlight had at once a rueful and a heroic expression.

"Well, mebbe you'd better," said his wife, with a sigh.

It was quite late when they reached home, but late as it was, Jane Lord came over again. She had a cup and she wanted to borrow some yeast. She did not sit down, but she stood hesitating at the door, after the cup was filled.

"I want to know," said she, "if I see you all goin' down the road to the Emersons', this afternoon."

Mrs. Goodell drew herself up. She looked quite frigid and stately. "Yes;" she replied, "what of it?"

"Oh, nothin'." Jane Lord looked injured and crestfallen. "I jist wondered if I did see you."

John put on his coat again, and walked home with Jane and carried the yeast. She did not allude to the Emersons again. When he returned, he paused at his own gate, and stood for a minute looking down the road. It was like a broad track of silver in the moonlight. It seemed to him as if all the Thanksgivings of his life would lie DOWN THE ROAD TO THE EMERSONS.

Mary E. Wilkins.



RAVELINGS OF GOLD THREAD.

THERE is no stronger sign of good breeding than presence of mind in an emergency.

ONE cannot help having an irritable brain, which rides an idea to the moon and home again, without stirrups, while some folks are getting the harness of words on to its back.

It is easier to die repenting than to live amending.

If one builds castles, one must expect a few loose stones about one's ears now and then.

The responsibilities of common gifts and very limited power are more than enough for most men to deal with.

I don't know a greater piece of impudence than to think that because a thing only cost fourpence, you need not be at the trouble of keeping it clean and dry, and sending it back.

It is one of our bitterest pangs when we survive those we love, that with death the opportunity has passed for being kind to them, though we love them more than ever.

Juliana Horatia Ewing.

DRAWING-ROOM FURNITURE AND DECORATIONS.



COMPARATIVELY few home-makers can order at one time all decorations and furnishings, and collections made at different periods are apt to be incongruous. For homes are neither bought nor built. They grow. In such a course of development, it is true, they do express the moral, no less than the mental and æsthetic condition of the house-mistress. She is also influenced by environment and in the beginning of her career may have been governed more by fashion than by the principles of art. And fashion is but a fickle monster, adopting to-day what it ridiculed yesterday, and will reject to-morrow.

But, as Ruskin says, "to teach taste is inevitably to form character," and so the observer estimates the status of the house-keeper by her style of furnishing the home even before she comes upon the scene. As that is generally obtained in the drawing-room, let this be the first subject for consideration.

We will suppose the room to be oblong in shape; whether it be unbroken or divided by folding-doors, the treatment is the same. In the latter case the rooms apparently decrease in size if furnished in different styles.

The first consideration is to make the apartment refined, agreeable and harmonious as a work of art; the second, to furnish a setting for groups of people on social occasions. Happily, for these purposes the old dark sombre style of furnishing is a thing of the past. Tints cheerful, but never brilliant, those which light up well and set off dress, are now in vogue. And certain combinations which until lately were thought to be audacious are acknowledged to suit both these requirements. Not only new tints but new arrangements are successfully introduced.

One of these, infrequently used but delightful to the eye, consists of a dull golden yellow and an old pink, almost the real shrimp pink. A little off the right shade of either, and there is inharmony; with the two just right the home-maker will have an effect which grows upon her day by day, and which is yet unhackneyed.

First, have all the wood-work painted an ivory-white. The walls may then be painted or hung with flock or ingrain paper of a dull gold color, the natural tint of the uncolored gold, from the base-board to within twenty inches of the ceiling. A painted wall is better economy than paper, especially if it be rough-coat and not with that inartistic glitter of light which defaces the wall with a hard finish. It may be an expensive flock paper with a small cream-colored figure, if purse agrees with taste, or it may be a cheaper ingrain, but gilt paper, never! Nothing will sooner banish elegance and art from the drawing-room than the sprawling convolutions of showy gilded paper. The tint rather than the quality is of import.

The frieze, eighteen or twenty inches deep, ought to be pale yellow three shades lighter than the wall from which it is separated by a gilt moulding, and the ceiling cream-color three shades lighter still. If a figured frieze be preferred, let it be simply a delicate conventionalized vine, bearing pale wild-rose buds and blossoms on the cream ground.

The only ceiling decorations, are three bands, the nearest six inches from the cornice, having the same depth of yellow as the walls and edged with a line of deep, purplish gray. When finished, they are two inches apart and two inches wide. These bands are not insisted upon; it is a mere matter of fancy. So it is in regard to a cone which is not now seen in many handsome houses. In case there is one it may be colored pale-pink, and edged with lines of purplish-gray. The molded monstrosity of a centrepiece is no longer seen. Where candelabra are not used exclusively in place of the old chandeliers, the latter depend from a plain raised circle some two feet in diameter, colored like the cone, or in dull copper bronze.

The plain mantel of wood, also painted ivory-white with just a glint of gold in the mouldings, (not too much,) is surmounted by an oblong bevelled mirror with two shelves on either side to hold a very few ornaments selected for fine forms and harmonizing or contrasting colors. Nothing, however beautiful, is allowed if discordant or common. Good bronzes, if not too large, tall slender vases of faience, pilgrim jars and small plaques are admissible, but a certain har-

mony of arrangement, just falling short of repetition, needs to be studied. A careful avoidance of pairs of articles should be usually observed but it may be carried too far.

The fire-place tiles, tinted from cream through yellow to deep brown, carry out the color-scale which is keyed in the tint of gold. If the sides are filled with painted tiles, it may be with a conventionalized stem of wild roses growing from a vase of rich brown on a ground of cream in the style of Plate I.

Old pink, the pink of the wild rose, one pale variety of which holds within its soft petals and thick, clustering stamens almost the coloring here reproduced, is the only other tint permitted in the main features of the room. Nature never mistakes hues which ought to go together. A variety of form is desirable, hence the conventionalized rose will not be used too frequently, only just enough to suggest, with its fine petal arrangement, those beautiful whorls, no two of which are just alike.

And now for the carpet or large central rug, which is more desirable where the flooring is good. That should be a deep, soft, purplish-gray, a deeper shade than that of the ceiling-band, well-covered with arabesques in dull-blue, old gold and maroon, with a bordering of bolder figures and deeper shades. Here again, it is rather the tint than the quality which should be looked after. Better far a harmonious ingrain than a discordant Axminster. One large central and several smaller Oriental, or even American rugs in which amber, warm gray and blue predominate, give an air of elegance which nothing else can supply.

The first choice in carpeting is Axminster, then Wilton, body Brussels or even ingrain, never tapestry. The figures of natural flowers should be avoided; there are other places for roses than underfoot.

Here, for instance, are portieres of wool or silk whose dull tints of purplish gray cast deep shadows in their foldings. The artist has traced its ornamentation in Figure 2, in the conventionalized wild-rose climbing a trellis of unequal height. If preferred, it is easily embroidered in satin stitch and Kensington work, or the major portion of it can be appliquéd. In this case, the trellis should be deep wood-colored watered silk or velvet ribbon, or the same cut out of the material, one and one half inches in width and couched on the edges with darker filoselle, caught with gold. The trellis sticks are respectively thirty, twenty-four, eighteen and



FIG. 1. —PANEL OF WILD ROSES.

fifteen inches in height, and their surfaces need to be occasionally caught with stitches of varying length, to represent seams and inequalities.

The blossoms may be either solid em-

broidery or that modern work in which the looped and gathered petals of silk and velvet are so effective. The hanging itself may be felt, momie cloth, raw silk or that new soft silk which shows pink in one light

with large flaunting flowers, it is better to have the hangings one solid mass of color.

In window-draperies there is a large variety of material, but our home-maker rather desires the right tint than any fixed quality.

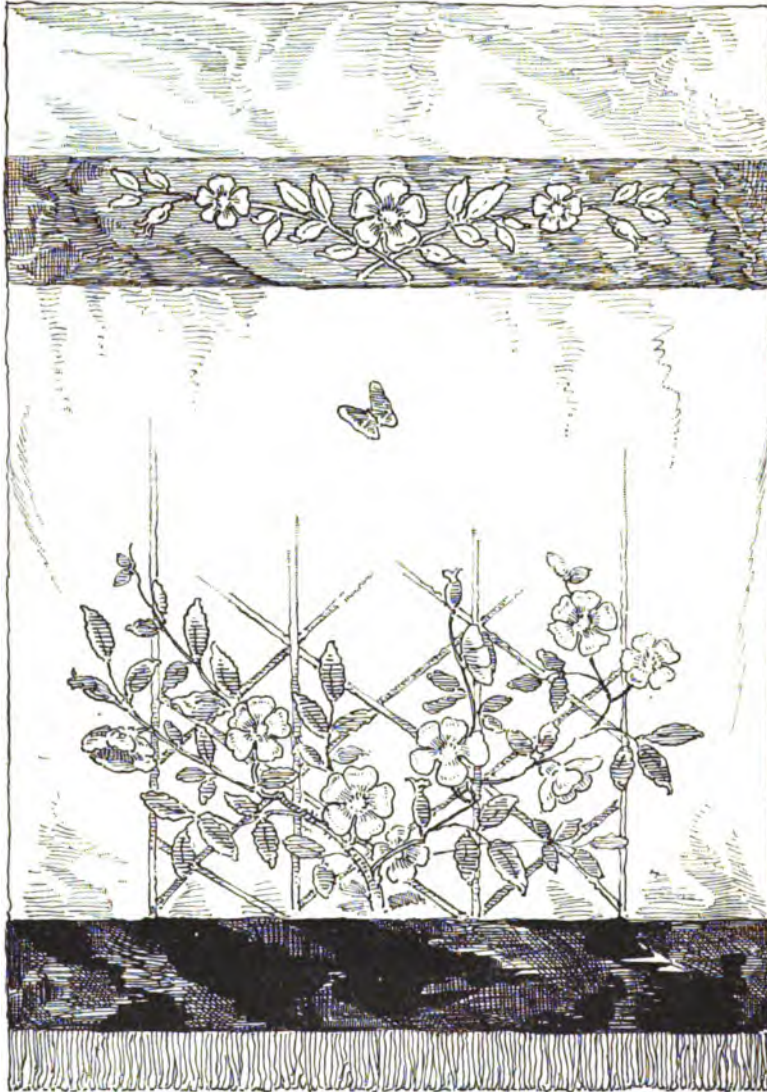


FIG. 2.—PORTIERRE WITH TRELLIS AND WILD ROSES.

and yellow in another. Though expensive, when lined it will last a life-time. A dado of old pink plush ten inches wide, with a heavy cord at the bottom, will be a good finish where embroidery is not desired. Rather than use Turcoman goods woven

She will discard forever cold white lace curtains, or if she has a quantity on hand, dip them in coffee-tinted starch instead of leaving them in the ghastly blue-white usually seen. It is better to use one pair of modern draperies over the buff holland shades. Her

first choice will be the real Madras or India silk, the former of which can be obtained as low as \$3.75 per yard. It laundries well and the desired dull yellow with soft pink figures is obtainable. Then there are Algerine stripes from sixty cents per yard upward, having the same groundwork and showing blue, red and brown, or soft pure silk to be made up either with a plain hem or with lace and inserting. There are also raw silk tapestries fifty inches wide, which can be had as low as ninety cents the yard.

It goes without saying that all draperies hang from poles and rings of wood or brass, the former preferred, and of the color of the woodwork of the room. They should just clear the floor, and be sufficiently full not to look scrimped when drawn. All looping is avoided. It not only destroys the character of hangings, but fixes them in hard folds and catches dust. Whenever the drawing-room is high enough to warrant, the narrow Japanese open-work screens which come in sections for that purpose, make a handsome finish under the tops of windows or over folding-doors. The poles are hung even with the lower edge.

Stiff sets of furniture have fallen into disuse, but it is desirable to have the long, ample sofa showing little wood, and two chairs with the same coverings of dull yellow with small figures of old pink, purplish gray and dull blue or olive. In addition a reception-chair or two, gilded or in ivory-white, picked out in gold, an easy chair of dull olive brocade or plush, and two bamboo chairs, natural color with cushions of pink plush with yellow bows, and another gothic backed or corner chair, are enough for a room of ordinary size. On no account ought a rocking-chair to be introduced, nor should tufted furniture, those receptacles of dust and moths, find any favor.

At least one piano lamp is desirable. Rising from a slender stem with a broad base it is easily moved from its place beside the music rack, to illuminate a dark corner. A light wire frame from twenty to twenty-five inches wide may be made to fit the glass shade and then covered with pink or yellow India silk and edged with ecru lace.

Unless the drawing-room is very large, the library-shaped table is relegated to the side of the room. Smaller tables of graceful patterns may be selected at pleasure, also a cabinet of white wood, to contain articles of bric-a-brac notable for their quaintness or beauty rather than their number.

Good judgment ought to forbid such a clutter of tables, chairs of high and low degree, pedestals and easels as often abound. To enter the subdued light which usually prevails and stumble over divans, spinning wheels, slender chairs, china poodles and Japanese vases strewn about as if stranded from a domestic deluge, is to encounter social perils which good taste forbids.

Where the drawing-room is large enough, it is a good plan to turn the piano with the front to the wall or across a corner. Then cover the top with a broad scarf of yellow silk with plush ends embroidered with arabesques of golden brown, or cover the back with a tolerably full valance of yellow silk by running a brass rod through the upper hem. This rod is attached to each end of the back by screws. The valance should reach just below the body of the piano. A

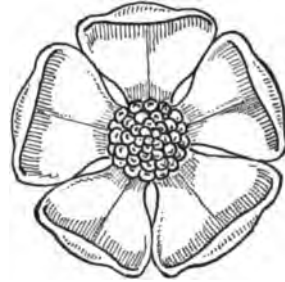


FIG. 3.—CONVENTIONALIZED WILD ROSE.

running pattern of some kind, such as a Greek fret-work wrought above the lower hem, in outline stitch, should be done in silk shading from cream color through yellow to a deep brown.

A square piano may be covered with a more elaborate scarf trimmed with amber or pink, the harmonizing embroidery of which should be in arabesques rather than flowers, or in similitudes of musical-instruments crossing each other with a bar and notes of music on the end. To break the long, stiff line of the piano back, set against it a small table draped with two widths of India silk, one cream color and one gold, turban fashion, that is, loosely rolled but with flowing ends of different lengths.

In the centre will be the proper place for that ivory-bodied jar over which roses twine, while within it is heaped full of that home-made pot-pourri which embalms their very essence. A self-colored mantel scarf of either of the colors of the room is carelessly looped at one end only, the other extremity showing a bit of not too bright embroidery. If there be much variety in the room,

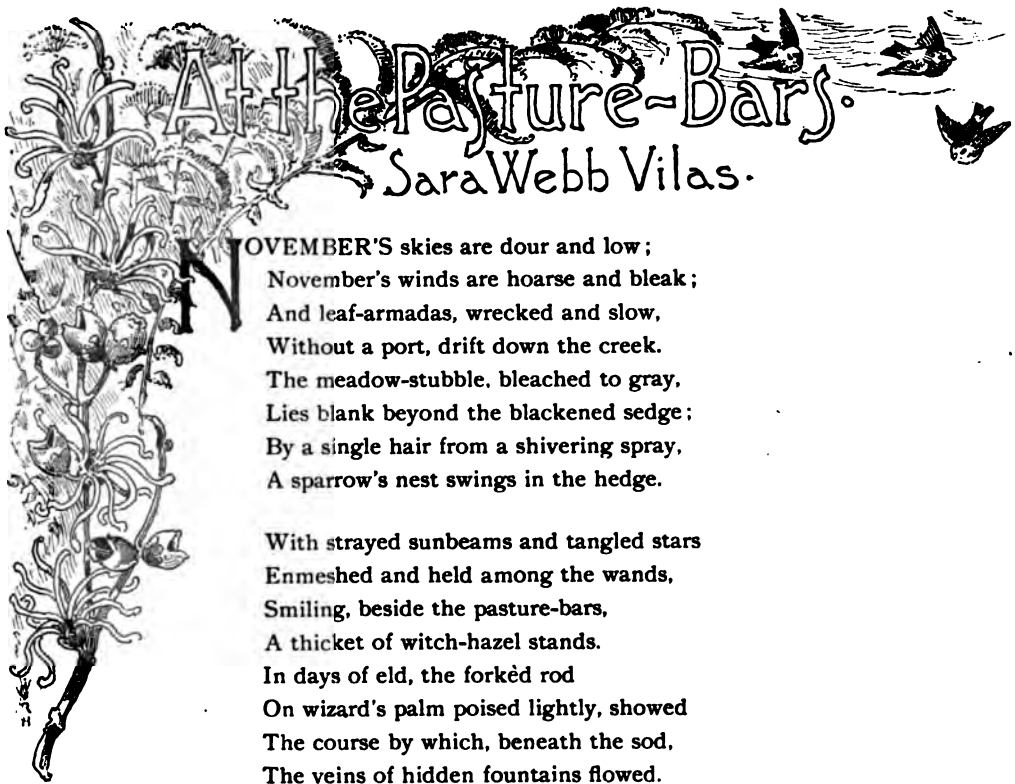
a single width of yellow-satin sheeting without ornament, but lined and corded, or a width of plush, will be better still.

In this drawing-room a solitary object glaring or incongruous would mar the soft and pleasing effect it produces. Even the pictures ought to be hung with reference to tone. Grays, greens and blues, neither brilliant nor crude, soft water-colors or tender oils, should alone be admitted into a room which preserves a certain dignity, just as an

elegant costume allows neither frippery nor gaudiness.

Should the drawing-room have many windows and a southern exposure, a soberer range of color may be desired. In that case a dull grayish blue in place of the yellow will accord with the old pink, or, more commonplace still, a dull olive, a sage-green, or a cream. The other decorations are to take their key from these two leading colors.

Hester M. Poole.



NOVEMBER'S skies are dour and low;
November's winds are hoarse and bleak;
And leaf-armadas, wrecked and slow,
Without a port, drift down the creek.
The meadow-stubble, bleached to gray,
Lies blank beyond the blackened sedge;
By a single hair from a shivering spray,
A sparrow's nest swings in the hedge.

With strayed sunbeams and tangled stars
Enmeshed and held among the wands,
Smiling, beside the pasture-bars,
A thicket of witch-hazel stands.
In days of eld, the forked rod
On wizard's palm poised lightly, showed
The course by which, beneath the sod,
The veins of hidden fountains flowed.

O wayside teacher! wise and brave!
Speak to us now from Summer's tomb!
In steadfast upward trend and wave
Of branches pulsing into bloom,—
In feathery glints of living light,
In all thy dainty petals curled,—
Be thou our pledge through gloom and blight,
That GOD is thinking of His world!

CHEAP LIVING IN CITIES.

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IN the last paper the signs and tokens of good beef were pointed out, and such guidance in its selection as can be given on paper was given.

In family living, beef certainly plays the most important part, and we shall return to it when the preparation of the different parts of meat comes under discussion. Mutton, when well selected, is second only to beef, although there are many families in which mutton, except in the form of chops—the most extravagant way of eating it—is not used. This was more true ten years ago perhaps than now; nevertheless there are far too many house keepers who cannot buy mutton because the family do not like it. Often the young members of this same family have never eaten it (except of course in chops), but they have heard their parents say mutton is oily or woolly, etc.—and decide, perhaps unconsciously, against it.

One man of more than average intelligence who ate no mutton said, on my expressing surprise,

“If you had lived in the west as long as I have, you would not eat mutton either.”

Perhaps he never thought that mutton fed for market and mutton grown for wool might be as different as it is possible to conceive. If people judged beef from the samples we meet with in the cattle stables, stringy, hard, tasteless, or else of a tenderness that makes one shudder, they would be perhaps as deeply prejudiced against beef.

Poor mutton is certainly the worst kind of meat. But in good markets there is abundance of fine mutton. The good quality shows itself by the whiteness and firmness of the fat and the red lean. In cold weather, good mutton-fat has an almost floury appearance where cut. Although exceedingly fat mutton is often admired, it is very extravagant eating, as quite half of it is waste, nor is the little lean any better than that from well-fed moderately fat sheep. A half-inch of firm white fat with a pinkish skin on the loins, with fine grained dark-red meat, indicates well-fed mutton. There should be no yellowish skin

about the stomach, or under the joints. The bones should be small. In choosing a leg of mutton, see that it is thick and short, with fine dry shank. Long thin legs are inferior, both in the quality of the meat, also in the quantity, as they have a larger proportion of bone.

Lamb is as popular as mutton is the reverse, and firm young lamb is very dainty eating. The flesh should be pink, the fat white, the bones very small indeed, and the meat heavy on the bones in proportion to the size. Unscrupulous butchers often dress up poor thin lamb which is not young, although light in weight, with fat from other animals. If the parts uncovered with fat do not correspond in good looks with that intended for show, avoid the lamb and, I think we may say, the butcher.

Veal is the meat we get least good in this country. It is seldom tender or white as it should be, but if one buys veal the lean should be very pale pink, the fat very white and plenty of it. Such veal as this, however, is the exception rather than the rule. It is generally a deep pink with very little fat.

Pork should have white flesh, firm white fat, a dry skin and small bones.

Fish when fresh looks bright, has only a pleasant odor and is quite red at the gills. But nothing except the habit of seeing quite fresh fish would make one a judge of it, provided of course it be not stale enough to offend the nostrils.

Having learned by a few months' strict attention to the appearances of food how to select it, you will be able to buy to great advantage. The next thing will be how to make the best of it when bought.

I take it for granted that the families to whom these papers will be of most interest are those trying to make the best of a very small income. To such, therefore, the remarks and instructions have been specially adapted. Those more fortunately situated may pass by what may seem too economical for them.

One of the first questions that arises with gently-bred women of small means is as to whether they can or ought to keep a servant. Very often the only side of the question considered is the outgoing for wages and the cost of food.

The money that goes out for extra service when a servant is not kept is seldom counted.

With the facilities for living that there are in large cities, a young married woman in good health may find it more pleasant to do her own work. She will then be free to go to a restaurant-dinner or make little trips with her husband, without a thought as to Delia at home, who must also dine; she will be free also to make the experiments the young wife often dearly loves, and to fail in them uncriticised. As to the economy of so living, each must decide for herself. There are however a few expenses that can hardly be avoided when there is only the one pair of hands, which go to balance wages. For instance, laundry-work and the necessity for employing a woman once a week perhaps for heavier work, must be reckoned in calculating the expenses. What a young woman eats would be either quite an item, or it would scarcely count. That would depend on the habits of the household.

For instance, if two people live entirely, or nearly so, on chops and steaks, it is quite possible to buy almost exactly what you want; a steak that is just enough for two, chops, the same, and a fish or chicken the same. To provide for one more under these circumstances means of course to increase certain expenses by one-half. But where chops and steaks are only an occasional variety in the food, and cheaper parts of meat are bought, in fact where perhaps less money is spent, but where there is a more abundant style of catering, it is generally impossible to so measure food as that there shall be none left over to get tired of. This branch of the subject will be reconsidered when the different modes of preparing food are more fully gone into.

I am writing these papers under the supposition that my young housekeeper may not have more than a dollar a day to expend for food. How this shall be spent will be her first problem, and on whether what she buys is turned into generous appetizing food, or is merely made eatable, hangs the question whether her table will be comfortable and wholesome, though plain, or coarse and comfortless, suited only to robust appetites.

Of course every woman must consult the tastes and appetites of those she provides for, and is often handicapped by that fact. What she knows would be wisest and best, she cannot do.

Many individual cases will have their own controlling circumstances which will make directions written in ignorance of them seem futile, but the majority may be able to choose the best way of making both ends meet comfortably.

A woman who must not exceed a dollar a day for food, and has four to provide for (we will suppose), must decide from the first that there are certain things her family must forego, or only have them when the chances of the market allow. They must wait for the season to advance, and until spring vegetables are brought within the reach of all before they can be indulged in. It is the same with fruit, and there are seasons when the latter is so expensive that it cannot be provided at all except as an occasional treat. It is not pleasant to feel that we and our dear ones may not enjoy the fruits of the earth, but if we are to live within a certain income with uniform comfort, and above all without debt, there must be a resolution well carried out that when anything is beyond the price we can afford, it must be given up, however wholesome.

I am impelled to these remarks by a not infrequent experience which has shown me the difficulty some families have in bringing their tastes and desires down to their limited means, and thus causing a cruel struggle to the poor housewife, and, if she is weak, saddling her with debt, or else, inducing her to provide the small luxuries for a day or two and causing a semi-fast for the rest of the week. Where it is a thoughtless husband who causes the trouble, poor materfamilias has to do her best without remedy, but too often it is over-indulged children who clamor for what others have, and have been gratified at every sacrifice of the general comfort.

"What can I do to economise?" said a worried woman to me once. "My children are not hearty eaters and they crave better food than we can afford."

"But you buy the best quality of everything."

"Ah, of course,"—and there was a little tone of offence as if that could be doubted. "But if I could afford cream they would eat oatmeal or mush for breakfast, and it would be so good for them. As it is, they first eat a scrap of bread-and-butter or biscuit and a little bit of meat, which is not nearly enough for them to go to school on. If we indulge in cream, they eat a large plate of mush."

"But would not it be more economical to

have the cream instead of meat? It is quite as nourishing."

"Ah, we could not do without a meat breakfast. It is simple enough, for instead of a splendid cut of porterhouse which it would be some satisfaction to eat, I am forced to take a first or second cut, because the other would weigh too much. I get what will be just enough."

"Well, in my experience, even with people of not very limited means, something has to be given up when little luxuries are indulged in."

But it is very difficult to bring many wives and mothers to see this, and so when I say that when fresh fruit is dear, it cannot make part of the family food, I shall cause

many indignant matrons to exclaim—"But fruit is necessary to health! My children eat apples and save doctors' bills."

All very well, if you can provide fruit out of the money you have for weekly marketing, or if it is allowed to take the place of meat. Unfortunately, when fruit is at its dearest—in winter—meat is most necessary. But so far as health goes, although there are thousands of healthy, strong people who live without fruit except as a luxury, no one believes more thoroughly in its use of it than the writer, and happily there are ways of replacing it by a little foresight which will be indicated in a future paper.

Catherine Owen.



THANKSGIVING IN THE OLD HOME.

LIKE the patient moss to the rifted hill
 The wee brown house is clinging:
 A last year's nest that is lone and still,
 Though it erst was filled with singing.
 Then fleet were the children's pattering feet,
 And their trilling childish laughter,
 And merry voices, were sweet, oh! sweet,
 Ringing from floor to rafter.

The beautiful darlings one by one,
 From the nest's safe shelter flying,
 Went forth in the sheen of the morning sun,
 Their fluttering pinions trying,
 But oft as the reaping-time is o'er,
 And the hoar-frost crisps the stubble,
 They haste to the little home once more
 From the great world's toil and trouble.

THE HOME-MAKER.

And the mother herself is at the pane,
 With a hand the dim eyes shading,
 And the flush of girlhood tints again
 The cheek that is thin and fading.
 For her boys and girls are coming home,
 The mother's kiss their guerdon,
 As they came ere yet they had learned to roam,
 Or bowed to the task and burden.

Over the door's worn sill they troop,
 The skies of youth above them,
 The blessing of God on the happy group,
 Who have mother left to love them.
 They well may smile in the face of care,
 To whom such grace is given ;—
 A mother's faith, and a mother's prayer,
 Holding them close to heaven.

For her, as she clasps her bearded son,
 With a heart that's brimming over,
 She's tenderly blending two in one,
 Her boy, and her boyish lover.
 And half of her soul is left away,
 So twine the dead and the living,
 In the little home wherein to-day,
 Her children keep Thanksgiving.

There are tiny hands that pull her gown,
 And small heads bright and golden ;
 The childish laugh and the childish frown,
 And the dimpled fingers folden,
 That bring again to the mother-breast
 The spell of the sunny weather,
 When she hushed her brood in the crowded nest,
 And all were glad together.

A truce to the jarring notes of life,
 The cries of pain and passion,
 Over this lull in the eager strife,
 Love hovers, Eden-fashion.
 In the wee brown house were lessons taught
 Of strong and sturdy living,
 And ever where honest hands have wrought,
 God hears the true Thanksgiving,

Margaret E. Sangster.



THE COLONEL'S PERSIMMONS.

PART I.



OVER the hills and hollows, the reddening woods and harvested fields of the Shenandoah Valley, a warm sun was shining one Autumn afternoon in that legendary period, half heroic, half mythical, so frequently referred to as "before the War."

On a southern slope the wide-open doors of a big barn invited the sun to enter. This he did, merrily enough, laughing to see in plethoric stall and overflowing loft the garnered store that he had ripened through the summer. But here, it seemed, the hospitable good-will ended.

Out from the generous doorway rolled loud and angry tones that had nothing inviting about them, and a negro man who had entered with the confidence of custom, stopped bewildered before he had reached the middle of that smiling square of sunlight. His hesitation was momentary. When, from a bench on the barn floor, a portly old gentleman with a full red face and a fuller voice rose roaring to his feet, the frightened intruder turned hastily and fled away, asking no questions for safety's sake. Then came a scamper and flutter of wings and legs to the four corners of the yard, a chorus of squeals and cackling, as the fugitive plunged recklessly through, and the incensed master showing himself bare-headed in the entrance, bawled parting threats above the clamor of insulted pigs and chickens. Other negroes, flinging long white ears of corn from a four-horse wagon into a slatted corn-crib, stopped with a half-scared vacancy of face until the master's broad back was turned again, when they were doubled up with ecstatic, but silent contortions.

Beyond a labyrinth of out-buildings, behind a large brick house, a girl was hanging towels on the garden fence, and as the man ran through the bushes past her she called him.

"Hi! you Sam! Whar you gwine so fast? 'Pears like you in a mighty hurry when you ain' got time ter speak ter a ole fren'."

"Deed, Miss Viny, I clar I ain' seen you! You gittin' so harnsome dese days I tek you fer one er dem gol'en rods clost by you, on'y you'er better lookin'." Sam was breathless, but he would be at his last breath before his tongue forgot its cunning. His fear however was not to be put by, and while she simpered, he added, "But I ain' got no time, dat's a fac'. I gotter git on mighty lively. Ef de Cun'l come an' fine me yere he'll mek de dus' fly."

"Why, what you been adoin' ter mek Marster dat mad agin you?"

"I ain' done narithin'. What I gwine do? But de Cote done gone agin him, an' I lay he's mad. I year him say he'll shoot de fust Fa'rleigh nigger he cotch on de place. He say he'll shoot me."

"My lan'! An' you stan' afoolin' yere! An' de Cote gwine let Jedge Fa'rleigh tek dat lan' away from Marster? It's on-reasonable."

"Well, Miss Viny, I hopes I knows my manners better'n ter contradic' a lady, pertickly one what is allays so unsputable as you is. But ole Uncle Peter he allays say——"

"O you allatime flingin' up Uncle Peter. He ain' narithin' but a ole bline mole, dough all you Fa'rleigh folks you tink dar narithin' wuth knowin' Uncle Peter don' know."

"Uncle Peter," said Sam with elaborate distinctness, "are de mos' spectable gemmen ob color in de deestic'. He bleegeter be, kase he done hole Gin'al Washington's hoss fer him time an' time agin when he war a boy, an' he allays 'lowed dat lan' b'long by right ter Fa'rleigh. He say 'twuz de Cun'l's father git it outer ole Marse Edmund when he war drunk an' eve'y body knowed twarn' no sale——"

"Shoo! What I keer bout dat ar? I say de lan's been Marster's ever sence I been borned——"

"Dat de way! dat de way! De women, dey nuver understan' no law."

"Now year ter dat! Aputtin' on all dem airs kase you been ter de Cote House! An' you tink when you been alistenin' ter all dem lawyers ajawin' you kin talk like de bes'. I year some talk too. Who tuk Fan Price ter de Camp Meetin' larst week?"

Who look like gol'en rod den? He! He!"

"I ain' sayin' narithin' 'bout Miss Price——"

"No, you better not."

"But I ain' gwine hev dat frowned up ter me when I see dat limber-legged Dave ahangin' roun' yere eb'y evenin'——"

"Ha! Now I done cotch you. Dat's why you ain' been yere dese larst weeks. 'Taint Marster you'se feared of. I see who 'tis. Befo' I'd be feared er a man harf my size——"

"I ain' got no time ter stop ter talk foolishness. Ef you ain' got narithin' better'n dis ter say ter me when you ain' seen me fer so long, I dunno what you wantar stop me fer, an' I wish you good eb'ning."

"Mek haste, den. Yere come Marster and Dave behine him. Ha! Ha! Ha!"

With this parting jeer the girl ran off and Sam, for all his anger unable to restrain a fearful look over his shoulder, hurried on.

Quitting the dangerous precincts with all speed, he went down a large field of wheat-stubble to where, twisting in and out among the rounded bases of the hills, "de brahnch," otherwise Winona Creek, sang to itself between its bosky banks. Beyond a low, stone-arched bridge, over the crest of the opposite slopes, and indistinctly seen among the trees, some chimneys and gables marked the site of the neighboring mansion of Fairleigh, where Sam belonged, and where alone he felt just then he could be safe.

As he crossed the bridge he saw upon the grassy margin, under the leaning sycamores, something that interested him greatly, but caused him to hurry on faster than before.

A young and very pretty girl sat upon the root of a tree that overhung the stream, and on the damp moss at her feet a comely young fellow, with every aspect of the true admirer, was letting an idle fishing-pole dangle aimlessly in the water as he talked.

Sam knew them very well. They were the eldest daughter of his master, Judge Fairleigh, and the only son of that wrathful Colonel Rutherford, from whom he was so anxiously escaping. Sam was a model of discretion, and knew what fate awaits those who acquire secrets too high for them, so he gave his back the most innocent air possible as he slipped by, hoping that if they saw him they would at least believe themselves unseen. As he climbed a stone wall by means of two or three projecting slabs that formed a rude stile, he paused upon the top in rueful contemplation.

"Lawin' mek a heap er trouble. We used

be mighty comferble in dem times fo' Marster an' de Cun'l tuk ter quarrelin', but now—! I lay ef he could jes look down dar by de brahnch wunst an' see what I see, he'd be mo' like a rampagin' ole bull dan he was while ago when he sot onter me dataway."

As he descended upon undisputed Fairleigh ground and walked on more at ease, he still muttered,

"What dat lan' wuth nohow? It done come in 'tween me an' Viny now, an' I lay twon't be long fo' Marse Thorn fine it stan' in his way right smart when he go ter git Miss Nannie."

Miss Anne Lee Fairleigh and Mr. Thornton Washington Rutherford had indeed met by tacit appointment, and in dread of discovery, beside Winona Creek, and this was a truly surprising state of affairs, since they had roamed together, unwatched and unmolested, from infancy.

The two households of Fairleigh and Briarwood had danced at each other's weddings and wept at each other's funerals for generations. There was a closer intercourse between them than if their owners had been brothers. The Colonel was older than the Judge, and, as boys at school and young men at college, while titles were yet unwon, he had stood sponsor for his friend with generous condescension.

As life advanced and honors multiplied, Judge Fairleigh turned the tables and would have patronized the Colonel had not that gentleman's bluff obtuseness and direct habits of mind and speech, blunted the edge of his fine intentions.

When Sunday came, the antiquated coaches from Briarwood and Fairleigh went lumbering over the six rough miles to the "Cross-Roads," where since Revolutionary times, the small wooden church had lifted its white belfry among the wide-spreading branches of a grove of oaks. The roads were narrow, tortuous and torturing to horse and man. Dusty in dry weather, knee-deep in wet weather, rutty when frozen, and rocky at all times, it was a marvel how they could be traversed, but as regularly as the bell for worship tolled, so regularly were the Rutherfords and Fairleighs seated in their pews.

And just as regularly, the coaches jolted home in company, and the two families ate their Sunday dinner together at each house alternately. This easy intercourse extended to the servants, and the two estates might almost be said to have been farmed as one.

When the Fairleigh folk were behind-hand with their seeding, and the season was getting late, all the Briarwood hands came over in a body and pulled them through.

When the Colonel's crop of hay was down and a sudden storm threatened, all Fairleigh turned to and got it in.

And at Christmas and Harvest, at husking, apple-butter boiling, and hog-killing, the colored people alternated their carnivals like the Sunday dinners.

In the summer the masters rode about their fields together; in winter they played chess; at all times they talked politics. They did not in the least agree. Colonel Rutherford was a very conservative Old Line Whig; Judge Fairleigh an enthusiastic Democrat. Each had voluble reasons for the faith that was in him, and each knew no greater ambition than to "convince" the other.

As soon as the walnuts and home-made wine were put upon the table and Colonel Rutherford had said,

"I've been thinking over your argument, Charles, and I see that you forget, sir——"

Mrs. Rutherford and Mrs. Fairleigh would retreat to the parlor and discuss their house-keeping undisturbed by the storm raging in the dining-room. Then, bye-and-bye, the combatants would come in together, the Colonel would bow to Mrs. Fairleigh and say in his finest manner,

"Dry talk, madam, for ladies. Your husband is as obstinate as ever, but I've given him a dig or two, I warrant."

And the Judge would get out the chess-table with a scornful smile, remarking.

"Your chess is better than your reasoning, Robert, but I can beat you at that too."

Meanwhile the children amused themselves at will. Thorn was an only child, but Nannie had rather a superfluity of younger sisters, and as schools were poor and few and far, there was always either a tutor at Briarwood, or a governess at Fairleigh. And if, in tedious in-door studies, Nannie came to Thorn's rescue when he was lost among the rivers of Asia, or stumbling through intricate labyrinths of orthography, in free, open air lessons, he taught her to climb and to fish, to know the notes of birds, the haunts of hare and squirrel, and to miss him very greatly when at last she went to boarding-school and he to college. And it is certain that if such a thing as courtship had entered the mind of either, their guardians would have thought it the most commendable idea possible. But the serpent made

his way into this paradise in the shape of Judge Fairleigh's nomination for Congress. He ran, but was not elected.

The fact that his old friend worked and talked and voted against him would have been condoned had the Judge been successful, for it was no more than he had counted on from the beginning, but in the bitterness of defeat he could not be lenient. One difference led to another, the breach daily widened, and the end was the raking up of an old question about a piece of land that had been a bone of contention between their fathers, but over which some patchy compromise had been effected, so that it had been counted part of Briarwood at least as long as the Colonel had been master there.

Thus when Thorn and Nannie came home as honorable graduates, they found a bewildering state of estrangement and feud. They could not accept it, and being forbidden to speak to each other, thought the more.

They met at church, and, in face of the gazing congregation, their fathers regularly passed each other with sternly-vacant eyes. The households meekly followed and Thorn's bow was of necessity a silent one.

They met at the hospitable neighbors'—meaning any house within twenty miles—and as soon as either entered a room where the other was, a sudden hush fell on all the merry tongues, and under the stare of a dozen eyes Nannie would feel the blood mounting to her hair, and Thorn would think he had never before found it so hard to make an obvious remark about the weather.

Then they met, with secret pricks of conscience, on their old play-ground among the green pastures and beside the cool waters of the creek. It is true Thorn carried his fishing-rod and Nannie could give various explanations of her presence, but each knew why the other came. Yet neither could have told, perhaps, just when the old easy comradeship fled away and something very different took its place.

They met under difficulties, for the rich creek bottom was here part of the disputed land and it was the unpleasant habit of the fathers to keep it under savage surveillance, and, though neither Thorn nor Nannie cared to acknowledge it, both knew that upon the day their stolen interviews should be discovered, on that day they would end.

Thus when through the afternoon stillness Sam's hurried tramp sounded upon the

echoing bridge, both were startled. Nannie gave a faint cry and Thorn, half springing up, looked quickly round. Then their eyes met; Nannie colored and Thorn laughed.

"A fine scare for that no-account ducky!" Thorn said, sinking back upon the moss. "I was certain it was the old gentleman, and I had thought out all I was going to say to him."

Nannie's answering laugh was so tremulous that it could scarcely be called a successful attempt to hide her panic, as she said,

"It does look so queer to see any one on that path. We used to trot over it all day long, but now just look at the weeds. No one ever walks there."

"Except our fathers—too often. I wish they wouldn't. But Sam must have come from Briarwood, and it strikes me, Nannie," Thorn examined with a critical eye the discreet, retiring figure, "that his back has a guilty air. He's up to some mischief. I'm sure he saw us and he's a grand rogue. Shall I go for him and tell him I'll skin him if he betrays us?"

"Oh, if you are so afraid, I wonder why you come. Does your father object to your fishing in the creek?"

If Nannie had not been so frightened she never would have been so mean. As it was she would not meet Thorn's look, although she saw well enough the quick, astonished glance he gave her. It was a full minute before he answered, with audible restraint in his voice,

"It is your father I am afraid of. He does object to Briarwood collectively, you know, and I am a Rutherford. I can't help that."

"Perhaps you mean that I ought not to come," Nannie was perverse enough to say, but she added quickly, "You are very much mistaken about my father. He has always liked you, and would be very glad to see you at any time, if only Colonel Rutherford were not so—so impatient. But all that will soon be over now. The horrid old law-suit is ended and I *am* so glad."

"Ended!" echoed Thorn, "Who told you that? I wish it were."

"Why, didn't you know. The decision was given to-day."

"You don't suppose my father will sit down under that?"

"Why, Thorn," exclaimed Nannie, turning to look at him in surprise, "What *do* you mean? Why isn't it over? What can he do?"

"He will appeal, of course."

Nannie shook her puzzled head.

"Appeal? What is that? Do you mean he thinks the decision unjust?"

"We do not think it right—naturally."

"I'm sure I don't understand." Nannie's tone expressed the utmost disappointment and chagrin. "I thought it was over and we could forget the whole hateful business, and go back to our old comfortable way. Why, I meant to go over and see Mrs. Rutherford next week, and beg her to come to dinner at Fairleigh on Sunday. And here you talk as if everything was worse than ever. How can your father object to the law now it has been found and settled?"

"Ah, that's the very point. Father hasn't told me what he means to do—I haven't seen him—but I know. I'm sure he'll never take old Bayley's say so as final."

"How can you speak so of Judge Bayley? He and my father are the greatest friends."

"Yes," said Thorn unguardedly; "you see, that's just it."

Miss Nannie arose and shook out her flounces. Her face was flushed, there was a tremor of indignation in her voice and tears seemed very near her eyes.

"I don't know much law, but I think I know what that means at least. You have no right to make insinuations against my father and his friends—"

"Good Heavens!" Thorn got upon his feet in haste. "Why, Nannie, I never said—"

"You have said enough."

"But I haven't said *anything*! I vow—Nannie, this isn't fair."

"The daughter of an unfair man would naturally be unfair too," responded Miss Nannie with trembling lips, "Say no more if you please, Mr. Rutherford. I wish you a good-evening."

She turned and tripped away under the trees. Thorn stood aghast. "Mr. Rutherford!" She had never called him that in her life before. He made one more effort and hurried after her.

"Dear Nannie! Do wait! What is the matter? I——"

"No doubt I have been to blame," she said, turning with her foot on the stone stile. "It has been very wrong for me to meet you here without my father's knowledge, as you so kindly reminded me a while ago, but I need never give you a chance to speak so to me again. I——"

Her voice choked with anger and mortification. The wrathful tears overflowed, and to hide them she sprang suddenly over the stile before Thorn could move.

"Now I call you to witness," he cried after her, "I never even hinted at such a thing!"

"I desire that you will not speak to me again," said Nannie, hastening up the path.

For an instant of doubt and dismay he stood, half inclined to follow, to catch her, to make her listen—I think he could have shaken her in his exasperation—but presently with a muttered,

"Devil take it! If you will quarrel I can't help it." He turned and strode off angrily across the bridge.

As he went up the field towards Briarwood, he met his father coming down, and he could not help a throb of apprehension lest the flutter of Nannie's dress had been seen before it disappeared over the hill. Disgust and anger were written upon every line of Colonel Rutherford's face; unflinching determination sat upon his brow and animated every muscle. He walked quickly, bringing his heavy cane down with emphasis and shaking his head at every step. His three setters—black as charcoal, and thus called Shadrach, Meshech and Abednego—always at his heels, followed him now, in zig-zag and discursive fashion, running off through the stubble after crickets. He called out to his son while nearly half the width of the field was still between them—

"Where have you been, sir? You look very much as if you were coming from Fairleigh. I wish you to understand, sir, that your visits there are offensive to me, sir, and show very poor taste on your part. There can be no intercourse between our houses, sir——"

"You needn't say this to me," said Thorn, when he got within ordinary speaking distance. "I have not been to Fairleigh for a year. I'm not likely to go now, I'm sure. There's little to take me."

So he said in the bitterness of his heart, but what if the Colonel had come down some minutes sooner? He was not untruthful and his conscience smote him.

"Glad to hear it," said the unsuspecting father, "See you keep to it. I'll have no dealings between his and mine. I've just sent one of his thieving niggers to the right about. I'll teach 'em to stay off my land. I've *some* rights yet, I reckon, in spite of Democratic Judges. They'll find I've more than they think."

"Confound the land!" said Thornton heartily, "What's it good for anyway, but to stir up strife? Let him have it, father, and go hang himself. What need you care?"

"Don't swear, sir," said the Colonel, who abhorred profanity. "And that's not the way I want a son of mine to talk. No, sir! Fight injustice with your last breath and your last dollar, sir. I'll take this case through every court in the land but I'll win at last, or, if I die first, I leave it to you as you honor your father's memory."

He tramped on, the embodiment of inflexible resolution. Thorn watched him, half pityingly, half angrily, a moment, then took his own trouble on to Briarwood. He could not trust himself to talk to his father about that land. He wished it at the bottom of the creek—or the Red Sea.

Sam would surely have looked upon himself as a true prophet could he have known how soon his prediction had been fulfilled. "Marse Thorn" had truly found the land "standing in his way."

Colonel Rutherford stood on the bridge, above the wavering shadows in the clear flowing water. Before him lay the lost meadow, bathed in evening light and he saw his pet abomination, the blue thistle, nodding to him derisively. His land was always clean. If it had not been for that iniquitous injunction, the noxious weed would never have shown head. He kept a brave front, but his heart was sore. The meadow was his pride. How many times had he come there when a little shaver just big enough to hang on tight behind his father's saddle as the old gray forded the stream? How many times had he listened eagerly to his father's boasts that it was worth all the rest of the farm? Had he not himself loved to tell extraordinary tales of the height of the stalks and length of the ears of its corn crop, and to astonish his hearers with its bushels of wheat to the acre? It was not three years since he had finished that bridge, building it broad and firm because its flimsy predecessors had been swept away by spring freshets, and giving it an easy slope that the ponderous ox-teams might use it readily. The woods were his, the upland pastures his—how was he to get at them if he were shut off from this meadow and hill-slope? Had he built a bridge leading nowhere? It was preposterous. He would take down that bridge, plank and stone, before it should fall to Judge Fairleigh. His belligerent soul was unduded. Already, before he left Court that

morning, he had taken steps leading to an appeal; he had meant every word he said to Thornton. Give up? Not he! Judge Fairleigh should never reap stalk nor leaf from that land if he had the whole blatant party of demagogues to back him. What was the country coming to? Had we resisted British tyranny for nothing? No one should tyrannize over him. He walked on, gathering a certain comfort from his resolution and the calm evening.

If he could not farm the land himself, at least he could make it useless to his rival. This carried him across the meadow, with only a few parenthetical growls at the weeds, and up the hill to the stile to Fairleigh. Not that he had any thought of going there—by no means—but along this stone wall two fine persimmon trees grew. He had not seen them for two years, for he had not been so far up the slope since the dispute began, but it was his land. He would walk there when he pleased. He was fond of persimmons; could any power prevent his enjoying the fruit of his own trees? It was early for them. The few light frosts had scarcely turned the leaves in the marshes, but if Colonel Rutherford had made up his mind to eat persimmons that afternoon from the trees his boyhood had loved, he would like to know where was the man who should stop him. He hoped he knew a ripe persimmon when he saw it, and that upper branch was full of them. He was stout and heavy and had thought his climbing days long over, but his wrath had given him new vigor and to-day he would be balked in nothing.

He clambered somehow upon the stone wall, and with his hooked cane tried to pull down the branch. It was just too high; but by this time he was sure the persimmons were the finest he had ever seen. From his elevated stand on the wall he looked around the adjacent fields. No one was in sight. Cautiously he set one foot in a crotch of the tree, and laying hold tight with both hands, pulled himself successfully up and stopped, smiling and panting. How many years was it since he had climbed a tree? What would Thornton say—the rogue—if he saw his father sprawling out on a limb?

By-the-way, he must be careful. Persimmon trees are not the strongest in the world, and a fall at his time of life— He got his cane-handle over the branch and pulled it down until he could gather a handful. Then it rebounded and flung his cane over the wall. It came near flinging him to the

ground too, and gave him a good fright, making him drop his persimmons, so he thought he would get down now and pick them up, as he could reach no more without his cane. He peered this way and that, and carefully lowered his foot to a limb that looked strong, but when he tried to lift the other foot he could not stir it. It was fast in the crotch. He tugged and pulled in vain; his weight had sunk it deep in the narrowing cleft of the tree.

Clinging tight with both hands he tried to kick down the branch to relieve the pressure. He tried to break it off. If he succeeded he would fall, but he must do something; he could not stay there all night. He hung with one arm round the tree and felt in all his pockets for his knife. It was not there. With a spasm of anger he remembered that he had left it in the barn when he had started out to send Sam off the place. Fairleigh and Fairleigh folks were at the bottom of it all as usual. Just then, he saw the delinquent Sam crossing an adjoining field and hailed him immediately. Sam, who could not dream of finding the rotund Colonel up a tree, stopped short in considerable alarm. He looked over the hill, up at the sky, down at the creek, hearing the dreaded voice, unable for the life of him to imagine where it came from, but holding himself ready to run on the instant.

"Come here!" bawled the Colonel. "Don't you hear me?"

Sam's staring eyes caught sight of him, and his mouth fell open with amazement.

"Good lan' above! Marse Robert, what is you adoin' up dar?"

"Never mind what I'm doing. You come help me down. Quick, now!"

Sam did not move. His face remained stolid, but a gleam came into his eyes.

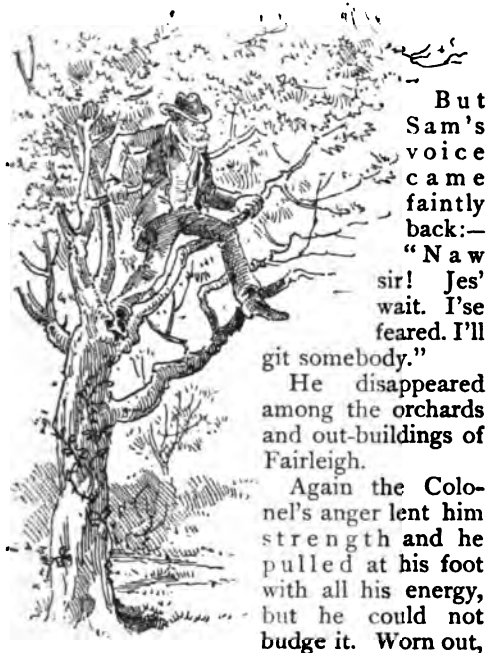
"What you want me ter do?" he asked.

"Why, take your knife and cut my boot off. Come on. What's the matter with you?"

"'Deed, Marse Robert, I kyarn' come nigh dat tree. I'se feared. You done say you'll set dem dogs onter me fo' now."

Shadrach, Meshech and Abednego were indeed ranged around the foot of the tree, looking up with perplexed eyes at their master's unwonted position, but they were a mild-mannered body-guard. Sam began to edge rapidly away towards Fairleigh.

"You scoundrel!" roared the Colonel, "D'y'e mean to tell me you're afraid of a setter pup? Come here this minute and help me down!"



But Sam's voice came faintly back:—"Naw sir! Jes' wait. I'se feared. I'll git somebody."

He disappeared among the orchards and out-buildings of Fairleigh.

Again the Colonel's anger lent him strength and he pulled at his foot with all his energy, but he could not budge it. Worn out, he desisted and leaned perspiring and breathless against the tree. What a predicament! What an old fool to get up there! He scanned the fields eagerly and saw the grazing cattle and his own dogs, but not another moving thing except a column of smoke curling upwards from the kitchen chimney at Fairleigh. It suggested supper and deepened the Colonel's dejection.

He thought of his bountiful table and the fried chicken and corn griddle-cakes that ought to be waiting his coming. He wondered impatiently why no one came to look for him. Thornton knew where he was. He wished to mercy they'd hurry, his foot was asleep now, and he really could not stand it much longer. Alas, his comings and goings were so irregular that the household was used to waiting. Supper-time was when he came in, whenever that might be. Mrs. Rutherford was no doubt placidly reading on the piazza, and old Polly and her satellites were fooling about the kitchen waiting for him to come in and storm at them. The great disk of the sun slowly sinking behind the far-off hills, was certainly grinning at him and the sneer was taken up and repeated by the fleecy little clouds that laughed themselves red in the face as they lay scattered over the wide sky. In all that big dome and the space it covered, there surely ought to be something, or somebody, to help him out of his trouble.

Meanwhile, Sam, coming up to Fairleigh kitchen, encountered his master in the garden. The Judge was in high good humor and vouchsafed Sam such a cheery greeting that that worthy stopped and said,

"I come along by dat ar lot jes' now —" he paused.

"Well!" The Judge was jealously alive to all relating to the land.

"An' I see ole Cun'l Rudderford up de persimmon tree by de stone wall——"

"What?"

"I see de Cun'l up de tree. I dunno what he do ter git dar, but he holler ter me ter he'p him down. He say he foot cotch."

"Well," sharply, "did you help him down?"

"Naw sir. I tell him I feared de dogs. He's dar yit, I reckon."

Judge Fairleigh did not answer. He looked at Sam. A slow smile crept over his face. Then he turned and walked carelessly off toward the garden gate. Sam waited a minute, then followed at a respectful—and safe—distance.

Colonel Rutherford saw his adversary approaching a long way off and felt that the cup of his humiliation was full. It was growing late. A mist was rising from the creek and the air was chill. He would take his death of cold, no doubt. He was very tired; the pain in his foot increased every moment, and to ease it he was forced into unnatural positions that he was too weak to maintain. He felt himself growing faint, but he was game, and he gathered himself together as well as he could to face the coming trial.

Judge Fairleigh



was tall and spare. He had a clean-shaven face, a Roman nose, high forehead and thick gray hair standing up from his temples. In his hands crossed behind his upright back he held the cane that his continuing vigor rendered superfluous. He could have got up a tree and

down again with impunity, but he knew better than to attempt such gymnastics. He strolled up unconcernedly, looking at the glowing west, the coloring woods, the field and stream—anywhere except at the tree.

Maria Blunt.

(To be concluded.)



THE WIZARD'S EXORCISM.



THE price of liberty is eternal vigilance," says an oft-quoted authority, and it is even more true in the more limited application to our homes. The

price of a well-kept house is constant watchfulness.

I am often reminded of an old story as I come down-stairs after a week's illness, and

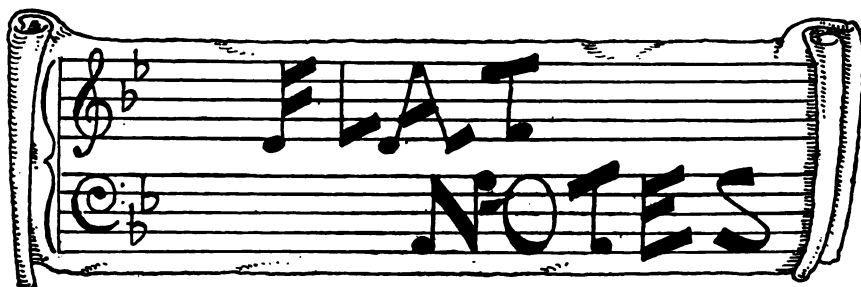
inspect the kitchen, the pantries, the ice-chest, the store-room and the cellar, making painful discoveries.

There was once a farmer's wife in the north of England who was suddenly left a widow, and after some time aroused from her grief to find that her great thrifty house was full of trouble, empty of all its usual supplies; that the hens did not lay; the butter would not come; the cows' milk was scanty; the pork rusty; in short her plentiful "housewife skep" of old times was reduced to a bare and squalid condition. She was a superstitious woman, like most of her kind, and at once concluded that her house was under a spell. Ordering out her market-cart and stout pony, she drove many miles over the moors to the lonely hut of a "wise man," as the neighborhood called him; a sort of homely wizard, who could both lay and undo spells, find hidden springs, cure bewitched cattle, blast crops, and do other remarkable deeds if his palm was well crossed with silver. The wise man heard the widow's tale, and, retiring to his inner chamber, professed to consult his familiar spirit. On coming out he told the good woman that she could only break the spell which he admitted was the cause of her trouble, by going every day, for seven days,

to each corner of each room in her house, standing with her left arm in the corner and counting seven backward; this process to be repeated after the first week once more on the third week. Much encouraged, the widow paid her adviser, and set out for home, and the next day began to use her counter-spell. She found her maids in bed; her cows unfed, her hens all abroad from their roost, her dairy with shut windows and soiled shelves; in short, she discovered in her early inspection that all for want of the mistress's eye had gone astray; and, as her property regained its value under this thorough overlooking, she blessed the wise man, though she was too simple to see that he had used common sense instead of witchcraft in coming to her rescue.

So, dear discouraged sister, if your housewifery goes astray, believe me here is the sole and sufficient remedy: inspect! inspect! inspect! Do not be afraid of your servants' disapproval; if they dislike your domiciliary visits it is presumptive evidence that they are afraid of unpleasant revelations in regard to their own short-comings; but it is your house, not theirs; and it is in perfection of detail that the perfection of success lies. I speak from long and tedious experience.

Rose Terry Cooke.



WE were tired of boarding, tired of the table routine, tired of hearing our landlord's pecuniary straits talked over, tired of living in one room, Ned and the baby and I, so we decided to keep house. While we had looked forward to this at some indefinite future time, like many young married people living on a small salary, we had not yet laid aside any amount towards furnishing.

As Ned worked nights, we decided that a flat near the line of horse-cars was altogether the best thing for us. We agreed that we must have a good neighborhood even if the house itself were not so attractive. If anything in the world will make one homesick and blue, it is to look out of one's windows on inferior or disagreeable surroundings. We thought twenty-five dollars a month was all we ought to pay for rent, but not finding anything desirable at that price we finally took a six-room, second-story flat at thirty dollars. There was no

style about it, but it looked comfortable and home-like, and, above all things, had one very good-sized bedroom, larger than any we had seen, and well-lighted. Is all the *flat* world expected to sleep in folding beds, I wonder, that the bedrooms are just about as big as a country-house closet? Either that, or else no allowance is made for small children and their requirements.

Like many of the less expensive flats in Chicago, this house looks on the outside like an ordinary "two-story-and-a-basement" block house, with no indication of being occupied by more than one family, save the two door-bells. As I said, we were not prepared to furnish even a flat, but we had a little money in the bank which we proposed to use, and the question was how to make it go as far as possible. Our dining-room and parlor (Ned makes all manner of fun of me when I say "parlor," but it must have a name) were so large that the carpets were the most serious consideration. Just about the time we were talking up the question of floor-coverings, my aunt wrote me from home of the dire destruction wrought by the buffalo-moth along the tacked edges of a comparatively new carpet, and she suggested that we should paint or stain the edges of our floors and put down large carpet rugs in the centre. This suited us very well and agreed with the plan of a friend of Ned's, who, having a little leisure, offered to do the staining for us, and our carpets cost little more than half what they would if we had covered the whole floors. The stain costs very little, and when we needed a fresh coat of it this year, Ned himself put it on in about two hours' time. To be sure our floors were not new, nor were the boards perfectly even, but they looked very well. The rugs were of plain dark-blue English carpeting known as "durrie," costing one dollar a yard, and heavier than its American counterpart, "terry," which can be had for less. At first the rugs were bound at the ends, but when the binding wore out and it was impossible to match it here, I decided to fringe and knot the ends myself, and they look much better, fastened down with big brass flat-headed crumb-cloth tacks.

I would not advise any one to buy this plain dark-blue shade for a dining-room, for it shows every bit of dust or dirt so quickly, but the color tempted me and I determined to try it for myself.

I was fortunate enough to have my own bedroom-set from home and a fair supply of sheets and pillow-cases, table-linen and

towels, so that little had to be bought in this line to begin with. For twenty-one dollars we bought a pretty antique oak eight foot extension-table and six chairs, and for four dollars a convenient side-table with drawer and large shelf underneath to serve as side-board. Over this we hung my little book-shelves for cups and saucers.

We found a really pretty dinner-set of blue and white English ware for eighteen dollars and a half, and it doesn't look cheap either. It was an odd set, not the shade ordered by the crockery firm, and so was put down in price. We paid six dollars for our pretty square oak parlor table and four dollars for an old-fashioned-looking rocking chair, and this was all we needed to buy for that room, as we already owned two chairs, a desk and a book-case, and our wedding presents of pictures, clock, lamps and bric-a-brac helped very much towards furnishing the room.

In the kitchen we allowed twenty-five dollars for all the ordinary utensils, including also a table and two chairs, wash-bench, wringer and tubs and ironing apparatus. By a careful selection of only the more necessary articles, this amount answered very well, to begin with. The kitchen stove and refrigerator take out a good slice, but it is no economy to buy a cheap article in either line.

Carving-set and dinner-knives are also expensive, but we decided to get the best quality, and to buy only half a dozen "break-fast" size knives, which would answer for any time, instead of two sizes which would cost more.

We did not furnish our little spare bedroom at first, as we had no immediate use for it, and when we did buy the furniture for that room, the whole set, consisting of a full-sized bedstead, a bureau and wash-stand, a good spring bed and thirty pound hair mattress cost us only thirty-seven dollars. There would be an incongruity in putting a heavy, handsome set in such a room, and we were quite contented with furnishing simply. Recent guests have assured us that the bed is delightfully comfortable, and that is the chief attraction in a room too small to be used much except as a sleeping-apartment.

It is astonishing how far a small amount of money can be made to go in these days of cheap, but pretty and well-made furniture.

Many persons have an exaggerated idea of the expense of furnishing even a small flat. Any small family as anxious to keep house as we were, willing to be reasonable

in their demands and to look over the ground carefully before buying, can, I am convinced, begin housekeeping with much less outlay than is commonly supposed. In certain lines it pays to buy only first-class articles of their kind, while in other ways cheaper goods answer every purpose.

I would not advise any one to buy a cheap quality of carpets, mattings or cutlery, but in tin-ware for instance, which has to be frequently renewed, an inexpensive grade will often do perfectly well.

Helen Morris Gay.

CHICAGO, ILL.



EASTERN HOUSEKEEPING IN THE FAR WEST. NO. 1.



Y Joe looked at me, and simply said, "Well, dear,"—as he led the way into an odd frame house, with a "lean-to," a porch, an addition, (a photograph gallery that had served the camp years before), and I replied "Yes, dear?" walking into my bedroom to "lay off my things." But under my bonnet strings was a curious choking. After a week's journey of two thousand miles! My mother set down her bag, and sighed; I am sure it was a sigh of pleasure. Our big boys followed the sound of gold mills, and smelters, the roar of furnaces, and the loud voices of the Mexican drivers, without one look in doors. "Mida," our little Mexican maid, had dinner prepared, with the help of the baker and cook from the hotel: both sending in pies, bread, meat and jellies. What a feast for tired hungry strangers! "Mida" added Dutch and broken English to her native Spanish. Joe chattered poor Mexican, while dark faces thronged the doorway with cordial hand-shakes and "Sta Bueno, Senoras" (It is good), "Bonito Munchachitos"—"Ah-si" (pretty little ones)! Geogra-

phy and history overwhelmed us! Beauty and bandits! Egypt and Spain "done in color!"

Now where shall I begin? I can't write a guide book, or a history. We looked like a custom house with trunks, boxes and barrels. We had a Yankee "front room" (quite unlike it in shut-up-ness), four bedrooms, a long dining-room in the glass-roofed-and-sided photograph gallery; just in the centre of all the additions, a kitchen, with a second-hand cook-stove, pine table, and sink. A most pitiful floor with cracks an inch wide, but "very handy" for sweeping, as all the dirt fell through. Our little ones spent blissful hours all winter feeding the chickens that lived under the house; lying flat on the floor when the gales of wind didn't actually blow away the corn. Order must be brought out of chaos! Gail Hamilton says, "If a woman has a career she is a power." We saw our career and heroically put on big aprons and dear Mrs. Stowe's "faculty" and went to work with a will. Joe sent for Antone the carpenter, who brought plenty of boards, hammers, tacks and nails. Joe, distracted but resolute, mother deep in the mysteries of home-boxes, and I, myself, needing forty

pairs of hands at once. First, Antone made a dining-table, deliciously sweet and white, of native pine, on which the boys soon piled the contents of their trunks for mother to arrange in their eight-by-ten room. Boots, shoes and crimson velvet pincushions from the "girls they left behind" them; overcoats and hats, bewilderingly pretty faces, in tiny frames; Latin grammars and geometries, for the conditions of this journey were some work and much study. Shelves soon grew to the board walls; mantels appeared in unlooked-for places; cupboards and partitions made a famous pantry; while pounds of hooks and big nails fell into line like good soldiers in every space. The supply store of the camp sent us boxes of all sizes, from one to four feet square.

I do declare there *never* was anything so lovely as our furniture. I long to write a detailed description of every piece and have it published in all the women's papers in the East. Ebony, inlaid with ivory, can't beat that centre table, with the legs of "pinion" boughs, stained such a good black, and such an impossible air! for a pine top too! That little chest of drawers! Why, I must have the girls at home see them; they would die of envy."

"No doubt they would, my dear," said Joe, with an exasperating twinkle in his eyes,—“die of envy because of your husband's capabilities."

But this same home-making went on day and night, with great bestowal of thought and work without stint. We painted, decorated, nailed and stuffed, making more noise than a piano or a band, and twice as inspiring, just then.

Fruit boxes from the sweet-scented orange groves of the Pacific coast; cracker boxes from Yankee land; cedar boxes from the Spanish haciendas of the Mesilla Valley; and the business-like dry-goods box from New York City—each and all serving us with generous fitness. Book-cases with all sorts of shelves, and curtained away from the dust by crimson cretonne, drawn on wire. A full-grown secretary, with fantastic little places for all our letters and Joe's papers, pens and ink. "Sleepy Hollow chairs" aristocratically filled the corners of the sitting-room. Their foundations were barrels, but their softness and grace were excelsior and cotton batting. The gown of "Dolly Varden" days covered the outside. Antone made us chairs, "reclining," "antique" and modern. That one must actually *see* to understand fully. However,

with a dark blue striped Navejo blanket for a table spread, the dear student lamp, with its pretty shade, just as it shone on us two thousand miles away, for so many happy evenings—in the centre; albums, pictures, fans, and golden butterflies from the last Summer's seaside home,—our little parlor was a joy and a work of art. . . .

Words can never tell the glory of our windows, or "the freshening" it was to soul and body in the midst of our work, to lift our eyes to "the mountains round about Jerusalem," as they shut inside their great purple walls our busy little camp. With sudden gold-like visions of the beautiful city, or wide deep shadows across the pinion trees, and low red mountain oaks. . . .

Domestic economy in the kitchen was a study. The white muslin curtains, and pale blue toilet-sets for the sunny bedrooms were artistic, the big dining room radiant with its six-foot fire place, and blazing pine logs, but the Mexican "help" was just a combination of destructive wastefulness and dirt. Bad enough to cook! but what *is* home without a washwoman? We tried a dozen, each worse than the last.

"Seraphina Carmenna" offered to take it to "mia casa" (my home) for ten cents apiece (we had a family of thirteen). "Margarita" came at seven with only three of her seven "munchachitas." After giving them their breakfast, visiting us merrily for a half hour, she sat down on the wood-box with the baby, took from an old calico bag tied around her waist, a package of yellow paper and bag of tobacco, and rolled deftly a cigarette, carelessly watching the smoke curl over the baby's face, while the fire raged, the water fast boiled away, the table linen, calico aprons and black stockings soaked together in her waiting tub. Poor mother came to the rescue; sorting, rinsing, boiling and hanging out clothes all day.

The "Senora" was "Muncho Bueno," (much good.) Margarita smoked twelve cigarettes, played with and fed "Kaphielino," rubbing all she could between times. Her voice was "low and sweet," her Spanish charming, the constant pantomime of her pretty little brown hands bewitching, and we learned whole sentences of "Mexicano," but at six o'clock three tubs stood full of half-washed clothes in a wet kitchen; the flannels, towels and baby's dresses tied in a bundle behind the door for "Manana."

"Ah Si, Senora, Manana!" (to-morrow); so with a cheerful smile, the gypsy tribe sailed off toward "la casa," saying "adios"

the babies waving — "Buenos noches!" (good-night). I sat down on the door-step, speechless.

Next week the "Senora Gabriella Montoya" consented to help us. She was about eighty, bronze-faced, with great sad black eyes like a dark night. She told us her children had gone "a Palacio a Dios" (palace of God) and almost broke my heart with her tears, and wailing hymns in most pathetic

Spanish. At four in the p. m. she had the first tub-full ready for the line.

Another, a white woman from Texas with three boys, would "board with us and help cook."

I said, "Mother, we will take her if she has twelve boys." She staid one month, then *rose* to a laundry in camp, but took our washing with her.

Margeret Spencer.



FALL FASHIONS IN NAPERY.

TABLE LINEN.

With table-linen, as with that of the bedroom, hemstitching is universal. A housekeeper may have her choice of plain hemstitching, drawn work or fringed borders. Napkins and square centre pieces for the table are finished in the same manner. One set is of momie cloth with a border of real Irish lace. Lunch and tea cloths are white and colored, and may be had for almost any price from pretty and inexpensive, to gorgeous cloths of silk and linen. These come in colors, and white, and are used also for dinners. Those in bright yellow and in white are remarkably rich.

Plain table drapery is also to be had in a great variety of patterns, and though much cheaper than that finished with costly needle-work, yet is really handsome. As prices now stand, there is no reason why the housekeeper of moderate means should not have fine, dainty table linen, though it may not be so elaborate in design as that of her richer sister.

Tray cloths are in great demand and are in the same patterns as centre pieces and napkins. Table-mats are to be used during the coming winter. This is a sensible fashion, as they protect the table-covering from the stains and marks made by hot dishes. Crocheted mats are the most use-

ful, as they can be easily washed, and last for years.

Doylies are used for almost every course, and are of great variety. They are made of plain wash silk, of linen worked with hemstitching, drawn work and embroidery, and can be had for as many different prices. One remarkably pretty set is of small linen squares finished in exquisite open work, laid on orange colored silk squares the same size as the doylies.

BED LINEN.

Every housekeeper knows the luxury of linen sheets, and those of the present season are beautiful. Some are hemstitched at top and bottom, and there are pillow and bolster cases to match. A choice set consists of what is called "a top sheet" and pillow-shams. The sheet is finished at the upper end with hemstitching, open work, and exquisitely fine French embroidery extending for nearly a half a yard from the hem. The shams are worked in the same pattern. These are used principally on the bed in a guest-chamber. The sheet, when turned over at the top has the same effect as a bolster-sham. Indeed, the latter is of less trouble than the embroidered sheet, as it can be removed easily on retiring and is not so expensive. Pillow-shams and day

pillow-cases are more used than ever before, and come in a multiplicity of designs.

Towels are of all sizes and patterns from the rough Turkish, to the finest damask and momie cloth. Some are of birdseye damask with open borders, others with huckaback centres and damask borders. Perhaps the handsomest are the Spanish with lace ends, and the Cluny with openwork finishing.

Thanks for information on this subject are due to James McCutcheon & Co., 64 West 23d St. New York.

THANKSGIVING-DAY RECIPES

CHICKEN PIE.

1 tender chicken, weighing three or four pounds.

1 lb. breast of veal, cut from the bones.

1 pint of meat jelly.

Force-meat balls.

Cut the chicken in small neat pieces, and make a jelly of the neck, the giblets, the scalded feet and the bones from the breast of veal. All these should be put over the fire in a quart of cold water, brought slowly to a boil and simmered until the liquid is reduced one-half. Strain when cool. The force-meat balls are made of half a cup of fine bread crumbs, as much sausage meat, parsley, thyme, sweet marjoram, salt and pepper to taste. Mix these thoroughly, rub in a tablespoonful of melted butter and bind with a beaten egg. Form into small balls with the hands.

Cut the veal into neat strips and arrange in the bottom of the dish. Pile the chicken on top of them, mounding it towards the middle of the dish and introducing a force meat ball here and there. Pour over all a cup of cold water. Cover the top with a good puff paste and bake in a steady, moderate oven for an hour and a half, covering the crust with a paper that it may not brown too quickly. The top of the pie may be ornamented with pastry-leaves, etc., and a cross cut must be made in the middle of the crust to permit the introduction of a small funnel. Through this the liquid jelly, seasoned to taste, must be poured when the pie is almost cold.

This pie should be made the day before it is needed that it may be perfectly cold and the jelly firm before it comes to table.

Adapted from Catharine Owen

CELERY FRITTERS.

Wash a bunch of celery, cut in inch lengths and boil until tender. Drain it dry. Make a batter of one cup of flour, one egg beaten light, one tablespoonful of butter, a *small* cup of water and salt to taste. Stir the celery into this batter and drop it by spoonfuls into boiling lard. Take out with a skimmer, drain and serve hot.

CREAMED OYSTERS, EGG SAUCE.

1 quart oysters.

1 cup cream, *or*

1 cup milk and a tablespoonful butter.

3 eggs.

1 teaspoonful minced parsley.

Salt and pepper to taste.

Heat the oyster-liquor to boiling. Drop the oysters into this, and leave them in just long enough to plump them. Drain off the liquid and keep the oysters hot. Heat the milk-and-butter or the cream, in a double boiler. Add to it half a cup of the oyster liquor, the seasoning and parsley. Beat the eggs light and pour the sauce upon them, a little at a time. Return to the fire three minutes, or long enough to cook the eggs, and pour the sauce over the oysters in a deep dish.

BROWNE ONIONS IN GRAVY.

Select a pint of delicate young onions. Peel them and brown them lightly in a little dripping in a frying-pan. Put them in a saucepan with a pint of good soup-stock, and a pinch each of salt, pepper and mace. Simmer very gently until the liquid is reduced to half a cupful. Serve in a deep dish.

HOMINY CROQUETTES.

2 cups of cold boiled hominy.

1 egg beaten light.

Pinch of salt.

Teaspoonful of sugar.

A little milk.

Beat the egg into the hominy, mash it free from lumps. Add milk cautiously until the hominy is as soft as it can be handled. Stir in the salt and sugar, and form the mixture into croquettes with floured hands. Set aside for an hour in a cool place to become firm. Fry in deep fat to a good brown.

CREAMED TOMATOES.

Peel a dozen small tomatoes. Fry them whole in butter in a skillet, sautéing, first one side, and then the other. Dredge them carefully with flour and add a cupful of cream to the butter in the skillet. The flour will prevent the cream from curdling. Salt, and sprinkle a pinch of curry over the tomatoes. Baste them with the cream. When the cream thickens, the tomatoes will be done. They must stay on until there is no raw taste to the thickened cream. These are delicious.

Octave Thanet.

CHICKEN GIBLETS IN CURRY JELLY.

Put the giblets of two chickens on the fire with the scalded feet and the necks of both fowls, a sliced onion and a stalk of celery. Pour over all a quart of cold water, bring to a boil and simmer slowly half an hour. Take out the giblets and boil the broth until it is reduced one-half. While this is being done, soak a tablespoonful of Cooper's gelatine in enough cold water to cover it. When the broth comes from the fire, strain, salt to taste, stir the gelatine into it until it is dissolved and strain again. Add a teaspoonful of curry powder. Set the broth aside to cool. Slice the giblets, arrange a layer in the bottom of a plain mould, pour on it a part of the half-formed jelly, place another layer of the giblets on this and pour over it more of the jelly. When firm, turn out on a platter. A few sliced mushrooms are a pleasant addition.

A good dish for lunch or tea.

CHEESE STRIPS.

- 1 cup flour.
- 2 tablespoonfuls butter.
- 4 tablespoonfuls grated cheese.
- Pinch of salt.
- Tiny pinch of cayenne pepper.

Work flour, butter, cheese and seasoning to a paste, roll out, cut into narrow strips and bake in a quick oven to a delicate brown.

PINEAPPLE JELLY.

- $\frac{1}{2}$ box gelatine.
- 1 cup sugar.

- 1 cup cold water.
- 1 large cup boiling water.
- 1 gill sherry.

1 cupful chopped canned pineapple and a gill of the liquor from the can.

Stir the sugar into the gelatine, the latter being first soaked an hour in the cup of cold water. Add the pineapple liquor, the wine and the boiling water. Strain, stir in the pineapple and set to form in a mould wet with cold water.

BANANA JELLY.

Make just as directed for pineapple jelly, substituting chopped banana and the juice of a lemon for the pineapple.

BRANDON BREAD-CAKE.

(This recipe is from the old homestead of Brandon, Virginia, where it has been in use for several generations of cooks.)

One-and-a-half lbs. flour.

One pound of sugar.

Ten oz. of butter.

Three gills of milk.

One quarter-pint of yeast.

Four eggs.

One cup of fruit, currants and seeded raisins.

Spice, mace and cinnamon.

Work together the butter and sugar; sift the flour into a bowl, and stir in the milk and yeast, with one half of the creamed butter and sugar. Beat hard and long until very light. Set to rise in a moderately warm place over night. In the morning, if it be well risen, work in the remainder of the butter and sugar and the eggs. Dredge the fruit with flour and beat in, a little at a time, with the spice. Beat for fully five minutes, and put into the pans to rise. The second rising will require some hours. Watch it, and when the dough is very light, bake in a moderate oven.

As soon as the crust *begins* to form on the top of the cakes, cover with white paper, to prevent hardening.

(If properly made, this cake is very fine.)



A CHAPTER FOR COUNTRY BOYS AND GIRLS.

A MAIZE-ROOM.



COUNTRY people do not, as a rule, appreciate the advantages of their position, or utilize the material at their command. City visitors carry home books full of pressed autumn leaves; dry the fluffy seed-vessels of the clematis, milk-weed pods, thistle *pompoms*, sprays of hops and golden-rod; buy bushels of buck-eyes to string for *portières*, and rolls of birch-bark for screens and panels—all for the decoration of city homes.

Country women hang chromos in flashy frames upon their walls, save up egg-and-butter-money to spread their floors with tawdry carpets, and consider the "best room" furnished when they have set in order there a certain number of "pieces" of furniture done in black haircloth and walnut. Farmhouse chambers are seldom comfortable at any season. The most comfortable is usually assigned to "the boys." If the lively young fellows want to talk, or sing, or "carry on," or play dominoes and checkers on winter evenings, they must do it in the family sitting-room, stuffy with stove-heat and father's pipe; where grandfather nods in the corner, and mother, with her mending-basket, "the girls" with their fancy work, must have the places nearest the lamp for themselves. The city boy, in such circumstances, steals off to the nearest engine-house, or oyster cellar. The country boy yawns and sickens of home, and narrows daily. Who can wonder at him?

There is in almost every farmhouse, a garret chamber, sometimes ceiled, sometimes not, or a lumber-room which could be made over to the "young folks" on rainy days and long evenings. The object of this chapter is to furnish boys who are "handy with tools," and girls who like cozy pretti-

ness of all kinds, with pleasing occupation for many hours, and subsequent enjoyment of the effect of their united labors.

First, get the room.

We will suppose that one of the boys gives up his bed-chamber and turns in with his brother at night, both using the vacated apartment for dressing, bathing, etc., morning and evening. Or, let us rather hope that mother comes to our help with the offer of a trunk-room, or the second-best bed-chamber. Here then is the empty room, with bare walls and floor and curtainless windows, an unpanelled door, and, probably, sloping ceiling.

Sweep the walls and floors; get from the nearest saw-mill a long strip of rough scantling, two inches wide, and nail it around the room about two feet above the "base board," if there is one. If not, nail another strip fast to the floor close to the wall, leaving about two feet six inches between the two.

Now go into the field, should the corn-stalks, in Southern fashion, have been left standing, or, if they have been cut and stored in the barn, overhaul the pile for the material for fitting up your new quarters.

In an obscure corner of the Capitol at Washington, are several columns showing what Thomas Jefferson thought might be done with our native maize in the establishment of a national school of architecture. (It is a great pity, by the way, that we have misnamed it "Indian corn.") The pillars designed by Mr. Jefferson are graceful. Each is composed of a close bundle of maize-stalks, and capped by ears of corn with the husks on. Our boys may think of them, and feel patriotic as they select some hundreds of firm, polished stalks, the finest they can get, and as nearly uniform in size as possible. With a fine, sharp saw, cut them into pieces long enough to reach from

the floor to the upper edge of the strip of scantling which is to form the top of the wainscoting, or, as architects call it, the "dado." The lengths must be exact as to height, so measure them carefully.

Make a computation, also, as to how many stalks will be needed for the dado, set perpendicularly against the wall, close together. Have ready by the time the stalks are cut, two or three pounds of long

pieces of straight, large stalks upon the upper edge of the scantling to conceal the wood.

While sawing the thicker part of the stalks into pieces for the dado, save the smaller ends and find time to cut these into lengths of three inches or thereabouts. When you have a hundred or so of these bits, pass them over to your sisters. They should string them perpendicularly upon strong twine.



THE PRETTIEST THING OF ALL.

"brads," a little longer than the ordinary lath nail, and very slender. What are known as "escutcheon nails" are better still, but more expensive.

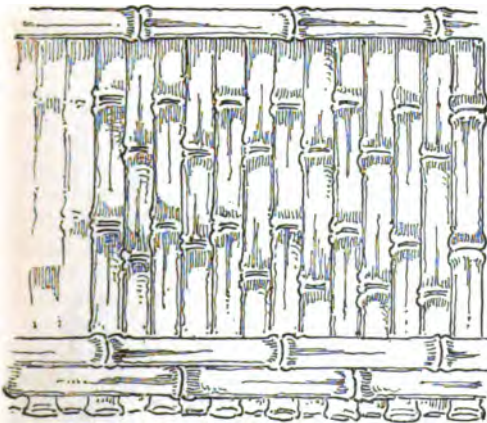
Begin at one corner of the room, holding each cut length of stalk firmly and perfectly upright. Drive one nail through the upper end into the strip of scantling, another at the lower, into the base-board. As we have said, the task will be rather tedious,

The strings must be as long as the windows are high, and be knotted to prevent them from slipping through the bits of cane. A red-hot knitting-needle will bore through the joints; a cold needle may be used for thrusting the twine into and through the hollow tubes. Twenty-five strings may be required for a window, perhaps thirty, or maybe not more than twenty. This depends upon the width of the window-frame.

The cornice to which these are to be attached, after the manner of the Japanese *portières* so much in vogue, is easily made. It consists of a thin, flat piece of wood, laid upon the top of the window-frame, and nailed firmly there, projecting about two inches that the strings may swing easily. Tacks driven through the folded end of the twine will hold them, if the fold be thick, for the *portières* are not heavy.

Now comes the prettiest thing of all.

Upon the flat piece of wood which supports the strings, lay a somewhat stouter piece of pine, projecting an inch beyond the first. Drive two or three long nails through it and the lower piece into the window-frame. Screw hooks, at regular intervals, into the under side; tack a strip of stalk along the edge to hide the wood, and hang from the hooks a lambrequin of glossy ears of corn, in the manner represented in our cut. You will observe that a ring is screwed into the



A DADO.



ous, but there is satisfaction in seeing the dado grow into form and comeliness. If the stalks are judiciously chosen, the appearance of the work will be not unlike the now popular bamboo furniture. When the upright pieces are all nailed on, finish the top of the dado by nailing horizontally long

stalk end of each ear. These rings are cheap, and can be had at any picture shop in town, sometimes from a hardware merchant. Much of the beauty of this lambrequin depends upon the selection of the ears. If you can alternate red and white ears, the effect will be yet more pleasing.

A common packing-box may be covered with stalks after the style of your dado, and used to hold wood. A long shoe-box, treated in the same way, and fitted with a stout hinged top, may be made into a trunk-lounge by tacking a cushion on the lid. It can be used to hold books, tools, or clothing.

Book shelves, stationery or hanging, are brought into uniformity by nailing stalks (or canes, as we prefer to call them) along the edges.

The picture-frame, of which a cut is herewith given, can be made by any one tolerably familiar with the use of tools. The material is pine, just as it comes from the saw mill. If cut by a circular saw, it will have lines upon it that make a pattern—a sort of ribbed work. It must not be planed. After the frame is put together,

tack a split ear of maize on one corner, and conceal the joint with a band of the soft inner husk. The ear is split by sawing it lengthwise just after it is husked, and before it hardens into brittleness; or it may be sufficiently softened by steaming it for some hours over hot water.

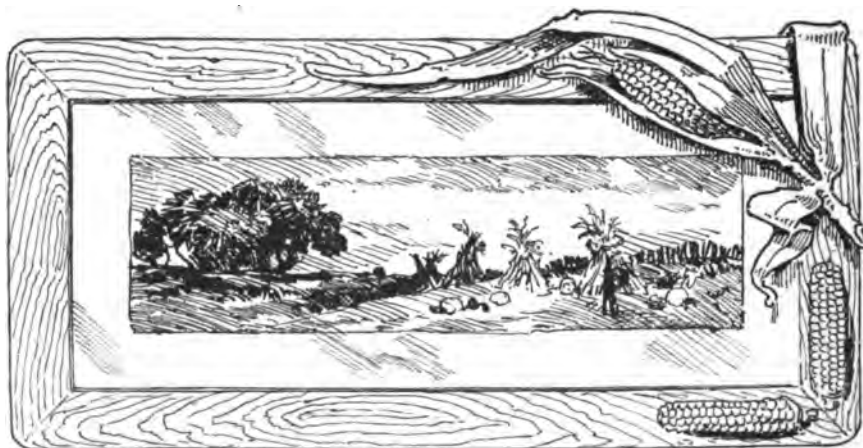
The floor of the maize-room may be stained, or simply kept very clean. Braided rugs, such as are made by farmers' wives, laid here and there, will contribute greatly to comfort and cheerfulness. Such corn-husk mats as are braided by the Southern negroes, would be in admirable keeping.

You have now, and at an expense which would not cover the cost of five yards of tapestry carpet, finished and so nearly furnished a novel and pretty chamber that you need only transport to it a few rocking-chairs from the sitting-room to make it the most habitable, as it is the most harmonious corner of the house. If you have a mantel shelf (I am afraid you have not) ornament it with a lambrequin like that of the window, and hang another picture over it.

We especially commend this method of fitting up a chamber or sitting-room for boys and girls, to the young people among our subscribers at the South and West, where large maize-fields are common, and the canes are comparatively valueless. But it is perfectly feasible on any farm where a fair-sized crop of our national grain has been cultivated and harvested.



SECTION
OF CANES.



CORN-STALK DECORATION FOR PICTURE FRAME.

TALKS ABOUT PHOTOGRAPHY.

FIRST TALK.

SELECTING THE TOOLS.—OPERATING IN OPEN AIR.



THE art of photography is no longer much of a mystery. In our richly endowed life we accept all that science and art give us, and we are at no pains to show our gratitude. All is taken for granted, and it daily becomes more difficult to astonish us. Only a short time ago an instantaneous photograph was an object to excite awe. Now the sun's dexterity is admitted to be a very clever trait in that venerable luminary, but nobody is much surprised or perplexed. The mystery has all but vanished.

Yet it is just at the point where the mystery disappears that a study begins to demand the closest attention and the greatest degree of painstaking. Although a very simple affair in its primary principles, photography is not to be acquired off-hand without tact or patience. In short, it is an art. Taken up without sincerity it will soon revenge itself in most unforeseen catastrophes. On the other hand the careful and ambitious amateur will find it fertile in delights. To such an amateur even the failures will have an instructive interest, while the successes will be a joy forever.

It is especially true in photography that one requires proper tools to do good work. The photographer is at the mercy of his lens. Thus the lens is the matter of first importance. The lens is the eye of the camera, and it must have a clear and correct vision if the camera's draughtsmanship is to be accurate. A spectacle glass set in the end of a starch box will make pictures, as an artist may work with charcoal on a common board fence. But the principle still holds good, that the implements must determine, in a very considerable degree, the ultimate character of the work. However much economy may be brought to bear upon the purchase of the camera box, the tripod, the carrying cases and other paraphernalia, money spent on the lens will pay the largest interest on the investment.

Lenses are simple or compound, single or double. That is to say, there is the single lens with one glass, and there is the double lens with two glasses. A single lens has greatly limited powers, though it may do very pretty landscape work. If very cheap, it will be certain to want not only the capacity to work quickly, but the capacity to carry the image without distortion. Buildings, interiors, and views requiring the strict preservation of straight lines, will be treated very shabbily by these poor lenses, while a landscape might not show this optical defect. The double lens has highly increased powers, though its actual value is, of course, variable. It may be a superb instrument, and it may also be a very poor one.

There are two points which require to be determined before a lens is bought. First, what the lens is to be used for; second, how much can be spent for it. View-lenses are made for taking simple landscapes; strictly rectilinear lenses are set for buildings and interiors; while for portraits a distinct variety of lens is necessary. Various lenses may be used with one camera box; but we shall presume that the amateur wishes to get along with one lens, for a time at least. In all probability the beginner will take most satisfaction in a lens with which he (or she) may ramble from one photographic field to another, with which both landscapes and portraits may be undertaken. For this purpose a rectilinear view lens will be most serviceable, since it will give both landscapes and interiors, and will make groups and portraits with all necessary accuracy. Very wide-angle lenses are not suitable for general use in this way, their severe exaggeration of the perspective rendering it difficult to make natural portraits. A view lens of moderate angle, and one which thus approaches nearer the characteristics of a portrait lens, will make it less difficult to secure a portrait without ungallantly enlarging the most adjacent ear, or appallingly magnifying a hand that inadvertently comes nearer the camera than it should.

If the amateur is satisfied to begin with small pictures he may find many lenses of excellent quality, which cost relatively little. The scope of the lens determines not only the size of the box in which it should be set, but the size of the plates which may be used and all the other after-expenses of photography. A lens that will "cut" a 4x5 in. picture is large enough to begin with, and will cost anywhere from two to fifty dollars. A very fair American lens of this size may be bought for ten dollars, and fifteen dollars will buy an excellent foreign lens like the Darlot. Another favorite size with amateurs is 5x8 in. Plates of this size will cost relatively more and the cost of the lens will be nearly doubled. The three special requirements of a camera box are strength, compactness, and security against vagrant streaks of light. Beyond these essentials the amateur may invest in as many conveniences as he chooses, and does not after all, so ingenious is the generation, have to pay very extravagantly for them. Remember always that the one fatal defect in a camera is a hole, however small, that admits light. On this account, it is a good plan to examine the camera at frequent intervals while it is in use. Plate-holders and slides should also be kept in good condition, or the pho-

tographer will be tortured with black streaks across his pet negatives.

There is as much variation in plates as in cameras. The dry plates now in general use are of varying degrees of sensitiveness; that is to say, of varying degrees of susceptibility to the action of light. For quick work in-doors, or out, "rapid" plates are necessary, while "slow" plates may be used where a longer exposure can readily be given. The quicker plates, it is to be remembered, are the more difficult to manage, and, with the use of equal skill, cannot compete with slower plates in technical excellence of result. A dry plate of moderate temperature should be selected in storing the plates, and the package should always be placed on end. The film-covered sheets of glass are packed face to face, with a "separator" between. When the manufacturer uses damp separators, the plates may be rendered wholly worthless, and in any case the amateur should avoid the use of plates that show too plainly the mark of the separator.

There is one variety of camera that calls for the general use of rapid plates. This is the "detective" or hand camera, with which the focusing is accomplished by means of a small camera obscura or "finder," and a



AT THE FOUNTAIN.

"Detective" Photograph by Alexander Black.



LAWN TENNIS.

From a Photograph by John H. Dingman.

mathematically-arranged lever or swivel. Of these cameras, once a great novelty, thousands are now in use. The public is ready to suspect the most innocent-looking box, and the armed amateur can no longer hope to walk the city streets, or haunt the beach at bathing hour with that secure incognito once possible to his kind. In artistic and entertaining resources, the "detective" is without a peer. It may be used in-doors with a modification of the instantaneous exposurer, and is of great general convenience in making small pictures of groups. When well made and fitted with a first-class lens, it costs from fifty to one hundred dollars.

Open-air photography with a tripod camera calls for the use of more than one kind of plate. A very rapid plate may be of universal use, but for fine landscapes one may do better with slower plates and a correspondingly slower exposure—say an exposure of two seconds instead of one. The "orthochromatic" plates now manufactured are undoubtedly the finest plates for landscape work, or for any work that does not require an extremely rapid exposure. These plates are made to give correct "color values," in other words to render red and blue,

not as black in the one case and white in the other, but in better relation to their proper density as colors. This is a great gain in landscape work, since the blue of the sky will not bleach into a flat white mass against unnaturally black masses of foliage as in the case of ordinary plates. In copying paintings the "orthochromatic" plate is now considered indispensable.

When he goes afield the amateur is bound to remember that Old Sol, while a most amiable servant under rigid government, may soon become, under lax habits, a most distressing master. Keep plate-holders in the shade, and do not draw the slide save under the focusing cloth, which should cover the camera during every operation. Have the plate-holders numbered, on both sides, in order to certainly avoid mistakes.

In selecting a landscape subject, the foreground should be considered as of great importance. The distance is wholly dependent upon the foreground for effect. It is the foreground that frames, emphasizes and gives meaning to the distance. Thus in photographing a valley from a hillside, it is not well to "shoot" from some sheer prominence that does not appear in the negative. Step a little backward or to one side until a

group of shrubs or rocks, a tree or slope of ground comes within range of the lens. By means of this sort of selection the photographer may exercise his gifts as an artist. And photography, as particularly as painting, is the art of leaving out the incongruous.

When the distance is the special feature of interest, focus carefully upon the distant objects. When the interest lies in the foreground, and the distant objects are merely incidental, the focus should be upon the foreground. This is simply to say that the focus is to be upon the object or objects of special interest, wherever they may be. Thus, if the photographer were to make a picture of a figure in a field at a distance of ten or fifteen feet, the field, trees or hills behind the figure would be out of focus and without sharpness. But this would be a distinct advantage from an artistic standpoint, for the figure would in this way be emphasized and thrown into greater relief.

The orthodox photographer prefers to work with the sunlight falling upon his back, or coming from his right or left hand. Under ordinary circumstances this is a good rule. By adhering to it the amateur will be

sure that the landscape is well illuminated for his purpose, and the chances of a "fogged" plate from a flash of the sun upon the lens will be all but removed. Nevertheless, very beautiful effects are sometimes to be secured by aiming in the general direction from which the sunlight falls—say the westward in the afternoon. With figures and prominences rimmed with light the photographer may catch an effect familiar and precious to the painter. It follows, however, that corresponding care will be necessary to guard against the possibility of "fog."

The exposure is accomplished in one of two ways: by the simple removal of the cap covering the lens; or by the aid of a mechanical shutter or exposur, operated by an air tube or by the liberation of a spring drop. In either method it is positively necessary to avoid jarring the camera at the moment of exposure. Many amateurs spoil dozens of plates by carelessness in this particular, and are not even aware of the cause. It is especially easy to set the camera oscillating in the removal of the cap, and though the box may give but one shiver,



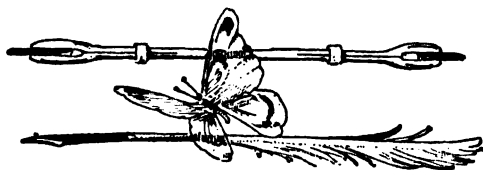
THE BROOK.

From a Photograph by W. C. Bryant.

the mischief is done. In removing the cap, lift it upward and restore it again from the top. This will give the upper or sky part of the picture the least exposure—a necessary precaution. In fact, the sky needs scarcely one-tenth the exposure of the ground. It is for this reason that in pictures taken on the water, when the light is much more brilliant than inland, and the picture must be taken with corresponding quickness, clouds will generally appear with much greater distinctness than they possibly can in an ordinary landscape, where they are inevitably over-exposed.

This reminds me that amateurs may take much enjoyment from "skylscapes." Cloud-

land can be faithfully reported only by the camera, and the results, if accomplished with skill, are of peculiar beauty. Exposures for this purpose should be made from a house-top, or some height giving a good view of the sky to the horizon. Use the smallest "stop," and expose rapidly. Sky negatives thus taken may be printed with landscape negatives with fine effect. Of this I shall speak further in a later "talk." The size of the stop or diaphragm to be used in the lens is regulated by the quality of the light and the necessity for speed. The larger stops allow the greater speed, while the smaller give greater minuteness and finish to the negative. *Alexander Black.*



HOME-MAKER ART CLASS.

IN nearly every family there is one member who is endowed by nature with a taste for drawing. The attention of such is directed to the art-study given each month by "THE HOME-MAKER." The pupil is invited to copy it carefully and to send his work when finished to "ART-DIRECTOR OF THE HOME-MAKER, 24 WEST 23D STREET, NEW YORK CITY.

A Committee of distinguished artists will each month examine all studies thus sent in; revise them and return to the addresses supplied by the pupils. Stamps to cover the returned inclosure should be forwarded with the drawing.

The Committee consists of MESSRS. THOMAS MORAN, CHARLES VOLKMAR, FRANK M. GREGORY, H. PRUETT SHARE, and GEO. R. HALM.

This offer is made to subscribers only.

THE SEASONS AND THE MONTHS.

Second Design.

WILD-ROSE, HOLLY, AND SNOW BIRDS.

THE November study is the second of the panels designed for a screen. It represents the plant form for Fall and Win-

ter. The third will appear in December. In January, directions for mounting the designs and making up the screen will be given.

As an incentive to careful copy of these studies, the Art-Director takes pleasure in announcing that he has in hand a cash offer for the set which the Committee may decide to be the best submitted to them. Copies offered for this prize must be double the size of the study here given, and, if painted in oils, on canvas, if in water-colors, on silk. Stamps for return of copy must accompany subject in all cases.

RULES FOR TREATMENT.

Background, gold; holly leaves, dark green; berries, vermillion and carmine; branches, brown; wild-rose leaves, green and brownish red; seed, carmine, vermillion and brown; Snowbirds, breast whitish-gray; wings and tails, light gray. All to be outlined with burnt umber.

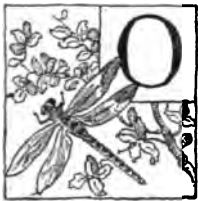


WILD ROSE, HOLLY AND SNOW BIRDS.
Designed for The Home-Maker Art-Class.



FANCY WORK.

MUSIC STAND.—BRASS NAIL DECORATION.—A WOOD-BOX.—HINTS FOR CHRISTMAS GIFTS.
—DOYLEYS AND SPECIALTY NAPKINS.—COMFORT CUSHIONS.—BOOK COVERS.—WORK
BASKET.—SKATING CAP.



OUR times are favorable for carrying out economical ideas in house furnishing. In the days when each room was rigidly supplied with a set of furniture, which included exactly so many pieces matching each other with faithful accuracy, any departure from the ordained precision was seldom received with applause. Now so much variety is sought, and so much license given to the expression of individual taste in selection, that an ingenious person can pick up stray articles in the shops, improvise others, and frequently adapt the materials which may be on hand, and so produce tasteful and even elegant effects without lavish expenditure.

MUSIC-STAND.

AMONG instances of promotion in furniture from a baser to a much sublimer position, the case is worth mentioning of a bed-room towel rack, which now figures in a handsome drawing-room, as an article of ornament and utility. Its disguise is so admirable that its origin would hardly be suspected by any one who sees it now as a music-holder.

There have been frequent complaints that music-stands of convenient design were hard to procure, even if money is not an object. The one I speak of is quite within every one's power to possess. It is intended more especially to hold the loose sheet-music that becomes such a troublesome accumulation in a house where piano-players live, but is of sufficient strength to hold bound volumes if desired.

As a preliminary step, the towel-rack was

ebonized and polished, and brass nails with heads exceeding the diameter of a silver dime, put on at all the points where the horizontal rods joined uprights.

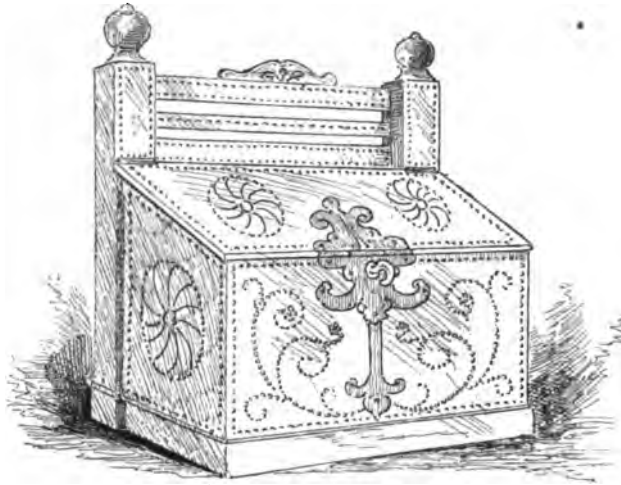
A wooden box long enough to accommodate the music, and broad enough to slip between the upper parallel bars that were intended for towels, should be made of thin wood, unless one of the required size can be found in the cellar of an obliging grocer. This box should be allowed to rest upon the middle horizontal bar of the rack, and should be screwed to it firmly. It should fit very closely between the upper bars, or be secured to them by screws, and should project above the rack eight or ten inches. Before establishing the box in this position it should be lined with enameled cloth and covered with dark felt, which should turn over and cover the edge at the top. Upon this edge brass nails as large as those on the intersections of the rack, should be thickly set, and a pair of ornamental brass handles should be at each end a few inches below the top. If the box is firmly secured as directed, these handles will serve to lift the whole stand by. The model from which this description is taken was embellished by an embroidered device upon the maroon felt cover. The needle-worked design, done entirely with gold-colored floss, is a large head of a cherub blowing a horn. On the reverse side of the receptacle is a shepherd's reed, a harp and a scroll of music, worked in a variety of colors chosen in appropriate conformity to the forms depicted.

BRASS-NAIL DECORATION.

AS a means of adding richness to some very plain articles of furniture or bric-a-brac, ornamenting by following a pattern in different sizes of brass-headed tacks,

is an easy and successful exploit that even a child can achieve.

Photograph frames, boxes, chests and door panels can be decorated pleasingly in



ANTIQUE COFFER.

this way, and plain wooden chairs and small tables can be made to assume quite an imposing appearance by the free use of plain and fanciful nail heads.

A WOOD-BOX.

A WOODEN box of suitable size must be provided with a flat cover fastened by hinges upon the inside. One of the boxes in which hard tack is sent out from the baking companies will be very suitable. It must be neatly covered with sail cloth, which, after being secured to the box, may be sponged over with brown family dye, if the natural light color is thought objectionable. Upon each side of the box and upon the top of the lid, trace any simple scroll pattern. Braiding patterns that are designed to be worked with heavy cord will do if care is taken to select one that has few complications. If no suitable design is at hand one can be made by outlining a number of circles grouped together. A tumbler or cup can be used for a model, or large and small circles can be arranged together, using a wine-glass for the smaller form. The tracing should be done with chalk,

then, if any part of a line remains uncovered it can be brushed off. As hammering with sufficient force to drive the nails in firmly would be detrimental to their brass heads,

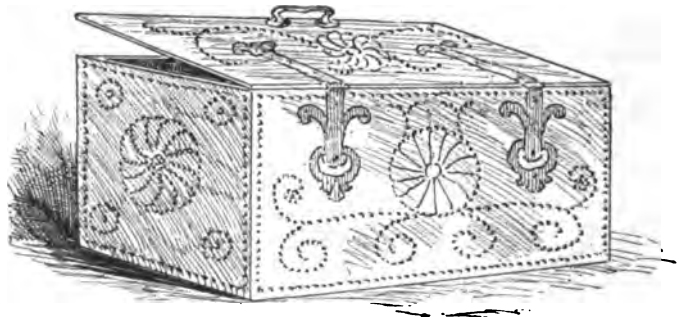
a sharp awl or piercer, with a wooden handle, should be used along the lines of the pattern to prepare a place for each nail so that a gentle tap will drive them in. Several sizes may be used, but the largest proportion of a pattern is generally done with small trunk nails, as they are called, larger sizes, either plain, leaf-headed or cross-shaped, being set in at various points, as ornamental stitches are added to braid work.

An antique and very stylish effect can be given to the box or chest, by adding upon the outside of the lid very long ornamental brass hinges cut or hammered in a hand-

some pattern. These can be bought at stores where metal mountings are sold, and will not be found very expensive.

Another wood-box may be made in the shape of one of the antique settles now become so fashionable. Any carpenter can make the long coffer according to measurements given him by the designer. The back of the settle is two rather massive uprights. The system of decoration above given may then be pursued.

A jewel-casket and silver-boxes to hold the spoons and forks are ornamental in bedroom and dining-room, and may be covered with cloth or leather before decorating, or may be ebonized. For these ornamental



A WOOD-BOX.

hinges are requisite, as well as a broad, finely cut shield to surround the keyhole.

Velvet-covered shelves or corner brackets

may be much improved by nail decoration. No pattern will be necessary, as there is seldom room for anything but a border, which may be of small diamonds formed by the smallest nails, or made with a large plain or

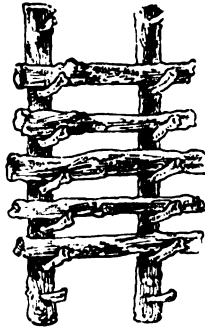


A CHEESE-BOX WOOD-HOLDER.

fancy nail, alternating with a cross formed of thirteen small nails, the band being continuous.

A good quality of kitchen chair can be stained to counterfeit cherry or any dark wood, and edged on the seat and back with large plain and embossed brass-nails, and so made very handsome and appropriate for a hall chair. The middle of the seat may be slightly stuffed and covered with a velvet or leathern square fastened down with gimp and small nails, leaving a wide margin of wood.

By the use of brass corner-pieces, locks and hinges, a washstand may be converted into a cabinet, and so profusely decorated with brass nails in suitable patterns, as to resemble some fine old English article of furniture. It must, of course, be of hard wood or well stained in imitation. One door should be taken off and shelves put in. The top and the edge of the shelves should have a finish of brass cut in imitation of



HANGING WOOD HOLDER.



KINDLING-WOOD BOX.

lace, nearly an inch wide. The door that is left on should have an elaborate pattern worked upon the panel in the manner described for the wood box.

FOR CHRISTMAS.

SOME one has said that November is the month of hurry and worry, but even in the midst of getting ready for winter, some time must be spared, and some thought given to the gifts that are to be wanted so soon, for, even now, the holidays are almost in sight. It is difficult sometimes to know what to make, and a few suggestions may be welcome.

DOYLEYS AND SPECIALTY NAPKINS.

FOR a housekeeper anything for table-use is always acceptable. Sets of doyleys are not novel gifts, but one can hardly have them in too great abundance. An easily made and really elegant kind is made of squares of white pongee silk hemstitched and a large initial embroidered on one corner.

Little specialty napkins given singly or in pairs, can be made very elaborate by some outlay of time and skill. When oblong in shape, they are used to put under the slices on the bread tray, and many other uses will be found for them in different sizes. Square, and somewhat larger, they are used to throw over cake or fruit. Often the entire surface is silk darned, leaving a pattern defined by an edge-stitch of white and filled in closely with French knots in working cotton. The silk of the darning should be of some decided color.

COMFORT CUSHIONS.

INTENDED principally for the use of invalids or feeble persons who drive much, are well-chosen gifts for those whose need for them is apparent. They are square pillows of softest down covered with scarlet or gold satin, with a loop of ribbon on one corner to carry them by. They are so soft and compressible that they stuff easily under any unsupported place into the tired frame, and, by more or less decoration, can be adapted to any taste. A pretty one is made of scarlet with black lace gathered across the centre in a wide jabot. In whatever position the cushion is laid, the lace falls gracefully.

BOOK-COVERS.

FOR a friend who loves books, and all our friends do that, a pretty gift is a handsome cover, privately fitted to some

favorite and cherished volume. It is made on the principle upon which school books were covered with calico by thrifty mothers in old times, but elastic bands, instead of long stitches, hold the turned-over flap in place over the board cover. The handsomest covers are made of cloth, or very thick silk, quite covered with an arabesque of applique done in leather or velvet, and held down by buttonholing. Sometimes the under material is thick gold-woven silk which shows richly through the openings in the arabesque. Ribbons sewed to the front take the place of a clasp.

WORK-BASKET.

A FRIEND who fancies quaint conceits, will like a work-basket made by crowding the crown of a straw hat into the upper part of a tripod made of three sticks wound with twine and screwed together like the supports to the cheap pine top stands seen in every house. The sticks are varnished, and a ribbon or cord and tassel is tied around the place where they cross. The crown of the hat is lined with silk and supplied with little pockets for spools, and other work basket belongings. The broad brim of the hat is fastened down upon the stick with a bow of ribbon over each fastening.

KNITTING-NEEDLE CASE.

FOR a friend who knits, a pleasing Christmas remembrance is a knitting-needle case which is made of bronze morocco in envelope form, with a double lining of silk, divided by machine stitching into a number of pockets for holding the needles, a set of four being accommodated in each partition. Across the top of the pockets the silk is finished with a buttonholed edge an inch below the tops of the needles, leaving room to take them out easily. The friend's name or monogram can be worked on the flap that folds over, and on the other side any pretty design may be done with chain-stitch. The edges where silk and leather meet should be neatly bound with brown galloon.

SKATING-CAP.

ALMOST any boy would be glad to find a skating-cap in his stocking. The prettiest one known to the writer was made according to the directions which will

follow shortly. But little knowledge of crocheting is necessary, the stitch is so very simple. The color is a matter of taste, but red is apt to be popular. The crown is made of four half diamond shaped pieces joined together. To make one of these sections, begin with two stitches, using starlight wool, and, in Afghan stitch, work back and forth for eighteen rows, increasing one stitch at the beginning and end of each row. There will be thirty-eight stitches on the last row. Then work four rows without increasing, then four more rows narrowing at the beginning and end of each. Sew the four pieces together, covering the points in the centre with a large, flat button mould, covered with single stitch crochet, and make the head band of gray chinchilla wool in imitation of fur; for this use two steel knitting needles of medium size and cast on fourteen stitches. Knit in loop-knitting, winding the wool around a wooden lead pencil instead of the finger. Knit back and forth till the band is long enough to fit the crown. The size given is for a very small cap, but, by adding more rows to the crown piece and increasing the length of the band, it can be enlarged. In making it larger add also to the number of rows that turn under in the crown.

ADVICE COLUMN.

IN this column questions will be answered and advice given cheerfully upon any subject connected with fancy-work or home-decoration.

Mrs. D—— says she wishes to add something decorative to her husband's "smoking den" as a Christmas surprise for him. The little room, she says, has a barren look.

She can introduce a novel effect by covering a pine board, the size of an ordinary pastry board, first with canton flannel or sheet wadding, and then with velveteen, screwing in brass hooks across the top and bottom to rest pipes upon. In the centre of the board can be fastened a gilded or stained bracket shelf, upon which should first be screwed two or three of the little wooden tubs and pails sold for cigar holders and ash receivers. The back of the board may have screw rings to hang it up by, or, better still, the board may rest upon a plain artist's easel placed across a corner of the-

room. The easel may be covered with cork sawings fastened on with mucilage, and varnished when dry, and a grotesque hat hook added to each slat at the top to hold smoking cap and tobacco pouch.

L. F. A. asks if there is any kind of painting that can be laundried. It is said at some of the art stores, that oil painting used with a Florentine medium, and put upon linen duck, will bear careful washing, and, acting on this assertion, some doyleys and splashers have been decorated in that way lately.

MISS LANE wishes to find a teacher for drawn-work and the fancy stitches used in it.

At the Woman's Exchanges in most towns and cities, lessons will be given in the art, but either of the illustrated manuals

on drawn work that are published in New York will give clear instructions.

ELIZA S. J.—tells us that among household goods inherited from a great-aunt, she has a number of blue homespun bed spreads. She asks if it would be in good taste to use them upon beds now.

Eliza is fortunate. Her spreads will make charming portières for bed-room doors. In England such hangings are much in request, and their value is increased when, like Eliza's, they have always belonged in the family. It would be wasting them to put them on beds, and ordinary woven Marseilles counterpanes will really be prettier.

Address

Mrs. M. C. Hungerford,
The HOME-MAKER Office,
24 W. 23d St., N. Y.



TIGHT BANDAGES.



SOME worthy gentleman with his head in the clouds said not long ago, in a scientific journal, that owing to the superior intelligence now possessed by all classes, mothers and nurses no longer compress the tender form of infancy in its earliest days.

I wish his words were true, but unfortunately, there is ignorance enough left among mothers and nurses to allow them to walk in the ways of their grandmothers and tighten the flannel bandages on their babies, till the soft little forms from armpits to hips are firm and hard as a bass-drum.

It is not six weeks since a monthly nurse of excellent reputation assured me gravely that "you had to pin a new-born baby's band as tight as you could get it, or it would grow up with a *wallopy* stomach," whatever that is.

She was strong in her ignorance, and as the little pale mother under her care took her word against mine, I had to leave the

baby in its vise-like foldings, a little victim to the folly and ignorance of its care-takers.

An English doctor who has had much to contend with in the mistaken idea among nurses that tight bandaging is necessary for infants' welfare, ordered a piece of elastic, one inch wide and as long as the flannel band is wide, let into the back of every band, so that when it is pinned on there will not be the same danger of tightening it too much.

A flannel band should be made with two darts, or two V-shaped gores on the lower edge. These will fit it to the lower part of the body, and prevent the wrinkles which must be uncomfortable to the soft skin. A little tab of doubled linen sewed to the lower edge of the band can be taken up in the safety-pin that holds the napkin, and will hold the band down firmly and smoothly far better than tightening it will.

M. C. H.

WHO SHALL MAKE BABY'S WAYS?

BABY'S habits begin forming with its first breath. The little cry which announces its coming is its first complaint: the result of the pain caused by the first en-

trance of the harsh air of our world into its tender lungs. After this, for days, baby is nearly silent. It now rests largely with nurse and mother whether or not the future man or woman shall be a chronic complainer. If baby now cries it is because of some discomfort, and many of these can be removed by a moment's attention. Its cry of hunger is only a notification of its want, and is seldom accompanied by any fretfulness or look of distress unless long unheeded, but an observant ear soon learns the sort of cry that means—"I'm uncomfortable," and a wise nurse will attend without delay. The cause is generally very slight and as easily remedied. Baby may have lain on its back too long, or its little arm may have fallen asleep, or its clothes may have become wrinkled beneath it, and to raise it for an instant, smooth its clothes, or turn it on its pillow will remove cause and complaint together. It is neither necessary nor wise to begin to carry a healthy child about in the arms, but neither should it be allowed to lie and cry by the hour under the notion that "it is good for it." If baby is fed regularly and kept clean and dry, and its little sources of discomfort quickly discovered and removed, a habit of cheerfulness and good temper is forming, that will be a life-long blessing.

Marguerite L'Estrange.

THE BABY.

INTO every dwelling where a new baby has brought with it that love which makes one of the chief happinesses of life, there comes an ardent desire to preserve the life of the little being and secure its comfort. It is so lovely, so tender, so appealing, so precious, we cannot let it know the wind blows ill on any, we must surround it with all ease, and teach it the meaning of joy, and our hearts stand still with horror at the first approach to it of any danger.

Perhaps from too much kindness, perhaps from too much ignorance, many young mothers,—it has become a saying,—kill one baby before they learn how to take care of the next. There are then, in order to prevent such slaughter, a half dozen points concerning the management of a baby that every young mother should commit to memory. The first is to keep her baby warm, often making sure of the temperature of the hands and feet; however, it is well to

remember that if a perfectly well child is restless in sleep it is usually because it is kept too warm; and hence a reason is to be found. The next point is to keep her baby clean and dry, thus preventing chafing and irritation. Another point is contained in the fact that no healthy baby has reason to cry; when the wailing begins there is either hunger or pain, and it must be looked to. Another thing to be thought of, if a child is uneasy, is the question of thirst; a teaspoonful of cool water often acts like an opiate in its soothing charm on the hot little mouth and throat. If, with this, the mother sees that the child is fed at regular intervals, and at no other, every two hours while very young, increasing the intervals to three hours, and, if the child is brought up by hand, letting it be entirely by hand, and having all the apparatus absolutely clean, then there is hardly any reason why the baby thus kept should not continue to thrive and be the centre of all the happiness of the house, till the next nestling shows him how to try his wings outside the edge of the bassinette.

Harriet Prescott Spofford.

A BABY BOX.

MARION HARLAND: *Dear Madam,*
HEARING that you are to have a nursery department in your magazine, I want to express my pleasure that the babies are not to be left out, and also to give you an item, which I hope may be a useful hint to mothers who don't have nurses, and cannot devote all their own time to baby-tending.

I call my invention a baby-box, but I don't expect to patent it, and the whole community of mothers may copy at pleasure.

I bought for a trifle a large square wooden box at the grocer's; the sides were high, so I had them sawed off all around to the height of eighteen inches. First I screwed castors on each corner, then I upholstered my box with a stuffing of "Excelsior," which cost me exactly nothing, it having been used previously at the packing of our new set of bed-room furniture. I covered the bottom with an old piece of oilcloth and made two pads, that will wash, to fit it, but the sides I covered just with burlaps as a covering for the Excelsior stuffing, and then with Turkey red. I made this with a shirring, top and bottom, so I can take it off when it needs

washing, and I made it deep enough to go all the way over the sides and gather under the bottom a little. In fact, I covered it just as old-fashioned people covered baby baskets, before lace and flummery were considered the thing. I had to cut little holes to slip the castors through. I ran strong tape in the hem to draw it up by, and in the inside I drove a few large-headed tacks to keep my industrious and investigating baby from getting it out of place.

The pads I made of white cheese-cloth stuffed thickly with cotton and tacked in squares. In each corner I put a little loop of tape and in the corners of the box I nailed tapes to draw through the loops (on the pads) and tie, so that the pad would always keep in position.

If my box had a great puffy cushion for a top, it would look like a Turkish divan, but it couldn't have any such top without smothering its constant occupant, my eight-months'-old baby, who spends a large part of his happy existence in its soft padded interior. He plays there without any possibility of injury to himself, but happy as he is, he always keeps his "weather eye" on me, for his nature is too sociable to allow of his being one moment alone, and if I attempt to leave the room, first a whimper of surprise, then an active roar of dismay results. But the castors make it easy to move the box, so in whatever room my work keeps me, there is his little Royal Highness wheeled.

Of late H. R. H. has pursued a course of firing all his playthings out of his box, and demanding me to restore them so he can fire them again, which is rather disastrous in some of my avocations, and I seriously contemplate fitting to my baby box a sufficient lofty dome of the coarse wire netting they use for garden fences. Then, the rubber doll, woolly dogs, knit balls, and other missiles will rebound from the obstructing wire and fall back within reach of the ever-ready hands again.

I don't mind jumping up every three seconds when I am writing articles for magazines and papers, but when I am making bread, or doing other things that literary women are supposed to know nothing about, I can't stop.

With hearty wishes for THE HOME-MAKER'S success, I am

Yours truly

Marie Harwood.

New York.

A BATTLE AND A VICTORY.

Dear Home-Maker:

WE were living with my husband's parents when our first baby was small. He was very large and heavy, and full of a restless activity that demanded constant motion. My husband's mother was a very tender-hearted woman, to whom a baby's desires were an absolute law. My baby (like every other child, if indulged) was very fond of being carried in arms, especially at night, and, if not humored, would cry vociferously. So to keep his Grandmother from coming up-stairs to carry him in the night, his father and I did it until the youngster became a perfect little tyrant.

When he was eighteen months old I took him on a visit to my parents, having made up my mind that once there, where I knew no one would interfere with my management, little Master should be speedily taught to go to sleep in his bed.

The first night all went well. The forty miles of driving in the open air had made him too sleepy to think about anything else. But the next night when my young lord was put down on the bed, he lay quietly at first, expecting me soon to take him up and carry and sing him to sleep. Finding I did not come, he began to cry. I went to him, kissed his fair little face, told him he was not to be carried about any more, but to go to sleep where he was. This astonished him greatly and he began an energetic expostulation, to which I replied by a few slaps. Howls followed this unwonted treatment, which doubtless seemed very unjust to the poor little fellow. I withdrew to a side-table, shaded my candles (it was before the days of gas or kerosene) and began reading. Howls succeeded howls. "Did ever a divine-right monarch suffer such a rebellion as this?" they seemed to say. After awhile I paid him sufficient attention to again tell him that his crying was useless, and to give him a few more slaps to divert his attention.

This interesting succession of events lasted till morning, when in utter exhaustion he sobbed himself to sleep. But never afterwards did he fail to go quietly to sleep when laid in his bed. It had been a hard struggle for him, and a worse one for me, but the lesson was learned once for all. Not only in relation to this one thing, but in all others he had discovered that I *meant* what I said. I, too, had learned my lesson, and with my other children I settled this little point when they were less than two months

old, and was never after obliged to have any contests with them. Not that their wills were not strong enough, but children begin to observe and reason very early, and they will not persist in asking for what experience has proved to them that they cannot obtain.

M. H. S.

N. Y. City.

BY RULE AND MEASURE.

UNDOUBTEDLY some harm is done by those who insist upon bringing up all children after one cast-iron pattern. In a certain sense it is true, as an old lady once said, that "if you have thirteen children, you'll find no two of them can be managed alike." But after all, the worst harm, and a great deal the most of it, is committed by those who say "There is no use in trying to bring up a family by rule." Complain as you will about it, the human frame is a machine, and all human frames are pretty much alike, and, as Mrs. Browning says, "need one flannel, with a proper sense of difference in the quality."

The vast majority of children should be

brought up to go to bed early; to rise early; to eat three wholesome, abundant meals per day, and absolutely nothing else; to be scrupulously regular in maintaining both inner and outer cleanliness; to live as much as possible in the open air; and to abhor idleness. There are said to be exceptions to this rule, but the writer has never known one. There may be children who are allowed to break one or more of these regulations habitually, and who yet maintain unbroken health from year's end to year's end, but we never saw one.

Old George Herbert says, and the truths he uttered two hundred and fifty years ago fit us of to-day, as well as they fitted his contemporaries:

"Slight those who say amidst their sickly
healths,
Thou liv'st by rule. What doth not so,
but man?
Houses are built by rule, and common-
wealths;
Entice the trusty sun, if that you can
From his ecliptic line; beckon the sky.
Who lives by rule then, keeps good
company."

Kate Upson Clark.



CONCERNING INSOMNIA.



word *sleep*. One calls it a state of physiological rest; another a suspension of consciousness; a third, the product of rest, fatigue and habit; a fourth, the slackening of the vibrations and the lessening of the explosions of protoplasm; a fifth, the condition of physiological repose in which the molecular movements of the brain are no longer

fully and clearly projected upon the field of consciousness.

Could we know the causes of natural sleep, with how much better chances of success could we discuss the causes of lack of sleep, and with how much greater certainty could we employ methods of combatting it!

Another question which should be answered is, how much sleep is necessary for the well-being of an individual. Age, of course, is a modifying factor. Infants sleep most of the time, or ought to. Children up to ten years of age, half, or more than half the time; from ten to fifteen years of age, ten hours, from fifteen to twenty-five, eight hours, and after that seven hours and even

less. We are inclined to think that many people sleep too much; they lose strength and feel dull, heavy and disinclined to exertion, by remaining too long in bed. This is running a tilt against the popular notion, which is that a great deal of sleep is good for one. According to Hanfield Jones, the more perfect the brain, the less is the tendency to sleep. He further says, there is no difficulty in understanding that our hemispheres (the highest centres of the brain) might be as wakeful as the nerve centres which do not sleep (those which preside over respiration and circulation). People in responsible positions go many hours without sleeping, as the generals of armies. Physicians and nurses are often surprised to find how little sleep is really needed to keep in good health and spirits. To the majority of people, however, the measure of the power of sleeping is the measure of the state of health. The amount of sleep requisite to maintain a perfect equilibrium of bodily well-being doubtless varies very much with different individuals. The whole subject concerning the amount of sleep, which should be strictly physiological, needs a very careful going over, for habit and traditional views have obtained a great sway over us.

A curious diversity of opinion with reference to the causes of sleep obtains among physiologists. Some very notable men frankly acknowledge that they know nothing about it, the fact alone remaining that man is a "sleeping animal." There are, however, those who advance theories and maintain them with all the earnestness of conviction based upon experimentation. Take, for instance, those theories which pertain to the circulation. Mosso had the opportunity of observing several individuals who, from accident, had been deprived of a portion of their skull, which permitted him to observe the condition of the brain. He found that the brain became much paler during sleep. Is sleep therefore due to anæmia of the brain? Certainly, says Durham, for he had observed that the vessels of the brain were narrowed during sleep. With him and Mosso a large number of physiologists and experimenters agree; but others say, and with a show of reason also, that sleep is not caused by anæmia, but that the anæmia is caused by sleep. The brain, no longer in a state of activity, has a decreased blood supply, the same as muscle, which is no longer in use. Another theory is that sleep is occasioned by the exhaustion of the nutrition of the brain due to its func-

tional activity when awake, that during sleep there is a flow of nutrition to it, consequently an increase of blood to supply its deficiencies. There are those too who scoff at this idea, and aver that the nutrition of the brain as of the other organs of the body, is very nearly at a standstill during sleep. Besides these, we have the chemical theories. It was Molière who said we sleep *parce qu'il le forme en nous des substances dormitives*, expressing unwittingly the view of a number of physiologists, who think we sleep because the brain is overwhelmed with products which accumulate in its tissue, as the result of its activity while awake; others think these products carried to the brain through the blood overwhelm its centres, and so produce sleep. One theory calls it an accumulation of carbonic acid in the blood, which brings about sleep, during which it passes away. Another theory expresses this same condition as a lack of oxygen. A French writer answering the question "why do we sleep?" argues that certain substances (leucomaines) overwhelm the brain cells. These substances are the products of the activity of all the tissues, but especially those of muscular and nervous tissue. They are fatiguing and narcotic, and occasion at length the fatigue which leads to sleep. In waking, if the body is refreshed, they have disappeared, having been entirely eliminated and destroyed during sleep. The chemical products which collect in the blood, be they carbonic acid, or other acid, or the alkaloids just described, act on nerve tissues producing sleep, the same as ether and chloroform produce artificial sleep.

These theories, which might be classified as the circulatory, nutritive and the chemical, are the principal ones. Include with these that sleep is produced because of habit, because darkness, because external stimuli are withdrawn, and we have the ideas of the most learned physiologists and neurologists of our time; and yet can we say now why we sleep? The proofs brought forward to confirm these various theories only show what may be the mere concomitants of sleep, and not the cause. Sleep is one of the mysteries of the organism which baffle us, the same as the problem of life itself. Who can tell why we live?

These theories of sleep, if they do not explain the problem of natural sleep, will, however, be of assistance in discussing the question of insomnia, since they show some of the conditions which are requisite

to natural sleep, and they will assist us in ascertaining the causes of insomnia, which are very numerous and complex.

The sleeplessness which is occasioned by tendencies to gout, rheumatism and various other blood-taints, inherited and acquired, as well as such as arise from obvious causes, such as pain, fever and general sickness, we will not consider. It may also be remembered that there is sleeplessness which arises from lack of exercise, and nap-taking in the day time. Then, too, there is that pitiful state in which one has the feeling of insomnia, while in reality he sleeps and perhaps snores the night through, as many of his household can testify.

The greatest predisposing cause to insomnia is an excitable nervous temperament, which can very quickly give rise to a state of cerebral irritability. An individual with such a temperament is doubly alive to impressions during the waking hours. The imaginative brain-worker, for instance, is a thousand times more liable to wakefulness than any other individual. His nerve-cells respond to the slightest stimulus. A wild flower to an ordinary person is simply a weed growing; to the poet it is the incarnation of a divine thought, the symbol of beautiful ideas, its leaves are emeralds, its petals are velvet, its color is heaven's own blue, its perfume is paradise. It whispers to him of the past and of the present; it images to him the whole of eternity. When such a child of genius sleeps he must close the hundred eyes of Argus. If, through taxing his powers of physical endurance, he becomes sleepless, he is driven almost to the verge of desperation.

There is the insomnia of work, worry, business strain and anxiety of mind, burdens which must be borne. Happy the man who has will power and strength of mind to cast them far from him when he seeks repose. Many will say, "it is impossible; with your mind in such a turmoil, how can you sleep at night?"

Then again there is the insomnia which comes to irritated nerves because of disagreeable surroundings, the noise of the ceaseless machinery of the great city, the odors from manufactures, the rumbling of carts, the ringing of bells, the striking of clocks, the whistling of engines, the cries of the never-sleeping denizens of the streets. A physician tells of a patient of his afflicted with persistent insomnia, who could not sleep in London. She left the city and in the

sweet repose of the country she quickly regained her power of sleep, which she always lost when she attempted to return to the city.

Again, we have the insomnia of indigestion, of over-feeding, or of hunger, and the insomnia due to disturbances of the circulation when the brain has too little blood, so that nutrition is interfered with; or when the arteries are full and beating, and there is plethora. The person may not be healthfully fatigued; or may have overworked. When such conditions exist, the victim woos sleep in vain, no matter how perfect may be the sleeping appointments. But suppose the sleepless person is active and healthy, with just imagination enough not to be overwhelmed by the activity of his brain, is undisturbed with cares and anxieties, is not affected by the external annoyances of a large and over-crowded city, has a perfect digestion, and is not overfed or underfed, his circulation, especially his cerebral circulation is properly balanced—why does he not sleep? It may be that he is simply drinking too much tea or coffee, or that his bed-room may be badly ventilated, since he is one of those persons who would rather smother than to breathe the night-air; or it may be that his position in bed impedes his breathing or his circulation.

As varied as are all these causes of insomnia, so varied must the treatment be; but much of it is in the hands of the individual himself. Physicians are more and more arriving at the conclusion that in the cure of chronic insomnia drugs are of little value, and, many times, they are worse than useless. There is ever the haunting fear that an opium or chloral habit may be formed. Sometimes some simple thing may bring about the needed rest. If noises inside of the house or outside disturb one, putting cotton in the ears has been known to give relief. An incident quoted in many physiologies to prove that sleep is due to the withdrawal of external stimuli is that a man with only one eye and one hearing ear went immediately to sleep as soon as these were closed up, and rendered incapable of receiving external impressions. Those who are troubled with sleeplessness should cultivate habits of retiring at a regular hour. A curious but not unreasonable suggestion is to the effect that "one should feign not to want to sleep." It is often a fear of not being able to sleep which keeps the person awake. Many patients inclined to be sleepless, have slept well without medicine, when

they knew that it was at the bedside, and they had only to put out their hand in order to take it. A physician states that he has caused patients with insomnia to sleep by giving them bread pills. It must not be inferred from what has been said that we advocate the setting aside of medicines entirely—far from it. In many instances they break the spell and institute a habit of sleep which might not otherwise have been obtained.

Electricity is often excellent, but it should be first used by the physician, who can teach the patient how to use it himself after awhile.

The most difficult of all cases to manage are those of confirmed sleeplessness without any apparent cause. The following letter describes the condition at its worst most typically.

Dear Dr. Peckham:

Mine is the too common case of many American women. I am the victim of confirmed insomnia. If I average four hours' sleep a night, I consider that I have done well. I am not a student, nor a literary worker, nor an overtasked woman in any way—so say my friends. My husband is in easy circumstances and kindness itself, my children are healthy and dutiful; I have good servants and kind friends. The doctors tell me I have no real disease. But as soon as I lay my head on the pillow, a dark pall seems to cover everything. I cannot think, or pray, or do anything but feel and fear. Everything that has gone wrong in the day, everything that may go wrong tomorrow, all my own shortcomings, woes and grievances, all my friends' burdens—roll in upon my brain and heart. I cannot lie still, but toss and sigh and watch for the morning in agony, hour after hour.

I have taken, in the earlier stages of the trouble, hyoscyamos, bromides, valerian, opium—and scores of other things prescribed by physicians and friends; tried walking, eating, fasting before bed-time, hop pillows, hair pillows, pine pillows, high pillows and no pillows at all—with the same effect. For a year past I have used no foreign means for coaxing sleep. Nothing helps me. I arise every morning haggard, faint, miserable—and drag myself through another weary day, the haunting thought of which is that it will be succeeded by another horrible night. Sometimes I think it will end in a lunatic asylum. Yet nothing ails me but inability to sleep.

I am willing to do anything and go anywhere for relief.

M. E. H.

Cincinnati, Ohio.

Healthy sleep is described by Mortimer Granville as a combination of cerebral, automatic, muscular and visceral sleep. The muscles repose, the lower automatic centres, with the exception of those of respiration and circulation, whose activity is lessened, are in a state of quiescence; the cerebrum ceases its activity, as well as the stomach and other organs. If one or more of these systems fail to sleep, the rest is disturbed: for instance, the muscles may twitch and arouse the sleeping cerebrum; the stomach may assert its wakefulness and startle its owner out of his slumber with a nightmare. In such a case as that described in the letter, there is a lack of cerebral sleep. The brain is too active, thought occasions the insomnia; as it has been expressed, "the sleepless mind riots in chambers of imagery." Imagining after going to bed, says the same writer, is a habit which many people form, the indulgence in which will result in sleeplessness. How many review the day's work after retiring, how many make it a time for moralizing over misdeeds and shortcomings, until in the silent watches of the night everything becomes distorted and disproportioned. Close up the day's record before going to bed, is excellent advice. Learn to take care lightly, to control thought; it is not as impossible as it seems.

The monks were wise when they recommended the telling of beads for sleeplessness. A monotonous sound will often bring about sleep. Reading to one's self or still better to have some one else read aloud is often efficacious. If thoughts are dark and gloomy, says the author of "Common Mind Troubles," make them comical and ludicrous. If one is truly brain-weary, do not try to replace the thoughts with others, but make it a blank as far as may be. If the brain is excited, turn it to monotonous thoughts, such as the celebrated recommendation of counting imaginary sheep as they go over an imaginary wall or through an imaginary gate. Recite poems or verses, or go over a journey which you very much enjoyed, recalling every trifling detail, the fatigue of trying to remember often makes one glad to shut the eyes in sleep. I know a lady who for years was exceedingly wakeful, and she found she could go to sleep on "the thought of Florida," as she expressed it, which meant

that she pictured in her mind a tropical scene in which were lofty trees with long trailing streamers of the gray southern moss waving to and fro before her eyes. There are very many of these lulling, sleep-producing pictures, a waving corn-field, spirals and revolving figures, the counting the waves which break on the seashore, the sound of distant bells, all of which are intended to fatigue and bewilder the cerebral centres and bring about blissful oblivion.

The causes of this intense cerebral activity are two, directly opposite in nature, a too active cerebral circulation and an insufficient cerebral circulation. The former can be easily recognized from the throbbing and pulsating arteries. In such cases, sleep is obtained by regulating the circulation, which is not difficult. If there is too great afflux of blood to the brain, ice at the nape of the neck, a mustard paste, a warm or mustard bath will affect a change. A correspondent of *The London Lancet* found a method of self-asphyxiation an effectual remedy for his own insomnia. After taking a deep inspiration he holds his breath till discomfort is felt, then he repeats the process a second and a third time. This as a rule is sufficient to procure sleep. Massage is excellent, especially when for any reason the person is unable to take sufficient exercise, for lack of physical exercise is often a strong factor in producing sleeplessness; exercise in the open air sends the blood thrilling through the arteries and veins. Equalize by whatever means seem best the circulation, and do not retire with cold feet and hot head to think, "I never shall be able to get to sleep this night."

Next to disturbances in circulation come

disturbances of the digestive organs as potent in preventing slumber. Oftentimes a person is unable to sleep because of dyspepsia, and to treat the insomnia properly would be to treat that. Many small eaters and thin people do not sleep because of hunger. A glass of milk, or a light repast will perhaps be all that is necessary to relieve them. Ale, porter, and other alcoholic stimulants act in the same manner as sleep-producers.

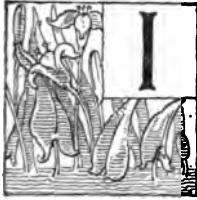
Dr. Johann Meuli-Hilty, a German, writes enthusiastically about the effect of sleeping with the head low, as a means of obtaining the most refreshing slumber. He raises the foot of the bed so that it forms an inclined plane. He says that the sleep thus obtained is more beneficial, that one awakens with a clearer head, a wider mental horizon. He claims that the neck increases in size, and that the cerebral circulation is improved and that the influence upon the lungs is so great, that it can lessen the tendency to consumption. He recommends that the lowering of the head be done gradually. This method of obtaining sleep was discovered in making experiments in other directions. Many people sleep with their heads too high. If one is unable to sleep by lowering the head, or in the usual traditional position, repose often comes when sitting in an upright or semi-upright position.

Persistent insomnia is a condition not to be trifled with. If it does not yield to treatment there is usually some deep underlying cause which should be sought. Nine-tenths of the insomnia which prevails is due to the restless, ceaseless striving after wealth and reputation. Too many hours of anxious work and "Macbeth hath murdered sleep."





CONSERVATION OF FORCES.



IT should be as natural for the old to be prudent as for the young to be extravagant. By sixty, a man has gauged most terrestrial cisterns and learned that none of them are exhaustless.

The bucket that requires a longer and longer rope each day, strikes the shallowing water of life with a different sound from that let down gayly by youth. Our sexagenarian knows that when all is taken away, nothing will remain in the well. Life's forces have a limit. Everybody gives the axiom an intellectual belief, and is generous with advice to his neighbors, as they gain in years, to economize their physical resources. Each of us is too apt, on the one hand, to disregard the tokens of decadence in himself, on the other, to despond when he detects the signs of failing powers. To renew the figure of the well, the water may last a long time if not wasted, and while it is a living fountain, is replenished steadily, if slowly.

People who have kept the supply of mental, physical and nervous forces just a half-degree short of absolute exhaustion for years, "break up" earlier than others who have been more indolent, or far-sighted. Their notes upon the Bank of Life are not renewed upon application, or at a ruinous rate of discount. But, except when the "dying at the top" has actually begun, the cases are few in which intelligent management of "the things that remain" will not be followed by gratifying results.

Grandpapa, at sixty, does not relish his food as at fifty. One poor old soul at eighty moaned three times a day, with the regularity of the grace before meat, without which she would not have tasted bite or sup:—

"O, dear! O, dear! O, dear! I *wish* I could eat something that tastes as it useter!"

Grandpapa recalls the "used to" with a real pang. It is not the gratification of the appetite he regrets so much as the appetite itself. He would rather have that, and re-

strain indulgence, than to find that nothing tempts him to excess.

The illiterate nurse of a hundred-year-old patient may not have been so far out of the way when she raised a laugh by saying that her charge was deaf, blind, and so childish that she babbled to her own parents and the playfellows of ninety years ago, but that "*she had all her faculties.*" When catechized, the custodian explained that the "dear old lady enjoyed her food beautiful, and it allays agreed with her." Grandpapa cannot do a more sensible thing, even at this late day, than to cultivate the friendship of his stomach. Things which did not offend it in former times must be avoided now. If he fasts, it grows sullen; if he overeats, it revenges itself without scruple. Without seeming whimsical, he can easily arrange a judicious dietary, the simpler the better, that will strengthen, not tax the digestive organs. Every day that passes without dyspeptic monitions is a lease on life. It is no disgrace even to a young man to decline pickles, lobster, pies, cucumbers, and fried fats, or to be heedful of times and seasons in the matter of his daily meals. Too much license in this respect is an imperitance Mother Nature is slow to condone.

While our old man (or woman) may be disposed to rise up at the voice of the bird, and sometimes chide him peevishly for delay in beginning matins, he can no longer cut the night short at the other end without suffering for it. Mr. Howells makes the hero of "Indian Summer," an admirably-kept man of forty, feel drowsy and languid on the morrow of the ball attended with his youthful *fiancée*, and acknowledge ruefully that late hours tell on one of his age. We do not follow the mild romance far enough to learn if the premature antique became superannuated at sixty.

Really old people do not need as much sleep as the young, and what they get is hard-won. An evening of unwonted excitement or a fatiguing day scares away needed slumber. Somebody said, a long while ago,

that he hated visiting. "It took him three nights to get acquainted with the strange bolster." Grandpapa appreciates the force of the murmur. Youth covets novelty. Age dreads change of all kinds. The trouble forgotten by the girl in dreams by the time her head has nestled against the comfort-full pillow, keeps her mother awake until the small hours.

The conclusion is plain. If mamma would take rest in sleep, she must avoid extreme weariness, late bedtimes, and rumination upon agitating subjects in the evening. She must, above all, study to control hasty impulses, to watch temper and tongue for her own sake if not for the sake of others. The jarred nerves do not recover their balance as readily as of old. A flurry of spirits, a family "tiff," in which she may or may not take an active part, mean with her disturbance of nature's equilibrium. The discovery of these painful truths is made slowly and unwillingly even by sensible people. Much of the mutual intolerance too often apparent between the juniors and the elders of the household springs from the struggle against what cannot be successfully resisted. "Mother" will overwork herself in the attempt to prove that she is not "failing," and takes pride in outdoing the "lazy young folks of this day." The strained cord chafes and twangs sharply, and the grandchildren wonder "why all old people *must* be cross and kinky!"

Mother sits in a draught, and takes cold; tries to run upstairs, and has a "turn" of palpitation and shortness of breath that makes a scene; sits up late reading, and has a headache next day; stands for two hours at a crowded reception, and cannot move for a fortnight for excruciating sciatica. The frank confession, "If I am to remain useful to my family and friends and comfortable in myself, I must husband my resources," would not make her a day older in the eyes of others. And as "many a mickle makes a muckle," every time she stops short of actual fatigue sets something to her account.

OUR readers are cordially invited to send us notes and suggestions for this department. So many homes are blest with good grandparents, the story of whose daily lives and occupations would help others of mature age and interest all, that we call especial attention to this request.—EDS. OF "THE HOME-MAKER."

TWILIGHT TASKS.

CROTCHETING is more fatiguing than knitting. Some women cannot bear the nerve-friction of pulling at one stitch, hour after hour. The regular click of the knitting-needles is in itself a sedative and plain knitting requires little eyesight, no watching. The infinite variety of fancy-stitches adapted for shawls, slippers, baby-socks and shirts, afghans, and a host of other articles useful and ornamental, may not tire some grandmothers. To others they are a strain and care. In the twilight of life and of the day, plain knitting back and forth, leaving both sides of the fabric alike, is the safest work. Back and forth, back and forth,—no right to be considered, and no wrong to be shunned—are a sort of mental massage, that tranquilizes and makes over the subject.

BATH-BLANKETS.

BATH-blankets for grandbabies of our own, and for friends' babies and grandbabies, can never be produced in excess of present and prospective demand.

Heavy zephyr is used for them, and somewhat large hard-wood or bone needles. One hundred and twenty stitches will make a good-sized breadth of blanket. Knit it a square and a quarter in length. It may be bordered with colors, although nothing except red will bear the washing required to keep the bath-blanket clean.

CRADLE-BLANKETS.

CRADLE-blankets are knit of single zephyr on smaller needles than are used for bath-wraps. One hundred and forty stitches are hung on at the beginning. The blanket may be prettily striped with "baby-blue" and white, with pink and white, or scarlet and white. A wide band of color at the ends and plain white between, looks well.

Bind the ends with ribbon or galloon, or edge with knitted worsted lace.

AFGHAN FOR BABY-CARRIAGE OR CRIB.

K NIT plain strips, wide or narrow, as taste may dictate, of harmoniously contrasting zephyr, or of Germantown worsted, until each is the whole length of the afghan. When you have enough, crochet them together with colored worsted to match the principal hue used, or with one that offers

a vivid contrast. Crochet a loop chain at each end, and knot lengths of worsted into this as a fringe.

If you prefer, knit squares, instead of strips, and join neatly with the crocheted cording.

GRANDMA'S QUILT.



GRANDMA called it a quilt. We did too, in her hearing, while she was with us. We do it now for sweet association's sake. We liked the few old-time phrases that slipped from her lips. She was never ungrammatical. It was surprising how she kept up with modern usages in language and pronunciation.

I recollect the affectionate laughter that arose from the tea-table one evening when she arrested my brother-in-law in the middle of a sentence to say, gently:—

"Excuse me, Robert, but is that the right pronunciation of that word? I have always called it "*nomenclature*."

Robert deferred to her instantly. Perhaps—probably, she was right and he wrong, but he believed that certain authorities, etc., etc.

"To the law and the testimony!" said Grandma, blithely. "If I have wronged a respectable word, I want to know it."

Three or four orthoepical works were produced and compared. The weight of proof was in favor of Robert's pronunciation.

"Live and learn!" said Grandma. That saying, and "It is never too late to learn," were the rules of her lovely life. "After this, I shall always say, "*no-men-cla-ture*!"

Her tongue tangled on the word—once—twice—three times. We laughed. So did she. When she mastered the novel accentuation, we clapped our hands. Robert went around to her side of the table and kissed her.

"I hope you will never die!" he said. "I am sure you never will be old."

That was the winter she began her quilt. She was then seventy. It took her two years to finish it. It was one of my wedding-presents. The baby-girl named for her was seven years old when Grandma went quietly to sleep one night and awoke young.

It is her quilt still. It lies on the bed by me as I write.

There are twenty-four pieces of fine corded *pique*. Each is a quarter of a yard square. She cut them by a thread. Each is embroidered in a different design from the rest. A bunch of wheat is on one. A spray of wild roses is on another. On a third, lilies of the valley grow among grasses. This one is covered by a spider's web done in outline stitch. That is crossed by a "conventional" net, caught, at each intersection, by a clover leaf.

She worked the patterns in what she knew as "nun's working cotton." Sometimes she did but one leaf or flower a day. When she found herself hurrying to finish the square she put it away for the time.

"At my time of life, one ought not to give herself a stated task—'a stent,' as my mother used to call it," she would say. "It *tautens* up the nerves at once. We old people must take life easily and as it comes to us, if we would keep life at all. And so good a thing is worth the keeping."

That was the reason it took her two years to finish the quilt. Between-times, she knit of linen thread, insertion for joining the squares, and edging for the whole counterpane. It is delicate, cobwebby lace, but very strong. Not a mesh has given way in all these years. With care in washing and using, it will last a hundred years. The central square bears her initials and the dates of commencement and completion, also embroidered.

When it was put among my bridal-gifts, it was lined with rose-colored silk. The lining has been changed once. I took great pains to match the exact shade. Each figure has its association and story for me who watched the dear, deft fingers at work upon it. It is valuable as a bed covering, a handsome one which will grow into quaintness with years, but never be unfashionable, because there is nothing meretricious about it. Embroidery has this advantage over braiding and *appliqué*, which go out and come in again several times in a generation.

Judith Smythe.



GOWNS.

It is particularly to be noticed that the answer to the prevalent question, "Tour-nure or no tournure?" is by no means definite, for even in the gowns made in direct opposition to the bustle, the steels are still used,—and on a graceful figure the effect is pleasing.

Evening dresses are generally classic in style and the materials used for them are Crêpon, Mousseline de Soie, Crêpe de Chine, etc. These fabrics readily adapt themselves to the Grecian mode of drapery, and are especially effective when finished with a broad fringed sash of soft Arabian or Armure silk.

Empire gowns are to be much worn. The brocades of which they are composed are beautiful in design and color. The laces used in the tabliers of these dresses are Chantilly, Alençon, Namur and Edelweiss. Tulle, net and embroidered *lisse* trimmed with ribbons are still fashionable for young girls and débutantes. One charming gown is of marine blue glacé silk shot with red, with entire over-dress of black tulle edged with black moire ribbon. The waist is *decolleté*, with sash springing from the back waist-line and going over the right shoulder to the left side in front and falling to the bottom of the skirt. This sash is finished at the ends with jet fringe.

Plain black silk Directoire gowns with Roman sashes are suitable for young girls.

The tailor-made gowns have still the great popularity they so well deserve. They are very simple in design and will not be as elaborately braided as heretofore. Indeed, all the new costumes aim more at rich though simple effects than last year, and the fussiness of apparel of previous seasons is rapidly giving way to the more artistic, though plain drapery.

GLOVES AND FANS.

Gloves this year are prettier than ever. Those made of *glacé* kid are much less worn than the undressed kid. Every woman

knows how much more comfortable the latter are. They are more elastic and soft, fitting to the hand as the glazed gloves never do. Then, too, the shades in which they come are exquisite, and of so great a variety that they can be procured to match almost any gown. The loose-wristed *mousquetaire* is still in fashion, though the closely-buttoned wrist is much more elegant for calling, the theatre, etc.

The most popular shades for evening gloves are light tan, pearl gray, and a beautiful, indescribable pink as nearly as possible in color like the lining of a sea shell.

Heavily embroidered backs are only used on very short gloves. On those of more than four-button length the stitching is either of medium weight, or very light.

Gauze and lace fans are still popular. A beautiful one is of embroidered gauze with mother-of-pearl sticks; another with ivory sticks, is of gauze, spangled with red-bronze butterflies. Feather fans are to be had in all colors, so that the most fastidious belle may easily have one to match each evening costume.

MEN'S FASHIONS.

The most startling novelty in men's wear is the cravat which passes twice around the neck and ties in front in a flat knot or in a large bow. The best way to describe them is to say that they are identically the same as the stiff, bulky constructions worn by our grandfathers. These come in black or dark shades and white satin. For those who do not care to appear just yet in this extreme of fashion, the "four-in-hand" is yet, and probably always will be "the thing." For evening-wear the only tie permissible with the dress suit is the conventional small linen cravat. There is little change in collars. They are still high, the only variation being that some are made with special reference to the voluminous cravat which is to be worn with them.

Tailors are making a few dress-suits of corded cloth, but the plain black broadcloth is preferred. There has been much talk of

the broad sash to be used instead of the vest with evening dress, but this fashion has been carried to such a foolish extent among a certain class of dudes at Saratoga and elsewhere during the past summer, that a reaction has set in. The properly-dressed man this winter will wear the usual black vest with his dress suit. Even white vests will be tabooed.

For evening wear, pumps will not be worn, and patent leather is no longer as fashionable as heretofore. A soft calf-skin button shoe or Congress gaiter is in better form, while a heavy laced shoe may be used for walking and business wear.

Striped and colored shirts should not be worn during the winter months. Dress shirts are plain white, or with only a line of

embroidery. With these, three studs are still worn.

The "crush" or "Opera" hat has entirely gone out. Of course the silk hat is still always the proper thing, while the black Derby will continue to be very popular.

The so-called "smoking-jacket" is a thing of the past with ultra-fashionable men, and a loose coat made of a rough cloth, closely resembling homespun, takes its place. The old sensible smoking jacket will, however, remain so dear to the hearts of many ease-loving men, that it will not be allowed to be entirely banished.

Thanks for information in this Department are due to Madame Barnes, 61 West 22d St., Le Boutillier & Co., Lord & Taylor, and Kaskel & Kaskel, New York.



OUR WINDOW GARDEN.



MOST of us by this time have planned and made preparation for the plants and flowers we hope to have in our windows in winter, and the most we now can do is to take good care of that which we already have arranged for a coming supply, and learn all we can, by observation and study, about plants adapted for our use, and how to get, grow and enjoy them.

Our windows should now be gay with petunias, oxalis of various sorts, bouvardias, carnations, mahernias, nierembergia, Jobb's nasturtium, Paris daisies, pot marigolds, mignonette, sweet alyssum, scarlet geraniums, epiphyllums (lobster-claw cactus), Chinese primroses and some other popular plants. But the great flower of this time of year is the chrysanthemum.

Besides the "flowering" plants we grow in our windows in winter we have a good many that we cultivate for their pretty foliage alone, for instance ferns, club moss

or selaginella. English ivy, sweet myrtle, "umbrella plant" (an unfortunate name given to *Cyperus alternifolius*), smilax and rose-scented geranium. We also have to keep over winter a few coleuses, geraniums, abutilons, heliotropes, and other tender plants that we use in our summer gardens, and which must be wintered indoors. And perhaps we may have some cactuses, century plants, amaryllises, camellias, hydrangeas, oleander, crape myrtle and orange trees to care for. And, maybe, we have gladiolus, tigridia, and other summer blooming tender bulbs to look after, and dahlias, cannas, caladiums, Madeira vine and other plants of like nature to keep over till next spring. Now it requires a good deal of practical familiarity and forethought to make room for all these plants, and give to each its proper, or at least safe conditions of cultivation during winter, and as such information may now be more opportune than anything else, I will confine myself to it in this paper, and in future papers teach more of the simple, practical parts of house and home gardening.



Chrysanthemums.



Please note that while a slight frost may not hurt a carnation; Chinese primrose or sweet alyssum, it will not do any of them any good, therefore endeavor at all times to preserve your pot plants from frost. Should any of your plants get frozen, however, just as soon as you discover it remove them to a cool (but above the freezing point) shady place in a room or cellar and there let them thaw out gradually and slowly; after thawing has commenced wet them overhead with water almost ice-cold. Now while it would be impossible to restore the frozen part of the foliage of a coleus, balsam or cineraria or of tropical plants generally, fish geraniums, verbenas, carnations and Drummond phlox may thaw out, looking not a whit the worse.

Now for a proper distribution and arrangement of your plants: As a rule, all plants in bloom love the sunniest windows, and we should favor them in this direction. Ferns, cactuses, camellias, sweet daphne, sweet myrtle, pittosporum and such evergreens may be grown in a sunless window, or, if the room is moderately cool, a little behind the plants that are in bloom in the sunny window. Although sunshine would hasten the blooming time of camellias and azaleas, rather than have them crowded by other plants, and thereby injured, far better grow them in more shaded quarters even if it should delay their blooming period for a month. Smilax loves heat, sunshine and moisture, while in active growth, but English ivy or German ivy will thrive well enough in a perfectly sunless window, and in the case of the English, it will not be hurt even if frost reaches it now and again. Of course we will train the vines upward and around our windows, and, if need be, toward the interior of our rooms. If we have a lot of flowering plants in our windows we cannot give to coleuses, iresines and alternantheras the warm, sunny places that they love so dearly, but by keeping them slightly dry we can get along with them well enough in shady places.

Geraniums, ageratums, abutilons, heliotrope and other green-leaved plants being kept over for next summer's garden will thrive in a slightly sunny or even sunless window, at a temperature of 40°. This sort of stock is usually propagated from cuttings, and in order that they should winter

safely and with very little trouble, they should now be well-rooted and slightly pot-bound. If we have no room for our camellias, Indian azaleas, oleanders, pittosporum and the like, we can store them close together in a cool airy cellar from which frost should be excluded, or nearly so. Century plant, English ivy, valottia lilies, and blue agapanthus may also be stored in the cellar, which should be sweet, clean and light and having a temperature above 32° and under 50° in winter. And bear in mind that evergreen plants, like camellias, etc., should never be allowed to get very dry even if they are in the cellar; but bulbs at rest, also succulents, as century plants, if kept in a cool sweet cellar need no water in winter.

Calceolarias, cinerarias, Persian cyclamen and Chinese primroses will thrive admirably in a sunless window providing they are given a place close to the glass; but if grown in sunny windows if the sunshine wilts them at all, draw a sheet of mosquito netting or other thin material between them and the glass during the warmest part of the day.

If you have some hyacinths, tulips, narcissus, or other such "Dutch" bulbs potted for blooming in the house, particularly avoid hurrying them up, just let them alone in some cool dark place in the cellar or shed till January, and cover them up, pots, tops and all with sand, earth, sawdust or tan to help keep them cool, dark and at a uniform temperature. If they get a good watering at potting time they should not need any more water till they start to grow, but don't let them get very dry, and never allow frost to reach them. We have more failures with bulbous plants by starting them to grow too early than from any other cause. If you have not already any of these bulbs, buy a few at the seed store (you're in time enough yet,) and plant them—one bulb in a four-inch wide pot, two bulbs in a five-inch pot and three or four bulbs in a six-inch pot. Use common soil, sandy if possible, and unless you know something about using manure in soil, don't use it. In potting, leave the bulbs one-third above ground. Then store them away in the cellar or shed for a couple of months to make roots before you bring them to the light.

As this is the month of chrysanthemums it is well to study them. It is one of the most satisfactory flowers an amateur can handle. It is easy to grow either in the open garden or in a flower pot, sure to bloom,

and it flowers at a time when we have comparatively few other plants in bloom. And when it has stopped blooming we should cut it down to the ground, and store part of the roots in a cool cellar till next April, observing however that they never suffer for want of water. They are not expensive to begin with, and after a season's growth they afford us material enough by which we may multiply them exceedingly. And if we wish for a large variety at a cheap rate, we can get from a ten-cent or twenty-five cent packet of seeds a score or hundred different sorts, but most of them single. If we sow the seed early in spring, the plants will all bloom the first year. There is a particular charm about raising seedlings; we always have a chance of raising something distinctly new and profitable. Many amateurs often have a good deal of trouble in keeping their dahlia and canna roots during the winter. Now you won't have any trouble if you carefully observe these three points, namely: first, never let frost reach them; second, don't wet them overhead while they are in the cellar, and, third, spread them out in thin bulk, on a slightly moist layer of earth, sand or ashes, on the floor or shelf. The cause of failure most generally seems to be that the roots are frozen to death, frizzled to death, or rotted by wet, or have been stored in large bulk. Summer-flowering bulbs as gladioluses, tuberose, tigridias and galtonia should be kept perfectly dry and away from frost; but it is better to keep the montbrelia in slightly moist earth.

See that your dooryards are nice and clean. Because the winter is coming on and the flowers are all past, don't let that be any excuse for a slatternly ill-kept doorway. Cut down all the dead stems of phloxes, larkspur, and other perennials, root out all the old marigolds and other annuals, tear down the morning-glories and other dead vines, and clear them all away, and rake up and remove all the fallen leaves. Then see that the walks are in good repair and free from weeds and the grass edgings are shorn. And if you have any board pathways to lay down for winter, get them put down before the frost takes hold of the ground, and in this way you can have them laid in less time and much more solidly than when the ground is frozen. Have an air of neatness about your home; let the outside bespeak what we may expect to find inside.

William Falconer.



THE GRAY MARE A SAFE HORSE.

FRANKLIN used to say that "the man who would thrive must ask his (a) wife." Of the same opinion was the hero of the following little story: A clergyman, travelling through the village of Kettle, in Fifeshire, was called into an inn to officiate at a marriage, instead of the parish minister, who, from some accident, was unable to attend, and had caused the company to wait for a considerable time.

While the reverend gentleman was pronouncing the admonition, and just as he had told the bridegroom to love and honor his wife, the said bridegroom interjected the words, "*and obey*," which he thought had been omitted from oversight, though that is part of the rule laid down solely to the wife. The minister, surprised to find a husband willing to be henpecked by anticipation, did not take advantage of the proposed amendment; on which the bridegroom again reminded him of the omission. "Ay, obey, sir—love, honor, and obey, ye ken," and he seemed seriously discomposed that his hint was not taken.

Some years after the same clergyman was riding through the village, when the same man came out and stopped him, addressing him in the following remarkable words: "D'ye mind, sir, yon day, when ye married me, and when I wad insist upon vowing to obey my wife? Weel, ye may now see that I was in the richt. Whether ye wad or no, I have obeyed my wife; and behold, I am now the only man that has a two-story house in the hale town!"—"Five Talents of Woman."

NOTHING, IF NOT BUSINESS-LIKE.

Two girl-friends were one day discussing a young man who had offered one of them somewhat marked attention. "What made you discourage him, Kitty? I know you did," said Elinor.

"Well, you see," answered Kitty, confidentially, "he was a little too matter-of-fact. He sent me his photograph in an unsealed envelope, just as if it had been a circular."

"Perhaps he felt stingy, and didn't want to sacrifice an extra cent," suggested Elinor.

"No, that wasn't it; he merely took such a business-like view of all transactions that it simply didn't occur to him to pay more than the postal laws require. And then—now, Nell, you won't tell?"

"Never!"

"Not as long as you live?"

"Not if I should be older than Methusalem!"

"Well, he actually did propose to me, in a letter written with a type-writer! I can't be sure it wasn't dictated to an amanuensis. Now, Nell, could any reasonable girl be expected to say 'yes' to a question put in that way?"—*Youth's Companion*.

PEACE.

"Who knows how often he offendeth?"

When Conscience's white light burns dim
In doubt of Right, that word descendeth
Alone, from Him.

We cannot tell, we see but blindly
Through the strange cross-lights given to
all,
By rule than all our own more kindly
We stand or fall.

So, if, in this inspired disorder,
We seem at times to lose our way,
And by man's laws to cross the border,
We can but pray.

We can but say, we know not wherefore
Man's evil may be oft God's good;
We think He understands and therefore
'Tis understood.

We can but feel, the mystic teaching
Has told us o'er and o'er again,
For God's commands to slight the preaching
Commands of men.

Strange mystery! if it was forever,
Then let the yearning spirit rest,
Through the long trouble of endeavor,
Upon His breast.

Know that He knows; all else will follow
As surely as the light the dark;
And as the flight of hawk or swallow
Rest on the Ark.

Herman Merivale.

GRAIN AND VENEER.

THERE is a coarse streak in almost every man and in almost every other woman. Varnish and veneer are of varying qualities, some remaining intact for years. It is safe never to scratch too deeply or to subject acquaintances to abrupt extremes of temperature if you would not expose the rough grain of the wood beneath the gloss. The cat, transformed at her master's prayer, into his bride, sprang from his arms to seize and devour a mouse that

strayed into the room. There are mice in our social wainscots, and occasionally one scampers across a drawing-room floor to prove that now, as in Æsop's day, Nature is stronger than Custom.

A BJURE slang sternly and upon principle. If for no other reason, because it narrows your vocabulary. It is the favorite refuge of the slovenly and the indolent. If your thought does not deserve a neat dress, keep it in some back-closet of your own brain.



BOOKS READ IN THE ROCKING-CHAIR.

(*The Spell of Ashtaroth*, by Duffield Osborne. Charles Scribner's Sons, N. Y.)

The taste for historical Scripture narrative, clothed in attractive form, received a fresh stimulus from the publication of *Ben Hur*. A book that created such a furore must necessarily have many imitations, but such of these as have appeared have sunk into obscurity, almost without notice.

"*The Spell of Ashtaroth*" cannot be termed an imitation of "*Ben Hur*," except in so far as it deals with Bible times and personages. Mr. Osborne has chosen a field hitherto unworked, and has worked it more than well. He has wisely avoided the blunder of cumbering his book with historical and archæological detail, and confined himself to the single episode of the fall of Jericho, with the attendant circumstances. The story breathes the very spirit of the Jewish creed and is written with a clearness and directness that cheat one into forgetfulness of the patient research and scholarly skill which have set before us a picture of life and character at a date four thousand years old, yet full of freshness and interest to the reader of to-day. The word-painting is masterly, and the dramatic movement of certain portions—notably the downfall of the city, preceded by the sublime procession of priests and tribes; the cast of the lots, and

the final scenes in the mountain-girt valley where the stern sentence of Joshua was executed—is wonderfully managed.

The absence of didactic comment upon contemporary times and manners; the simplicity of machinery and plot; the graceful assumption that the reader is sufficiently conversant with the outline and scene of the narrative to render involved explanation needless,—all have their part in making this the most attractive historical romance that has appeared within the decade. The local coloring is excellent, and the delicacy of handling which is one of the chief charms of the work does not hide from the intelligent reader the proofs of careful study that enabled the author to achieve fidelity of description even in such minutiae as particulars of costume, and minor points in ornamental architecture, Jewish domestic customs and religious observances.

(*The Five Talents of Woman*. Charles Scribner's Sons, N. Y.)

This is a pretty volume, and the attractive exterior is but an earnest of readable pages. Like "*How to be Happy, though Married*," by the same author, it is vivacious, eminently practical, and abundant in bright anecdote.

The Five Talents of Woman are, accord-

ing to the writer: 1. To please people. 2. To feed them in dainty ways. 3. To clothe them. 4. To keep them orderly. 5. To teach them. Several chapters are devoted to each of these talents, and all combine sound friendly advice to mothers, mistresses, wives, daughters, teachers, nurses, sisters, and young women generally, with a blithe sweetness of spirit and generous charity which rob some very plain speaking of any possible sting.

(*Fireside Saints*, by Douglas Jerrold. *Wishing-Cap Papers*, by Leigh Hunt. *Broken Lights, Religious Duty*, by Frances Power Cobbe. Lee & Shepherd, Boston.)

These are American reprints of popular English books issued in the *Good Company Series*, printed in fairly good type, and put together in neat uniform binding.

(*Our Country*, by Josiah Strong, D.D. Baker & Taylor, N. Y.)

A wonderful compend, now in the hundred-and-fifteenth edition of as many thousands. The modest size and binding give

little intimation of the phenomenal collection of facts it contains, compiled with singular judgment and supported by irrefutable testimony given by men and documents.

(*International Sunday-School Lessons for 1889*, by George F. Pentecost, D.D. A. S. Barnes & Co., New York and Chicago.)

Everything relating to Bible study from this author and publishing-house is pretty sure to deserve and receive commendation. The volume in our hand is not an exception. We heartily commend it to S.S. teachers and Scripture students.

(*Queer People with Wings and Stings*. Hubbard Brothers, Philadelphia.)

An amusing book by Palmer Cox, intended for the nursery. The cover is gay, the illustrations clever and the rhymes not bad. The wit and wisdom of preparing a children's book with misspelt words on the title-page and grammatical blunders in the subject matter, are, however, questionable to sober-minded mothers.



(Communicated.)

(*A Gallant Fight*, by Marion Harland. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York.)

The hand which in girlhood wrote "*Alone*" and "*The Hidden Path*," which later, in "*Sunnybank*" swept to sweetest harmony the jarring chords evoked by our Civil War, which has given us "*True as Steel*," "*From my Youth Up*," "*Jessamine*," "*Nemesis*," "*My Little Love*," and many another volume, familiar as household words in American homes, loses none of its cunning, forgets none of the old witchery "*Judith*," which preceded the present book, maintained its dramatic intensity from beginning to end, surpassing in the opinion of some of its critics any former work of its author. "*A Gallant Fight*" in passionate earnestness, stirring episode, and sustained

interest, challenges comparison with the most notable novels of the year.

Its pages are vitalized with feeling; the sympathetic reader is aware of quickened pulses, brushes away the gathering tears, laughs at the irresistible gleams of humor, begins against his will to localize and individualize, fancying the recognition of certain personages and the identification of certain places. We are not our own, nor may we do as we please, while Marion Harland holds us, like eagerly listening children, in the group around her chair, telling her latest story with a heart-beat in every page.

To eviscerate a novel, gleaning its happy aphorisms, telling its plot, revealing its secrets, and robbing it of half its charms for the thousands of waiting readers to whom it will prove a feast, is, on the part of the reviewer, at once gratuitous and ungracious.

It is not in the present writer's plan to cheat the future readers of "*A Gallant Fight*," in this high-handed way. She may confide to them that she found herself unable to put the book down, having begun the story, till breathless with excitement, she reached the final page, and that it is her deliberate conclusion, that as a specimen of the novel, written above-board and straightforwardly, with a strong and manifest moral purpose, "*A Gallant Fight*" is unexcelled.

Marion Harland's outlook on life is through serious and thoughtful eyes. To the sensuous fervor of an imagination nurtured under the warm sky of the South, she adds the austere sense of right, the vigor of conscience, derived from some far-away strain of Puritan ancestry. Her own blessed experience of life in a perfect home has not blinded her to the sorrows that make the pathway to so many women a *Via Dolorosa*, and she carries the cross vicariously and suffers in unison with the sisterhood whose lives are shadowed.

In the heroine of "*A Gallant Fight*," we discover an ideal woman, flawless in discretion, serenity, equipoise and self-abnegation. Tried in the crucible, she is not found wanting. As mother, wife and friend, brave, tender, considerate, and in circumstances acutely-tormenting, a miracle of patience and self-restraint, Mrs. Phelps embodies the author's conception of wifehood, of shall we say, womanhood? in its finest flower, and most queenly estate. Deceived where she had wholly trusted, she loses no jot of her dignity, displays no weakness, begs for no pity. Indeed, if this heroine have a fault, it is that in the gallant fight which she wages unsuspected for six long years, unhelped save by her God, she is too much the stoic, too seldom reveals the hurt beneath her silken armor. It goes without saying, that her warfare, typical of sternest strife in a world of sin, and therefore of pain and grief, is not carnal; rather it is a wrestling of invisible forces, rallied in the Gethsemane to which angels come with healing and help.

All the world loves a lover, and Rex Lupton, knightly and pure as Sir Galahad, is worthy the virgin heart of the girl who gives herself into such safe keeping. To hint at the fiery trials through which this brave fellow passes, before he finds sweet peace and heart's ease in Salome's faithful love, would be to break our promise not to tell the story beforehand.

Only in New England, only perhaps in a New England manufacturing town, with its peculiar environments, its associations and traditions, could we find precisely this sort of man—and gentleman; a product of the soil, of its long winters and brief summers, its narrowness and its depth.

Among the side-lights of the story, throwing the illumination of a genial and captivating brightness over its sometimes harrowing scenes, we mention the beautiful relation existing between the mother and daughter of the story. "Motherlie," the pet name so sweetly spoken—tells its own tale of the loveliest friendship on earth, the twinship of heart and soul between a mother and daughter who are in perfect accord, and thoroughly understand one another.

Another winsome aspect of Marion Harland's nature, and a charm of the book, is found in the true and loving touch, artistic to the last degree, with which she paints the landscape. Glimpses of forest and grove enchant us, as where;—

"They sat in a low-hung pony phaeton, drawn up in the middle of the road. On one side arose a hill wooded to the crest with hemlocks, on the other, a thick belt of deciduous trees hid the valley and river. Behind them were boskiness and greenery; before them the Land of Beulah, and the Delectable Hills, looking toward the Celestial City set in the clouds. Batlements of jasper, sapphire, sardonyx, beryl, jacinth, amethyst—a gate which was a single pearl, and shining highways, the end of which was glory intolerable to bodily gaze,—were framed in the arched opening through which the sunshine fell to their horse's feet. Here and there, the straight bole of a hemlock had golden scales on the westward side, and splashes of molten gold had dripped between the boughs upon the brown mantle laid over the breast of the hill.

"The friends often came to this spot at this hour to hear the vespers of the thrushes. It was a back-country road leading into the woods, rocky in some places, in others deep with sand,—and therefore, little travelled. The shy, rich-throated birds had much to say to one another in the summer sunsets. Recitative, response and choral sounded from depth to depth of foliage,—dulcet, rapturous, plaintive, as with human heart-break; wooing, as with divine comfort,—until the solemn woods held their breath and the 'warm ear' of heaven bent nearer to listen."

Lest somebody in THE HOME-MAKER'S audience should be deceived into fancying that there is no fun in "*A Gallant Fight*," we hasten to assure them of numerous passages that are anything but grave. The tea-party for instance, at Mrs. Fitchett's, where the widowed hostess, in black grenadine wrought with gilt daisies, much larger than life, presided over a table of which she said:

"We still cohere to the old Yankee custom of settin' most everything there is to eat before you at oncet," and, having put broiled chicken, tongue, and fried potatoes on a plate for Mrs. Lee, who sat at her left as Mr. Lee's *vis-à-vis*, she proceeded to encompass the central trenchers with saucerlings of currant jelly, raw tomatoes, lobster salad, pickled oysters, and succotash. 'I ain't hed a meal to Mrs. Phelps' yet, but I'm informed by creditable witnesses that there's nothin' on to her table to eat when the family sets down to it, without its glasses, silver, and china, 'n' the flower-piece in the middle. Everything—even the wines—is handed by her colored man from the *booffette*,—if you please, French fashion!'"

And from whence but life itself, described with pre-Raphaelite fidelity, came this touch, which masquerades as fiction, though the initiated observe the amusing fact peeping from the folds of the domino!

It is at the close of the aforesaid tea-party, and the long-suffering pastor and his wife, chief guests, and chief victims also, are taking their leave.

"The widow bustled into the dining-room, gathered all the withering flowers from the vases, bound them into a hard, huge clump with a hemp string, and thrust them into the hands of the pastor's wife.

"'You might's well hev 'em!' benevolently. 'I don't care to take the trouble o' pickin' of 'em over to-night; I'm that beat out with the company, 'n' everything! An' I've got a garding full of 'em besides. I presume likely they'll come up quite handsome if you clip the stems when you git home 'n' put 'em in fresh water, an' set your parlor out real pretty for nigh 'pon a week to come. Good-night, agin!'"

"'I think there is a palpable mistake in the translation of one passage of Holy Writ,' Mr. Lee began to say deliberately and conversationally, in his usual key, as they turned away. 'Who endured patiently the contradiction of sinners' should, I am positive, be rendered 'the patronage of fools.' That is the crucial test of discipleship, priesthood, and the apostolic calling!'"

"His wife gave a dry, hysterical sob, and pinched his arm.

"'She'll hear you, dear!' she whispered.

"'She wouldn't comprehend if she did! It has been a hard evening for you, my pet. I wish I could spare you such ordeals, but they are a part of the ministry of reconciliation, as man has improved upon the Almighty's design. You are a brave, true wife to carry your end of the cross so patiently.'"

Of the chief plotter and *intriguante* whose deft hand all through moves the machinery which sets so many wheels in motion, and precipitates so much trouble on the innocent, we have said nothing. Mrs. Lupton is drawn with a masterly hand. A combination of the cat and the serpent, her like unfortunately is found wherever there are civilized people gathered in society, and her feline ways and general soullessness are not glossed over in "*A Gallant Fight*." Its author has no toleration for that type of woman, but she has studied its points, and probably met its original. Most of us have done so, the creature in each case being more or less modified by education and surroundings. Nothing short of genius could have dropped the curtain on the successful mischief-maker, singing guilelessly as she went her nightly round from one child's bed to another,

"Peace! let him rest,
God knoweth best!"

with the precisely innocent expression of the cat that has stolen the cream.

Brilliant and forceful, graceful and many-sided, "*A Gallant Fight*" will pique curiosity in some readers, will unfailingly provoke comment, will, let us hope, hearten some who are struggling to be noble, scorch with its honest contempt the mean and unworthy wherever they cringe. We predict for it wide popularity, and a long lease of favor.

Three names, two across the ocean, one on its hither side, have been dearly beloved, during a generation, by the English-speaking world.

Dinah Muloch Craik, M. O. W. Oliphant, Marion Harland. The first of the trio has passed where "beyond these voices, there is peace." The others abide with us, ministering to our comfort and cheer along the daily road. One of them is our very own, and the number is legion who say, "God bless Marion Harland!"

Margaret E. Sangster.



"A JOYOUS SCENE ENOUGH."

THE HOME-MAKER.

VOL. I.

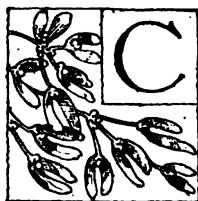
DECEMBER, 1888.

No. 3.

EDITORIAL

FAMILIAR TALK OF PEOPLE AND THINGS.

CHRISTMAS IS COMING.



YNICS say scornfully of one of human nature's ways, which, they imply, helps to make them ashamed of belonging to humankind, —that people talk of every season as if it were the first made and had a character of its own. The *blasé* citizen of the world would have us believe that he despises, as the trashiest of small talk, babble of the weather and the aspect of the landscape. To speak of each recurring spring-time as an event full of novel delight is banal; to lose one's speech, and almost his senses in the *Fata Morgana* of an autumnal forest, triviality of affectation which is beneath contempt.

Such critics have no charity for what is to their jaundiced vision the delirium of Christmas joy that has its incipient stage with the purchase of the first gift, and waxing into ecstasy with the budding and bursting glories of Christmas windows and Christmas decorations, through the suspenseful blisses of Christmas eve, reaches the crisis on the morning of the Great Birthday. Yet this non-responsive class are of all men the most pitiable during the weeks that

precede the glad celebration, and when the auspicious dawn has actually come.

We used to think it would never be here when we were children! Our infant imaginations could hardly span the awful gulf that separated one Christmas from another. The very long-sighted or strong-of-faith began to save pennies for the next by the time the exchequer was drained of the last copper by the demands of that which had just passed. It helped us to believe that life might have in store for us another possibility as ravishing as "next Christmas." The ring of each coin (does the world ever witness holier hoarding?) was the echo of the good time coming, and when, in the fullness of months, the guiltless breaking of the bank was an accomplished fact and the allotment made for each gift; when the surreptitious shopping, the delicious mysteries, the sacred deceptions; the toiling of tiny fingers upon useless but priceless pin-cushions, upon unwearable smoking-caps and penitential slippers, went forward to the music of heart-beats, and we really dared say to our souls, sinking in a rapture of awe and longing, "Christmas is coming!" ah! when did painter or poet put all *that* upon canvas or paper?

Christmas is coming ! A Christmas that will be like no other that has ever dawned, and like none we shall see again.

No two were ever alike, and each is the best that ever was.

That is the children's creed, and at this season the children are all in the right, the callous critics all in the wrong.

A graver, sweeter phase of happiness comes to him who looks below the surface of the tumultuous joy the child does not fathom. It is not the thought of what he is to receive, but what he is to *give* that brings him most delight. Each Christmas, with its preparations and surprises, is a course of training for the highest plane of human living. The men who decry as puerile the observance of the anniversary, and with a sort of strong-minded assumption of superiority to popular weakness, flaunt the fact that "we don't make much account of Christmas at our house"—have surely never taken into consideration this branch of practical tuition in self-denial for others' good, the study of others' happiness, the cultivation of generosity in thought and deed. It is a factor in the work of the world's regeneration. Those of us—it is one of the hopeful signs of the times that the number increases steadily—who do "make much of Christmas," trace with reverent gratitude the analogy between the free and loving bestowal which is the preëminent feature of our Chief Festival, and the Event it commemorates.

To give up without compulsion, to give out of that which we have and prize, that others may be enriched, is to grow into Christ-likeness and Christlike living. Christmas is an object-lesson in the diligent practice of noblest graces. The interchange of gifts between friend and neighbor is a token of universal brotherhood, a pledge of a common faith and hope. Nor, be it noted, is it the intrinsic worth of the present that constitutes value and significance. It is the act of giving—the *passing over* from hand of donor to that of recipient, of the thing seen and temporal, which denotes the existence of that which is unseen and real.

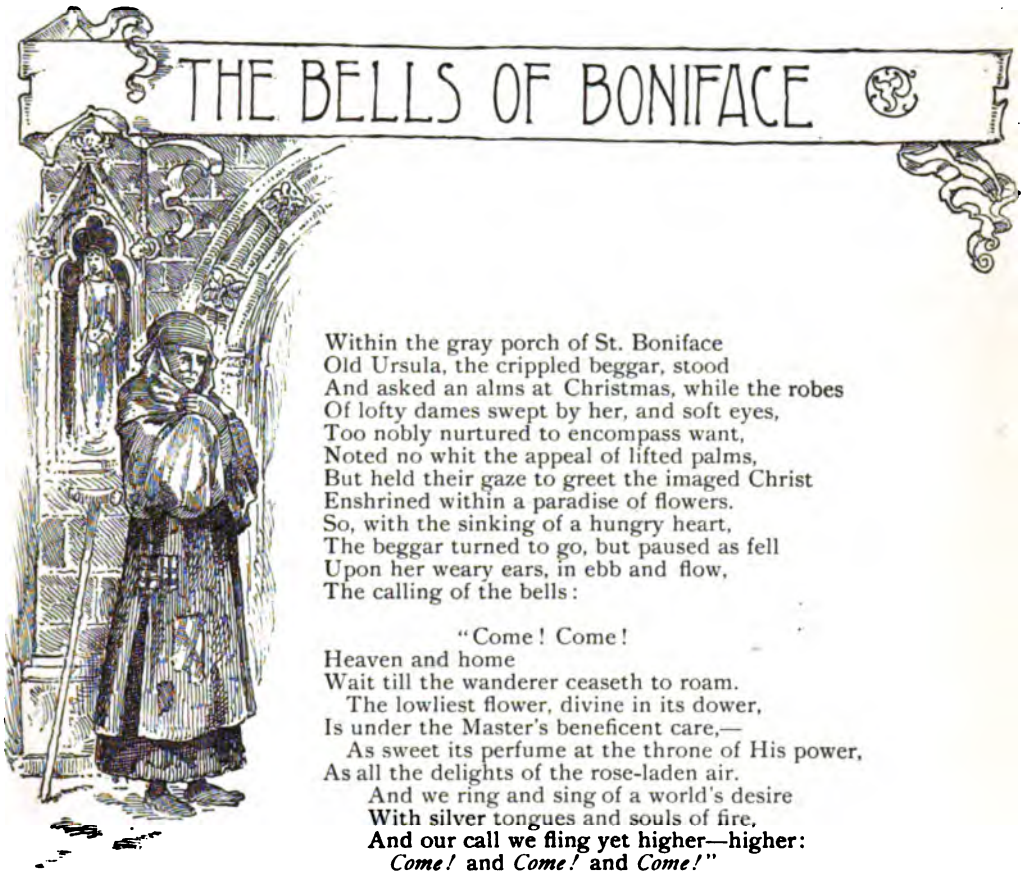
This is but a small part of the message which THE HOME-MAKER has for its friends, and hereby sends to thousands of households near and far. The heart that does not bound at the call, "Christmas is coming !" is hopelessly sad or hopelessly selfish. As little children, let us hearken and be happy ; as men and women who have fought, suffered, lost and won battles of which our darlings do not—as yet—thank GOD !—dream, let us catch in the shout that is sounding around the globe, the echo—never quite spent in the world's darkest middle-age, never so clear and thrilling before in the earth's history as on this Christmas-Eve—of the Angels' Song ;—

*"Glory to God in the Highest !
And on earth peace among men
of good-will !"*





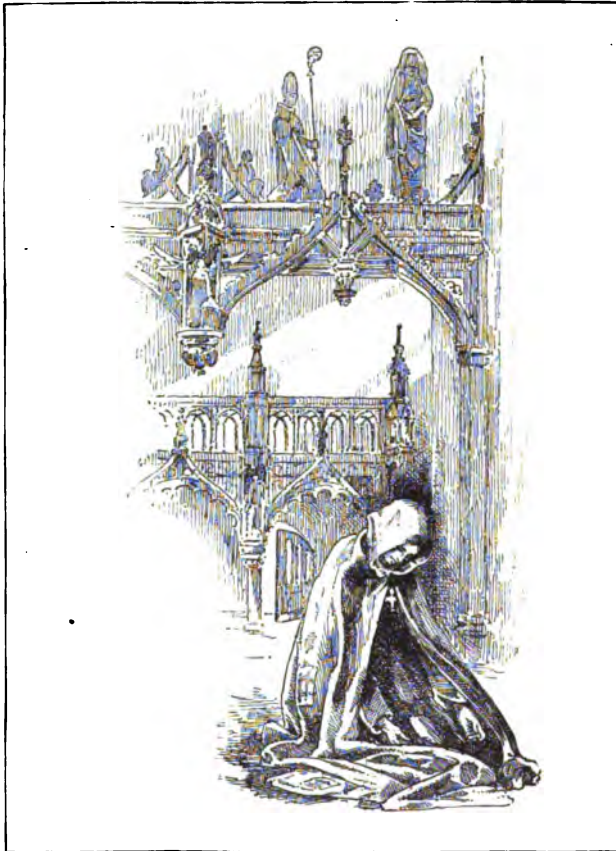
HOME LITERATURE



Then Ursula,
 Bowed 'neath the weightening fardel of her years,
 Limped past the portal, and all meekly sought
 A shadowed corner where the poor might pray,—
 Her faded eyes fix'd where the altar flared
 The halo of its beacons; while the priest,
 With lifted arm and eyes alive with flame
 Enkindled of a soul's divine desire,
 Upheld a jewelled star, whose fiery heart
 Flashed forth a myriad scintillant hues.

Below
 The rich and great knelt on the tessellate floor,
 In proud humility that deigned to beg
 The priestly absolution, and the line

Of chanting choristers with rhythmic tread
 Passed inward thro' the incensed air. Far flung
 Adown the narrowing aisles, the married lights,—
 Blue, crimson, umber,—lay in shafts that seemed
 A dream of Angelo wrought out in air
 And with the pulses of an antique time
 Half tremulous; while, in deep full-throated swell,
 The organ yearned tumultuous, and aloft
 The carven Saints, divinely touched upon,
 Grew to the semblance of humanity
 To mark the music sweeping as a king,—
 Engarmented and statelier for his crown,—
 Triumphant over lowly bended heads



Surging mellifluent as it rose and fell
 From cadence to soft cadence, lingering
 Like the perfume of roses tangled close
 Among the fretted wonders of the choir,
 Till it upsoared and so sighed life away,
 Lost in the mystic marvel of the dome.
 Yet Ursula heard nothing but the bells,
 Pulsing like heart-beats through a threnody:

“ Abide! Abide!

The ebb of the tide
 Is a promise of joy to the thirsty strand,
 And the bark that is tossed on the ocean wide
 Comes alway at last to the welcoming land.

Love's eyes ever look from the gift to the Giver ;
 Life's song ever turns to its heavenly key ;
 As long as the brook breaks its heart in the river,
 So long must the river's heart break in the sea."

And while the people reverent bowed to hear
 The story of the manger and the star,
 The beggar saw the altar candles flare
 Into a sudden ecstasy, and all
 The carved Saints and fretted fancies fade
 Like an ethereal vision. Silently
 A child more beautiful than poets' dreams
 Passed down the stately nave, and straitly sought
 That shadowed corner where the poor might pray,
 And took the withered hand and led away
 The wondering Ursula, the while the bells
 Throbbled ever more divinely :

"Far and free
 As sink and swell
 The resonant tones of each swaying bell,
 'Tis a song we sing and a tale we tell,—
 A tale and a song for thee.
 As dawn from the dark and day from a gleaming,
 So radiant hope from sorrow and fears,
 Till the light in thy eyes, like a summer sun beaming,
 Shall fashion a rainbow in bitterest tears.
 And we cry *All's well!*
 Each resonant bell,
 As we sing to the vanishing years."

Ah ! how strange
 That when the people rose, that aged form
 Still knelt upon the marble ! For the tones
 Of the great organ rolled in mightier swell,
 And slow the priest with eyes alive with flame
 Enkindled of a soul's divine desire,
 And chanting choristers with rhythmic tread
 Passed outward, and the fiery-hearted star
 Flung its last radiance, and the music died
 As died the flaring candles into dark.
 And they who came repentant left absolved,
 And only God stayed in the silences.

* * * * *

At morning came the sexton, with no pang
 To see the roses withered at the shrine,—
 A man perfunctory, treading holy ground
 With feet of common clay. He, passing down
 The stately nave amid the vaulted dusks,—
 Suddenly stabbing with a glance askew
 The shadowed corner where the poor might pray,
 Started, to see an aged woman's form
 Kneeling. Her head, dropped forward in her palms,
 Showed a pathetic waste of wintered hair
 In scant abundance silvering o'er her arms
 Like the pale ghost of a forgotten joy.
 And the rude man, scanning that bended form,
 Grew conscious of a majesty which dwelt
 Strangely among the tatters, and there came
 To his dull sense a distant dream of bells
 Murmuring *Peace!* in cadences that fell
 And faded as a disembodied song
 Woven thro' sleep unspeakable ; the while
 Lifting the head he looked upon a face
 Illuminate with a fulfilled desire

THE HOME-MAKER.

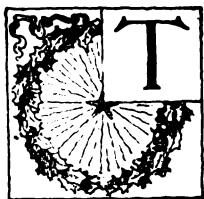
That beautified its furrowed lines and shed
The glory of the presence of the Lord.

And so the sexton in that silent hour
Fronting the mystery of a love divine,
Touched Death and gazed on Immortality.

Francis Howard Williams.



MARY A. TWINING.



THE other day I spent several hours in looking over a lot of dusty volumes which had fallen to me in the way of inheritance. In the somewhat heterogeneous collection I came upon a brief memoir which, after a glance within, I laid aside as worthy, at least, of perusal. The other books were of little value of any sort—an orthodox commentary, an old volume of a county history, one or two cook books, a worn and broken

set of certain standard British authors—the usual assortment to be found in a country farm-house, whose occupants long ago ceased to keep up with the times. But this little book seemed to me unusual, an opinion subsequently confirmed by examination. I had long ago discovered the fallacy of that tradition of early youth that a memoir is, of necessity, dull, and I was in nowise unfavorably affected by the title, "Memoirs of Mary A. Twining." There proved to be something to me singularly quaint and charming in this little sketch, something fresh and new in this voice from

bygone years. The subject of the memoir attracted me powerfully, both from the simplicity and naturalness of her own words, and the freedom and occasional depth of both thought and expression, in a day when freedom and thinking for oneself were less the fashion of New-England maidens than they have since become. Or, it may be that the Editor, notwithstanding an occasional stiffness, and apparent want of sympathy, has so well done his work, has understood so well what to give us and what to keep from us, that the reader's interest is skilfully fostered from the start. Be this as it may, I have not been able to resist the temptation to write, myself, a little of this memoir and its subject, to make a little wider, if I may, the public who have been told the story of this life. Not that it was an exciting or an eventful one, though lived in stirring times, but as I have already said, it seems to have a certain charm which should not be left forgotten in country garrets or unnoticed in second-hand book-stores. With no further apology for this review of it, I shall let the book, as far as possible, speak for itself.

Mary A. Twining was born in Middleport, Massachusetts, June 27th, 1757. Her father fought with Colonel Washington in the French and Indian war, and subsequently under General Washington in a later disturbance. Her mother was a granddaughter of one of the early Colonial governors. Mary seems to have come naturally enough by fine impulses and good breeding.

"It is not," says the conscientious Biographer, "from any vain Partiality for high-sounding names, or any poor Pretense of good Blood, which were most out of place in this our Republic, made so by the Genius and enduring Fortitude of all classes of Men, that I claim for Mary Twining stately Lineage, but that when such Accidents fall in the lives of Human Beings, it is not a thing to make light of, but worthy of study in its Results. Besides which is General Washington none the less a Good Soldier in that he is a Gentleman."

I suspect the traditions of a loyal Englishman had not been wholly eradicated from the mind of this biographer by a few years of plebeian institutions. With equal truth he goes on, however, to say that what was "of an Importance swallowing up the Lesser Matter of Lineage and Station, Richard Twining was an upright and a God-fearing man, and Mary, his wife, pat-

terned in all things after the Behaviour of her godly Ancestor." Either Richard or Mary, his wife, must have something "patterned" after a liberal and occasionally self-willed model, else whence came the spice of independence in the little Mary's character? She was an only child, and only children were probably in the middle of the eighteenth, very much what they are in the close of the nineteenth century, little beings allowed greater liberties and burdened with heavier accountabilities than when there are more to divide both. There are several incidents told of her childhood, not particularly remarkable, perhaps, but showing that her mind and her imagination were alive. She was not by any means a precocious child; her mind was but little, if at all, in advance of her years. If one may judge from detached anecdotes and descriptions, she showed no more than the receptivity and quickness natural to a bright, and somewhat unusually clear, intellect. Through all these anecdotes there runs a vein, denoting what is less common in childhood than a certain precocity—a keen sense of justice. She appears to have reasoned of many things, usually taken by childhood for granted, and assented to their results only if they seemed to her childishness just. If after life showed her that the affairs of this life can be but seldom regulated according to the ideas of finite justice, she never seems to have lost a certain fairness of judgment and opinion, which is rare in one of her sex and circumstances. When five years old, her mother, wishing her to give up a pet doll to a little crippled friend, told her that sympathy should suggest her doing it, that it was a privilege to make another happy, that it was selfishness to prefer her own pleasure of possession to that of another. But Mary listened unmoved to these arguments. Nevertheless the struggle was not a long one. With a good grace, after a few moments of silence, she carried the doll to her unfortunate friend. "Mamma," she said, soberly, "she shall have it, for it is right that she should. I feel it. I shall have many things that she can never have."

For the logic of five years it was no small thing to have settled this question in this way. It would take too much time and too much space to dwell on the anecdotes of her childhood. Indeed, the biographer does not linger on them long himself.

"It is meet," he says, "to speak of these early Years, not from a desire to show that there was aught in the Childhood of Mary Twining remarkable or unnatural, that should be the Cause of Wonder or admiration. But the rather that there may be evinced the Presence, even in the Germ, of certain Qualities of Soundness of Judgment and of Thoughtfulness unusual in a Female, which grew with her Growth, and which were in later Years, developed into stronger Traits by no unnatural means."

In 1773 she was sent away to a school in which she remained three years, varied by occasional visits at home. She made several friends here, and here, for the first time, kept a methodical and somewhat circumstantial diary. From this diary her biographer makes copious extracts. In fact, from this period, the memoir is chiefly made up from her several journals, in whose continuity there are now and then large gaps, with occasional notes. I shall make less copious extracts, principally those bearing upon that of which we always, more or less consciously, seek traces in the lives of individuals, distinguished or obscure—the love story. But first for her school life, into which few whispers of sentiment penetrated. It was no fashionable boarding-school to which she was sent, attended by young ladies whose dreams of what they will soon be doing in society monopolize the hours nominally devoted to literature and the sciences. An old friend of her mother opened her house to a few representatives of those families with whom she was acquainted, where, under the best teachers the country afforded, they were trained in such acquirements as were prescribed by the canons of the day. On the fifteenth of September she says:

"I have been something more than a week at the good School which my kind Parents have chosen for me. There seems, after all, to be little doing here. The few exercises in Mathematics and the selections from the works of the most Highly Endowed of the Authors of England appear to me to be the most Profitable. As for the matter of Embroidery, I worked with Patience, ten years ago, a Sampler which was not considered discreditable, and it seems to me that of the multiplying of Stitches there is no end, and it were, perhaps, as well to go no farther. My daily Practice on the Spinnet may, perhaps, be the means of giving Pleasure at some Future Time, but it is the Occasion of but

little Benefit at the Present Time, and of the Future can we be never certain."

The question of profitableness of a good many of her employments was often in her mind during these three years. She cannot help feeling that there are times when it is hard to contentedly fold the hands over even the worsted marvels of a "not discreditable" sampler. A year later, she says again:

"More Practice and more Embroidery this afternoon. There are those of my Companions who ask nothing better than such unvarying Exercises. In them they find room for the employing of their Imagination and their Spirit. I wonder if it be so great a Fault in me, that I find them wearying. It is not that they are in themselves so distasteful, as it is that there seemeth much work waiting to be done, which a woman's Hands might well do, were it not reckoned somewhat unseemly." "Her's was a somewhat restless Soul," says her biographer, "perplexing itself with Questions which it was not for her to answer."

Yes, with questions with which many a restless woman's soul has since perplexed itself, and which are now only beginning to attain solution. It is pleasant to find, in these early times, when we fancy New-England maidens well content with their spinning and bread-making, hints that there were enterprising spirits who thought the prescribed round a too narrow one.

She finds some fault with one of her teachers for being too lenient with her.

"I received no Reproof," she says, "to-day when I most Richly deserved it. A Disturbance in the Hour for Study was entirely of my own making, but the Person who is Master at that Hour refused, with Persistence, to see it. I made it most evident, but he remarked, with a frown for a less Offender, that he should hold Mistress Twining excused. I shall find Occasion to address him on this Subject, for if I receive due Credit for that which I do that is Well Done, I shall show no unwillingness to bear the Brunt of my Superior's Displeasure for what is Ill Done. Moreover, I will not have it otherwise."

"It were better," is the brief comment, "It were better had Mary Twining shown more Regret for what she herself confesses was ill done, rather than that she should take upon herself to correct the Faults of those towards whom she was somewhat lacking in Reverence." But it is droll

enough to fancy the scene—the pretty school-girl gravely rebuking her delinquent master for the too great partiality her own bright eyes had won for her. Poor man! His was no sinecure. To hold rule over a parcel of unruly girls, with the graces of one so tugging at his heartstrings! His path might at least have been spared the thorn of having his fault denounced by the very voice that had done the mischief.

During the last year of her stay she writes less. Did the objectlessness of this education of hers pall upon the energy of her nature more and more? Or was her woman's heart preparing the way for the answer to this restless questioning? It is only now and then that we catch a glimpse of this development, which was singularly mature and singularly free from restriction. "I have read many Tales," she says, "how true, in my small Experience, I know not, of the aptitude of Women, particularly those young women whose characters are in a state of most Imperfect Development, to yield in matters essential to their best Happiness to the Opposing Wishes of Parents and Guardians. I speak of those Matters, perhaps not the most fitting for the Speculations of a but Partially-schooled Maiden—Love, and the Choosing of a Husband. While in these matters, as in all others, the Wishes of Wise and Fond Parents and Guardians are the only safe Guides for a young and Untrained Spirit, there are other Cases where Injustice and a Desire to Rule are but slender Grounds for the exercise of Authority. I know that my Boldness in this Opinion cannot pass even my own mind unchallenged, but when I read of Unwilling Maids forced to the very Church Door or Languishing under unmerited sternness, and Yielding up their own Happiness and that of another (though he be a Man) into the Hands of an unwise Judge through inability to resist such unloving Pressure, my Nature rebels against it. It would seem to me cause for a Glad and an Unflinching Resistance. For a Husband is, after all, a Matter for a Maid's own choosing."

"The beaten path," says the biographer, "had ever but little attraction for Mary Twining. It had been well had she been less fain to seek Opportunity for a Lawful Resistance to Bonds. It seemeth ever to the Young that such Opportunities are not long in coming."

It was not only from the consciences of the Colonial fathers that the stirrings of

independence went forth. Apparently there was a spirit abroad that breathed now and then from the lips of but partially-schooled maidens. Still it is not unruliness, this protest of a young and independent spirit against the slavishness now and then upheld in certain forms of literature. There is little revolutionary, after all, in Mary's sentiment that "a Husband is a matter for a Maid's own choosing."

But we must pass over the last few notes of her school life. At nineteen she left school forever.

"I am about to leave this little Life of School," she writes, "for a larger Life of Home, and mayhap a Taste of that Life which is called of the World. And if I be not now, at the Age of Nineteen years, equipped for the change and able to comport myself with a becoming Discretion and Dignity, then such equipment is not to be found within these Four Walls or in daily Practice of Music and Mathematics. Which, though I be filled with no overweening Distrust of my own Capabilities, seemeth to my eyes of some Doubt and Difference of Opinion."

"On a certain Day of June," her biographer goes on to state, "Mistress Mary Twining was placed by her whilom Preceptress in the Coach which should take her a Two Days' Journey to her Father's House. She was in Company with an old and Reverend Gentleman of friendly Disposition, who was well known to her Father and held in excellent esteem of him. The Fairness of a Maid is but a vain Toy, but," declares this most staid biographer, with a refreshing candor, "as it is a matter which is not without its effect on the Fortunes of many, it is not always to be passed over in the Silence which would befit a Sober Pen. Mary Twining's Hair was of a golden Colour, and wound itself in small, and not always tidy, Rings about her Neck and Forehead. Her eyes were of a darker appearance than is common, and her Mouth, though not without a certain Winsomeness, gave Promise of a Firmness of Opinion and an Independence which was perhaps but a Sign of the Times, which her small and shrewdly-set Nose did not deny."

I more than suspect that, disclaim it as he may, our discreet biographer was in nowise loth to dwell a little on this vain toy of Mary's personal appearance. I even fancy that he was tempted to employ

greater latitude of expression, which only his stern sense of his responsibilities led him to reject, in the description of that uncompromising mouth, not to mention the spice of naughtiness involved in that nose so "shrewdly set."

Not an unattractive picture in the coach window, this June day, is this of Mary Twining, in her big poke bonnet, white kerchief and short-waisted gown. And who is this who, coming at the last moment, springs into a vacant place at her side, under the very eyes of the reverend old gentleman, her father's friend? The three-cornered hat which he doffs with ceremonious courtesy to the fair vision before him, the powdered queue, the high boots with jingling spurs, the sword at his side, are not unpicturesque items in our nineteenth-century eyes. Were they likely to be so in the eyes of this nineteen-year-old maiden just out of boarding-school?

"As it happened," says the biographer, "there went down the same day, and by the same Coach, one of the young Aids of our General. He was a personable Youth, and the Arrangement of the many Frip-eries of the Costume of a young Gallant did naught to take away from the Face and Figure which Providence had accorded him. It were better had he or Mary Twining chosen another Time for the Journey."

Neither, probably, did a natural timidity of disposition do aught to lessen the impression which a personable young man has it in his power in any century to make upon a fair and observing girl. Mary herself says:

"There rode down with us a young gallant of most holiday Appearance, but not ignorant withal of the working days of a Soldier. It was not long before he had entered into Conversation with Mr. Edwards, who had Knowledge of the young Man's Parents, from which Conversation I learned something of himself, though most modestly told. He would fain have opened the Way for me to join in my Guardian's Questioning, but I bore in Mind the Unseemliness of an unwarranted Acquaintanceship, and sought rather to avoid than to court the Glances which he was not over cautious in sending in my Direction."

"A Maid's Avoidance," observes the biographer, "of a Youth's Glances, is not of that Nature that is the Cutting off of all Hope."

And Fortune, too, was not of so per-

verse a disposition in this June weather as she is sometimes. For, on the second day, when probably glances, so conscientiously evaded, had become but the accompaniment of spoken words, there was an accident. The coach, as coaches are apt to do, was upset, and its occupants "made haste rather as they could than as they would" to leave it. In the confusion and tumbling about of heavy boxes, Mary might have been badly hurt, had not the young Gallant, quickly springing to his feet, caught her as she was thrown forward by a second lurch of the unwieldy thing, and, lifting her up, carried her out of the way of falling luggage and struggling horses to a place of safety.

"He lifted me as though I had been but a Feather's weight, showing a Strength which is indeed Goodly in the Sons of Men," says Mary, demurely, "and which was most grateful in the Stress and Confusion, and in its Display most Timely. Though perhaps," she adds, with delicious frankness, "he was not over ready to put me down that he might hasten back to be of further Help."

"My Bonnet was awry," she continues, "my Hair in sad Confusion and my Face a Milkmaid Red, so that I said with but little Grace, 'Sir, I fear you have found me a grievous Weight.' Whereupon he answered me that so light was my Weight, that his Heart was the Heavier for the Putting of me down, which was a Conceit not reasonable but most kindly intended. Whereon I thanked him, and he vowed such a Burden would he gladly carry to the World's End had he but Leave given!"

Another picture not unpleasant to the mind's eye, the overturned coach, the esteemed guardian of the youthful beauty delaying a little in its immediate neighborhood, perhaps to secure the safety of some precious package, the farm laborers in the green adjacent fields dropping their tools and running forward to help, the outcry and confusion, and apart, in the summer sunshine, the handsome fellow with the flashing sword by his side, listening with bent head and admiring eyes to the thanks which Mistress Mary, with her untidy hair and lifted eyes, was tendering with "but little Grace."

"Such chance meeting of the Sexes," says our astute commentator, "when appear what is most commanding in the One and most dependent in the Other, are but ill

advised. The Uttering of such vain Proffers as the carrying the Burden of Mary Twining to the World's End, and other Foolishness, hath then a Saviour of Reality which concealeth the vain Delusion."

We have delayed too long over these extracts, and though I am tempted to delay yet longer, so quaint is the contrast between Mary Twining's youthful and feminine pen and that of her critical biographer, I pass on to a time some months after her arrival home. Indeed, she writes little in the interval. The coming into a new and wider circle, the adapting herself to new conditions, leave her little time for writing. There is a rapid noting of events, for it was an eventful time, the mention of a few distinguished names, and that is all. But in order to follow the thread of Mary Twining's romance, we must pause at the account of a ball given to one of General Washington's regiments at a time before the rigor of war had quenched all thoughts of merry-making. It was not her first ball. She had mixed freely in society, and had measured herself with the men and women about her, always an interesting experience to the free, unprejudiced and thoughtful girl.

"It was a joyous Scene enough," she writes, "but I found myself not quite in the Humor for such Junketing. I had a gloomy Fancy that Reason would not dismiss, that in these Troublous Times there were Things outside of the Ball room Door, striving to enter, which having done, they would have proved of a singular Inappositeness. None the less I danced with those who solicited me in due Form, and gave Heed to little else than the manner of the Solicitation. Not that there was Lack of Goodly Partners, but I was mindful of nothing beyond the Observance of the Courtesies of the Occasion. The only Annoyance of which I was sensible was the marked Attention of my Cousin Eustace Fleming, who is but recently come into this our Part of the Country, and claimeth Relationship. He is a most excellent Young Gentleman, but one who is likely to weary me with his over Appreciation of my own Qualities. It is but a Sign of my Stubbornness and Unregeneracy of Heart that, in that he is most approved and commended of my Parents, he wearieth me the more. I was fain to tell him, when he asked me a third Time to join the Dance, that there were fairer Maidens in the Hall

who would be less loth to accord him the Favor, but as this would but have drawn from him a labored compliment to my own Person, I prudently refrained."

It was in the weariness of this very encounter, that, looking up, she saw approaching her the hero of her adventure in the coach, the impulsive youth whose former foolishness had won for him the semi-disapproval of our commentator. It seems possible that the gloomy fancies of shadowy things outside lightened a little, and the war ceased to be a background only for shapes of evil.

"It required not the space of a moment for me to recognize him, though his Attire had changed with the Circumstance, but as my Father's Friend, Mr. Edwards, had not deemed it of sufficient Importance to mention our former Rencontre, it now seemed to me useless to publicly recall that Incident. Particularly as being now duly presented to me in the Presence of my Parents, and with due Vouchers of his Credit, our Acquaintance could make such Progress as we should mutually consider profitable."

Prudent Mistress Mary and delinquent Mr. Edwards!

"After the Cotillion for which he had asked the Honour of my Hand he led me to my Seat, but by a somewhat indirect Route. Upon my remarking upon which, he found Occasion to say that all Ways were short to him now after traversing the long and difficult one which he had followed that he might gain Admission to my Presence. I, laughing, said that my Presence were hardly worth such effort in Gaining, and that it was generally attained with more Ease, and he, replying with a Grace of Manner it were impossible not to remark, said hastily that he was well aware that he had found it easier to enter than he should to again forsake it."

"And so on with such Vanities," says the biographer, "as pass Current with young Men and Maidens in their short-sighted Enjoyment of the moment, and with which Mary Twining was but too fain to dally."

Yes, and so on, the old story. For there follow the frequent meetings, known and not unapproved of by the watchful parents, the half confessions, the vague wonderment, and at last the pledge given and received, and Mary Twining became the affianced wife of the handsome young officer. All this we trace in her journal,

with satiric comments, now and then, of the Editor, but it is all so familiar that we will not dwell on it, pretty as it is. Only one shadow seems to have fallen on the lovers, that of Mr. Eustace Fleming, the worthy cousin, whose importunities in the ball-room had so tired the patience of Mistress Mary. The parentally favored candidate for Mary's hand, he finds it, evidently, too hard to give it up without a struggle. With a lack of that wisdom unfortunate lovers find it so hard to supply, he disturbed their interviews, forced himself on Mary's society, yet with no insolence and no self-betrayal that could lead to an outbreak. He is apparently a self-contained, and not a bad man, who finds it impossible to see that he is beaten. Of this period I make one or two extracts from Mary's journal, and then go on to the end.

"If I once marvelled at the yielding of those weak Women who find it easier to relinquish the Happiness that they find in the Love of Those bound to them by mutual attraction, than to contest the matter with all Dignity, Forbearance, Firmness and Patience, how much the more do I marvel now at their Shortsightedness! Were he, whom I gladly call my Betrothed, to be the Victim of Oppression or of Malice, it would seem to me but the throwing down of the Glove—a challenge to Battle, rather than a demand for Submission. Methinks it were not as a Suppliant that I should stoop to pick it up. But why talk I of fighting, who am a peaceful Maid, who would labor, were it but Honourable towards her dear Country, to remove the Sound of Battle far from her Lover. For indeed he is more ready to fight than am I to have him. He would see an Opportunity to strike a Blow in my Cause where is none, so anxious is he to draw his Sword in my Behalf. Indeed so excellent an Opinion doth he entertain of my Person and my Mind and my Conditions, that he would not be long in finding one who should most justly contest the same. Heaven send that he may hold to the Opinion and forget the Wish to make Proselytes!

"It would seem that some men were created but as a sort of Makeweight, who, without active Hindrance, make it more difficult to row one's Boat up the Stream of Life. Of such kind is my Cousin Eustace Fleming. His most mistaken Admiration of me (for that in him is a Mistake which in Another is but a most fitting and a most

reverenced Creed) serves but to make him a Let and Hindrance where my Satisfaction is concerned. I would that he could more easily learn the Lesson I have been at such Pains to mark out for him."

"It were vain," is the comment on this last passage, "to expect a Recognition of sober worth in the Day of Love and Ambition. And Mistress Twining, after the manner of her kind, pays but little Heed to lasting Affection before the Time comes when it shall be of Use to her."

The wedding day approaches. Mary Twining does not lose her independence, though, woman like, she seems to enjoy losing herself in the love lavished upon her. Here and there are passages which show that in the warmth of her romance she thinks and judges and acts for herself, as she did in her school days. Mary Twining will never merge her individuality in that of another, however dear to her.

The entries grow briefer and more infrequent, as the month fixed upon for the marriage draws near. It is to be in June, two years from that June when she rode down by coach, in the care of her father's friend.

"The day is fixed for the twenty-seventh of June," is the last entry but two in her journal. "Two years ago, Fate gave my Life into his Hands. At least in giving it to him a second Time, Fate and I are at one."

The next entry is a month later. It is simply the statement,

"*May 24th.* I have done my Cousin Eustace wrong." Then, on

"*July 27th.* And I am but twenty-one!" And June comes and goes and there is no word on her bridal day, no breathings of her new happiness from her ready pen. Is the book closed? Yes, but her biographer has a word to say.

"On the twenty-seventh of June, Mary A. Twining became the wife of her Cousin Eustace Fleming. Their Betrothal was but a short one, but in the eyes of her judicious Parents, there was no unseemly Haste. It had long been a cherished wish of their Hearts, and Eustace Fleming was a young man of Promise and of rare Discretion."

There it ends. The record of Mary A. Twining is finished. With Mary Fleming he has nothing to do. But where is the girl of ripened understanding, of freedom of thought, of directness of purpose? We do not know, for our biographer does not

tell us. Was there a tragedy, and were the details too heartbreaking for even the stoical Editor to maintain his critical attitude?

Where is the gallant cavalier with his picturesque devotion, and his vain toys of pretty speech and gesture, and his fiery and over-weening love and admiration for Mistress Mary Twining? He seemed to me a brave and loyal sort of young fellow

enough. I cannot tell. Put the quaint old book back on the shelf, and let her romance rest again. But notwithstanding her husband of such promise and rare discretion, I cannot help sighing, "Poor Mary Twining!"

Fate and she had a difference after all. And she was but twenty-one!

Annie Eliot.



PART II.

IN THE CAGE.



CANARIES and parrots are so universally kept that it would seem almost unnecessary to speak of their care, yet what abuses do we not observe every day as we pass along the streets? Birds living in the glare of the hot sun, and against a burning brick wall; birds placed on the sill with the window wide open, and a strong draught over their shivering little bodies; birds left out in changes of weather, and till late at night, when they have been made tender by housing; birds swathed in muslin up to their roofs, so that they can scarcely see over, with other abuses too numerous to mention. Canaries, in truth, are hardy little fellows, and will endure much neglect and carelessness, but other birds will not. People are surprised to see them die so easily, while I must confess I am often surprised to see them live.

In regard to the general care of birds there is little difference in the needs of the various kinds, and that has already been spoken of; now, as to the desirability and the peculiar necessities of particular birds. The canary, treated according to the directions given, should be happy and contented, and live to a good old age.

Parrots and cockatoos require things somewhat otherwise. Their cages should, of course, be large enough for comfort, but they do not need room for exercise, since in captivity they rarely take it. In the matter of food they must have shelled corn and hemp and canary-seed always at hand, and in general they like to be served from our table. Many of them are extravagantly fond of coffee. I know one cockatoo that will never eat except out of a spoon in the hand of a friend, and must have his coffee fresh and hot every morning. Mashed potato is a favorite dish, as well as some other vegetables, as beans; bread they all like, and bread in milk also; many like

nuts, almonds and English walnuts, and fruits like oranges and bananas. "Polly wants a cracker" has become a by-word. Both these birds need to be bathed, for although they appear to enjoy a sprinkle, they will not usually go into a pan. The best way is to put the bird once or twice a week into a large tub or sink, sprinkle with water having the chill taken off, and keep in a warm room till dry.

A parrot on his first arrival, after his sea voyage (especially an African parrot), is apt to suffer from dysentery—many of them die of it; it is well to know that lime-water, as bought at drug-stores, is a specific for this difficulty. In regard to the varieties in the parrot family: the gray African is considered the best talker, and many people consider him the beauty of the tribe, but there are many very beautiful green ones, some with rose-colored shoulder tips and yellow crowns, and others in many shades of green. The variety is very large, but their treatment is the same. They are all intelligent and extremely entertaining pets, but they are often noisy, and delight in screaming at the tops of their voices.

The mocking-bird, one of the most knowing and interesting of our native birds in freedom, even the freedom of a room, is to many people a great nuisance in a cage. Especially is this so in a city, where he must be hung out of doors to save the ears of the inmates, and then, of course, becomes a torment to sensitive nerves in the neighborhood. He is a very desirable pet for the country, where houses are not so near together, and he can hear none of the hideous street noises he mischievously delights to imitate, out-shrieking the milkman, out-whistling the car conductors, out-shouting the street peddlers. Fond as I am of this bird in freedom, much as I respect his intelligence and delight in his singing, nothing would induce me to keep a singing one in my house. He needs careful attention, for he is dainty in his food and not very tenacious of life. He eats, of course, mocking-bird food, and it must be fresh and nice. He is very fond of fruit and dotes upon huckleberries or the dried currants of commerce, soaked soft. He likes meal-worms and will sometimes accept fresh beef instead.

The robin is a pleasing pet, though not much of a singer in captivity. He thrives best if allowed the run of a room, but he is always cheerful if he has only a large cage with plenty of gravel, nicely pre-

pared food, and half a dozen meal-worms daily. If not-caged he grows very tame; enjoys coming to the table and partaking of the food as well as the life about him, in fact, making himself one of the family. He is not slow in expressing his opinion of things that go on about him, and though you may not always understand just the point he makes, you can readily see that he has clear ideas of his own. He has also well-defined notions about the fitness of things. One that I know of, seeing sliced cucumbers in a dish that he considered suitable for his bath, deliberately lifted out each slice, threw it on the floor, and then proceeded to bathe in the water left in the dish.

The brown-thrush or thrasher is in character very much like the robin, and needs the same care. He sometimes—though not always—sings beautifully in captivity.

The cat-bird is, next to the mocking-bird, the most mischievous and amusing of the ordinary cage birds. As a captive, however, he rarely sings, and he displays his own peculiarly bewitching ways only when he is at large in a room.

The thrushes are all charming pets. Though shy about singing, they utter so many soft, liquid notes and calls, and indulge in so much exquisite "whisper singing," that one forgives their reserving the song for the great out-of-doors. They require the same treatment as the robin, soft food, fruit, and meal-worms; but, not being so self-assertive as he, they need looking after more carefully. They are never jolly, like their better-known relative, but are so lovely and gentle that one becomes deeply attached to them.

Blue-birds are pretty and winning, and will sing their delicious little warble all day long. They are not so easily frightened as thrushes, not so timid, but neither do they impress one as quite so intelligent. They must have the same care as the birds above mentioned, and like them, also, are very fond of the bath.

The Baltimore oriole is, as every one knows, brilliantly beautiful, and two or three together make a fine show; they are bright and lively in a cage, but they do not sing much, excepting for a short time in the spring. Their care is the same as the robins, only they have more need of fruit than he; all winter they must have fresh slices of apple, and they much enjoy grapes, currants, and small berries like huckleberries.

A very satisfactory pet is the red-wing blackbird, who will flute his "O-ka-lee!" all winter in the house. He is shy at first but soon learns confidence and becomes fearless and tame. Especially is he attractive when allowed the freedom of the house, making himself one of the household, and attending the family meals with perfect regularity.

The Virginia cardinal is a beautiful as well as a favorite cage bird, and he is also one of the seed-eaters. He reconciles himself to captivity more completely than any of our native birds that I know, and is a persistent singer. What is more, the female, who is prettier if not so gay in coloring as her mate, is as fine a singer as he. They eat almost exclusively "rough rice," or rice in the husk. They also like fruit, especially grapes, and they are eager for meal-worms. With a little cultivation they become very tame. Another of the same family, the rose-breasted grosbeak, has about the same characteristics, and is very beautiful. He does not sing so readily as his cousin, and aside from the song is a silent bird.

One of the hardest birds to keep in a cage is our brilliant scarlet tanager. He is shy and hates to be looked at; he is dainty, and will not eat unless his food is exactly to his mind; he usually pines for liberty, which he is apt to get by death. None but the most careful and most devoted of pet-lovers can keep a tanager alive.

The flicker, or golden-winged woodpecker, is also rather hard to keep, although if taken young and thoroughly tamed he will live for years in a cage. When caged in adult years he is exceedingly shy and wild, and will almost beat himself to death against his bars. He eats mocking-bird food.

We often see the bobolink for sale in the city, but he cannot be recommended as a pet. He is wild, hard to make acquaintance with and to put confidence in people. It is no wonder, however, when one considers the constant persecution to which he is subjected as rice-bird or reed-bird. Moreover, the charm of the bobolink is his wonderful song, and to give that he needs the summer air to soar in, the warm June weather and the sweet sunny meadow to inspire him. He is not a success in a cage. The cedar-bird is pretty to look at, but he is a silent fellow, and in captivity rather dull.

Some of the larger birds which cannot be kept in an ordinary cage are most fascinating pets in the country, or even in town where one has room. No creature that ever came out of an egg will afford more amusement than a blue-jay or a common crow, though the latter must be kept mostly out of doors. So wily, so knowing, so full of pranks are both these birds, that one gets attached to them as to a frolicsome child. The jay will hammer your furniture to pieces, destroy your pretty boxes, and tear your books, but he will be so cunning about it, show so much intelligence, and, at the same time, such a child-like ingenuousness, that you will readily forgive his naughtiness, and let him work his will.

The crow will carry off your silver spoons, hide your thimble, take possession of any jewelry you leave in his way, but all with apparently the most laudable desire to have things tidied up, so that he too is forgiven and loved. I think people get more attached to these two birds, in spite of their mischief, than to any others. They eat almost anything that people eat, and the crow in particular will dispose of an enormous amount for one of his size. Once domesticated, one of these birds will stay about the house and never care to join his wild relatives. In truth, I suppose the life of a wild crow is a really hard struggle to supply his own larder, and the wise birds are knowing enough, when well fed without work, to stay in that happy land of plenty.

Gulls and the numerous owls make agreeable pets when tamed, but they are inconvenient to keep in city houses. In the country they are delightful to have about, because, living mostly out of doors, they do not require so much care, are more easily kept healthy, and naturally are more lively and amusing.

If you want a bird to be very tame and familiar you must have but one. No creature is more jealous or sensitive than a bird, and if you have several, none will become very intimate with you. It is easy, however, to win the heart of almost any single bird, and without starving him, or making him think he has mastered you. Simply talk to him a good deal. Place his cage near you, on your desk or work table, and retain his choicest dainty to give to him yourself, from your own fingers. Let him know that he can never have that particular thing, unless he take it from you, and he will soon learn, if you are patient.

and do not disconcert him by fixing your eyes upon him. After this he will more readily take it from your lips; and then, when you let him out of his cage, after the first excitement is over, he will come to you (especially if you have a call you have accustomed him to) and accept the dainty from you while free. From that time nothing is needed but invariably kind and gentle treatment, never frightening him by a sudden movement or a loud noise. As soon as he has really become convinced that you will not hurt him, nor try to catch him, nor interfere in any way with his liberty, he will give way to his boundless curiosity about you; he will pull your hair, pick at your eyes, and give you as much of his company as you desire. You should keep out of the way of a tame bird such things as needles, rubber-bands, bits of glass, small buttons, and, in general, objects small enough to swallow. Whatever instinct he may have in his natural surroundings, does not seem to avail him in a house.

The general directions given for the care of birds are all that is necessary to know in order to keep successfully any of the

foreign birds so plentiful in our country, aside from the little idiosyncracies of food, which every dealer gives with the bird. Perhaps I should except the skylark, which requires a fresh sod and no perches, and which I have not found satisfactory as a cage bird.

I must say a few words about one habit that our little captives sometimes fall into, that should be promptly cured or they will become very annoying—that is, scattering their food. Usually, mocking-bird food is put in a broad, open cup that comes for the purpose, that the eater may pick it over and select the bits that please him, but if he begins to throw it out, either with beak or feet, take him in hand at once and change his dish for one that will not allow this. A glass dish, opening at the side, (large enough to be entirely safe for his head) or a China flat cover, with holes in, to put over his cup, will answer the purpose.

I shall speak of the illnesses to which unhappily our pets are subject, in a later paper; but if thought and care are given to all the details of his comfort, a bird will rarely suffer from indisposition.

Olive Thorne Miller.



WHEN CHRISTMAS COMES.

Coral beads on burnished holly,
 Pearls on tender mistletoe!
 Wisdom bends to frolic's folly
 At the Yule-log's cheery glow,
 While the twinkling feet of dancers to
 glad measures come and go!

Wreathe the pictures, crown the wassail,
 Keep the hours sweet with song,
 Now let none be serf or vassal,
 But the festal rites prolong,
 And in guileless glee and pastime, let
 the happy children throng!

Hark the peals of jocund laughter,
 When, on pantomimic boards,
 Harlequins, clowns tumbling after,
 Cross and clash their mimic swords,
 While fair Columbine in spangles Beauty's
 prototype affords!

List the melodies entrancing—
 Bugles, cymbals, silver chimes—
 As the fairy chorus dancing
 Sings of sylvan ways and times,
 And Prince Charming does his wooing in
 the daintiest of rhymes!

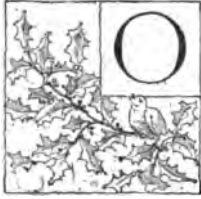
Through the keen and star-lit weather,
 Hear the hoofs and sleigh-bells ring!
 Warm furs catch the snow-flake's feather;
 Echoes answer peals that swing
 Till the hearts of youth and maiden take
 the cadence up and sing!

Father Christmas, hale and hoary,
 Young and old, we greet thy face;
 By our hearthstones hail thy glory
 And thy bygone legends trace,
 And with all time-honored reverence toast
 thy ever-bounteous grace!

John Moran.



CHEAP LIVING IN CITIES. No. III.



OUR housewife, whom we have supposed to have a dollar a day to feed four people, will, if she is wise, form some plan as to its expenditure. In doing this she must decide whether she

will make her own bread or buy it. The economy of home bread-making, using the most expensive flour, is at least one-third. If the second quality be used it will be about one-half, that is to say, a dollar's worth of bread from the baker will only go as far as fifty or sixty cents' worth of flour. The thirty or forty cents saved on bread would enable the housewife to buy fruit or some other things which, otherwise, must inevitably be given up.

She may apportion the sum somewhat as follows :

Meat, 11 lbs. at 15 cts.....	\$1 65
Butter, 3 lbs. at 30 cts.....	90
Bread, at 10 cts.....	70
Coffee, 2 lbs. at 30 cts.....	60
Tea.....	60
Soap, starch, etc., 50 cts.....	50
Milk, seven qts. at an average of 7 cts	49
Eggs, 1 dozen.....	25
Sugar, 4 lbs. at 8 cts.....	32
Vegetables, fruit and sundries.....	1 00

—
\$7.01

From this it will be seen that the weekly allowance is but a trifle over seven dollars.

Now, the above looks like very bald living, and so it would be if just that amount were expended in just that way, but I hope to show, although the groceries, milk, etc., can be little changed except by the substitution of one article for another, that the judicious expenditure of the allowance for meat will result in something better, proper care and time being given, than the bare pound and a half of meat a day.

It will probably be said that an average of fifteen cents a pound is very little for meat, yet I hope to show that it is sufficient to secure good, wholesome meat.

Others again will say it allows but a pound and a half for the breakfast, dinner and tea of four persons ; to such objectors I must reply by reminding them that "you

must cut your coat according to the cloth."

It must be remembered that if you have only twenty-five cents to pay for a certain thing you cannot get fifty cents' worth. It may be that those who cannot do without meat twice a day, can do without butter, which places more money at the housekeeper's disposal.

I have allowed three pounds of butter, which is a pound more than the usual allowance for four persons, to permit of its use for cooking, or its use in place of meat. Without depriving the family altogether, then, of butter, she may curtail the quantity and so have the price of two pounds more meat in her hands. These points every housekeeper, knowing the peculiarities of her family, must decide for herself ; only a bare skeleton can be offered of the way in which a certain sum of money may be best spent, but what is best for one family would be far from best for another.

As to prices again, fine butter in summer is twenty-five cents as a rule ; there are cities where it is dearer, and country towns where it is much cheaper, but the New York market is quoted in the prices I give : in winter the price is thirty-five to forty cents, but as the cheap season is usually longer than the dear one we may put the average at thirty cents, and this average may be made less by buying in October a pail of fine butter at twenty-five cents. Eggs, too, can be bought when they are twenty cents a dozen and preserved in lime. In these and many other ways, the laws laid down as to the quantities to be consumed may be made less rigid.

We will first see now what meat at an average of fifteen cents a pound will be like, and this month we must be extra clever with our funds, for Christmas is coming, and in the allowance there is no margin for high days and holidays, yet what family so poor but they make an effort for Christmas fare ?

I must ask the reader to bear in mind the fact that I have given fifteen cents as an *average*, so that if meat can be bought at ten cents one day you can afford twenty cents the next, without increasing the average. Now let us consider what parts of meat we can buy at fourteen and fifteen cents. Leg of mutton, fourteen cents a pound ; fore-quarter of mutton, twelve

cents ; chuck roast of beef, fourteen cents ; rump of beef, ten to twelve cents ; flank steak, ten cents ; plate piece, navel and flank, all for corning, vary from seven to nine cents.

Leg of pork and loin of pork, twelve cents ; sausage meat, twelve cents ; frozen turkey and chicken, fourteen to sixteen cents.

The meats we cannot buy are : first-class roasts, porterhouse steaks, sirloin steaks, mutton chops, lamb ; (although the fore-quarter is often to be got at fourteen cents and less, after it becomes heavy).

It will be seen from these details that with an average of fifteen cents a pound, we can have a good range to choose from and are not limited to stews, but may indulge in the roasts that the American so dearly loves and by keeping the price of the meat down to an average of ten or eleven cents a pound for the month of December, the Christmas fare may be indulged in without misgiving as to how the money is to be found for the time-honored goose and plum-pudding.

Now in order to keep within this average without living badly, in fact, probably without your family discovering that you are economizing more than usual, we will see what a few of the dinners would be like.

Sunday. Roast beef (chuck ribs at 14 cents), two vegetables, a pudding.

Now have you ever tried a chuck rib roast? Are you among my readers who may not be forced to keep their hand on the dial of their expenses? If not, do so. A butcher told me he believed the real reason that chuck roast was so little used as a roast, was because it was so heavy that unless a large roast were needed, there was only a flat piece. Another thing, unless it is carefully bound, it is an exceedingly difficult piece to carve.

The chuck rib is, or should be, cut quite short. Therefore, six or seven pounds make a thick roast of two ribs, and every ounce besides the bone is tender, juicy meat of a flavor that compares with the prime roasts. The fat and lean are well blended. Let the butcher remove all the bones which will interfere with the carving-knife and send them home for soup. If the joint is from prime beef, and I am supposing that you would buy no other, you will find when this is roasted just as you would the finest ribs that it will lack neither the tenderness nor flavor that belongs to the best roast beef.

This is by no means the case with all the lower-priced cuts of beef. They are full of nutrition, but unless they are cooked in special ways, they are tough, and even if they were tender, they would not have the high flavor of roast beef, but for stews, pot-roasts, etc., they answer better than the other cuts would do, even if the price were the same, because the fibres are looser and the meat more easily becomes tender by long, slow cooking than that of a firmer texture would.

How long this piece of beef will last will depend on the appetite of the family, and still more on the carver (of that more later).

The next dinner may be of pea soup, made from the bones of the beef, and some of the beef made into a stew or into fried beef cakes, recipes for which will be given later another day. Roast leg of pork, stuffed, may be the meat dish ; with this should be eaten dumplings, or boiled rice, as the meat is rich. Or a roast leg of mutton may be preferred to pork.

A fore-quarter of mutton is rather a large amount of meat for those who are so situated, and it is cheaper to buy the lean half or rack than the breast at seven cents a pound. For a small family the rack will make three dishes : Scotch hotch potch or Irish stew from the scrag (which is the tenderest and sweetest part of the fore-quarter when stewed), the shoulder piece roasted, with plenty of stewed onions, and the ribs to be cut in chops, or roasted.

Of course, from all roasts there will be meat to warm over for a second day, and more than this, there will occasionally be the little dish of hash, or stew, or meat-balls for breakfast or tea, for if our friend markets as I hope she will, always balancing her one day's expenses against the last or the next, she will find herself able to give many little savory dishes that cost but a few cents to satisfy those who long for some relish with breakfast or tea. Or if her family require nothing added to the farinaceous food provided twice a day (with such additions as fritters, fried mush, etc., which may so largely replace meat), she will be able to add fruit or salad to her dietary, or puddings or pies, all good and dear to the palates of children and men.

But to do this, good management and careful cooking will be necessary ; the housewife unable or unwilling to give these will keep her family alive on a dollar a day, but for them there will be no relief to the

bald fare of which we have given a list : scanty meat, unsavory and hard, meals unrelieved by any of the cheap luxuries I have spoken of.

How to make nice dishes of cheap materials will be told in a future paper. The rest of this one must be devoted to some economical goodies for Christmas.

Whether a turkey or a goose or the time-honored roast beef be selected, I take for granted that the house-mother will know how to prepare it. But she may like to know of a Christmas pudding that will be good without being expensive.

ECONOMICAL CHRISTMAS PUDDING.

Boil the peels of two lemons and two oranges in separate waters, saving the juice of the last, for three or four hours, changing the water till no bitterness remains ; when done, that is, so tender that a straw will go through them, drain and chop them fine, separately. Lay them aside, sprinkling with each a good tablespoonful of brown sugar ; chop a pound of beef suet very fine, throw it into a large bowl, add to it a pound of bread crumbs, or half a pound of flour and the rest crumbs, a pound of raisins and the same of currants, a quarter of a pound of citron, cut small, three-quarters of a pound of brown sugar, a teaspoonful of salt, one of ground cloves, two of cinnamon and three of ginger. Mix the spices and salt with two teaspoonfuls of baking powder ; scatter well over the other ingredients, then with both hands mix them up, breaking any clogged lumps of suet ; when well mixed beat four eggs, mix with them the juice of the two oranges and pour them over the mixture ; now stir the chopped peels in a cup of black molasses and a cup of milk. Mix all as

quickly as possible. Have ready either one large two-quart bowl or two one-quart ones, greased, and a pot of boiling water. Get the pudding or puddings into the bowls as quickly as possible, tie a cloth over the top of each and then put into the pot ; bring quickly to the boil again and keep them boiling steadily.

This makes a very large pudding which requires ten hours' boiling, seven or eight on the day it is made, two or three, as the case may be, when it is to be eaten. The quart pudding requires six hours the first boiling, two the second. These puddings may be made a week before they are used.

N. B.—A sauce of boiled custard, one egg to half a pint of milk, flavored with almond, is an economical and excellent accompaniment, or hard sauce may be used.

A GOOD CHRISTMAS CAKE.

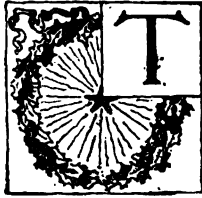
Two cups of brown sugar, two of butter or half lard, five of flour, one pound of raisins, one of currants, one scant pint of milk, four eggs, leaving out the white of one, half a cup of black molasses, two teaspoonfuls of cinnamon, one of cloves, one of mace (all ground), two of baking powder ; melt the butter a little, beat with it a little sugar and eggs, next add the molasses, still beating, the spices and raisins, chopped, and last of all the flour, in which the baking powder must have been sifted well with the milk. Bake in a moderate oven three hours, if one large cake is made. Stir confectioners' sugar into the white of egg with the juice of half a lemon, as much as it will moisten to the consistency of a soft mortar ; ice the cake with this, using a knife dipped in water to spread it.

Catherine Owen.



THE COLONEL'S PERSIMMONS.

PART II.



HE old coon!" groaned the unhappy Colonel, "He knows I know that nigger told him." When he was close by, Judge Fairleigh raised his eyes and gave a very well executed start of surprise.

"Bless my soul!" he said, and paused. Then politely, "How do you do, sir? Fine evening. Pleasant weather for this time of year."

"Hum!" grunted Colonel Rutherford, with as much dignity as circumstances would permit, "I am not here to admire the day, sir."

The Judge came a step nearer and looked up. He permitted a smile to appear around the corners of his mouth.

"It's a little early for persimmons, eh? Find 'em good?"

Colonel Rutherford was too much exasperated to speak. He had a great desire to kick the face that was only a few inches from his boot, but his position made the attempt awkward.

"I'm afraid they draw your mouth," continued the Judge. "You don't look altogether comfortable. Why don't you get down?"

"You know very well I can't," cried the suffering captive, "and you need pretend nothing to the contrary. I saw that nigger go straight over and tell you, and if ever I catch him or any of your people on my land again, I give you warning, I'll make 'em remember it."

"Oh, come now!" Judge Fairleigh sat down and stretched his long legs with tantalizing ease. "Be calm, my dear sir, be reasonable. You see if you talk that way—why, you're trespassing now."

"No, sir," cried the Colonel hotly, but the Judge proceeded.

"I'm sure I don't grudge you the persimmons. It's the principle, sir, the principle of the thing. If you had asked me for them now! I'd send my own servants to pick the best of Fairleigh fruit for you any day, but for the sake of right——"

Here the enraged Colonel, who had not

ceased to speak, forced his voice uppermost.

"You are crazy, sir. I eat my own fruit from my own trees on my own land——"

"Well, you know," Judge Fairleigh interjected with a grin, "the Court says differently."

"—— the Court." The Colonel was off his balance indeed. None had ever heard him swear before.

"You'll have to carry all the Courts of the country in your pocket, sir, let me tell you, before you'll get my land. And since you're too mean-spirited to help me down—and I'd see you hung before I'd ask you—go along, sir, and leave me to myself."

"I'll help you down if you'll say the land is mine."

"I'll tell no lie, sir."

"Well, it is mine, you know. If you appeal you'll just fling your money away. I'm sure to be upheld."

"We'll see, sir, we'll see. You Democrats don't own the country yet, you'll find."

"Ha!" The Judge sniffed the air like a war-horse. "Don't we? We're sweeping everything. You old-fogy Whigs won't have a hole to hide in after the election. Why—ha! ha!—I declare I'm sorry to see men beaten so badly. I like a closer fight myself. There's nothing left of you but shreds. And there won't be even a shred left of you if you stay in that tree much longer. Come now, say you won't appeal. Come down gracefully, my dear sir, and I'll get you down literally. Ha! Ha!"

"I will appeal! You'll never touch that land till you die. And the Whigs'll show you yet——"

"Well, well," Judge Fairleigh rose slowly, "I'm sorry you're so obdurate. I hope this experience will keep you from further trespass."

He walked off a step, then looked back.

The Colonel was purple and speechless with rage.

"Better think it over. Say it's mine. I'm going."

"Go to the devil, sir," roared his victim, "Don't you ever speak another word to me

again, sir, as long as you live, or if it's at the church door, I'll cane you, sir."

"Get out of the tree first," mocked the Judge over his shoulder, "Good evening. Help yourself to persimmons—do."

Had Colonel Rutherford been upon the ground he would have danced with rage. His face was the color of boiled beets, the great veins looked as though they would burst. He bellowed threats and denunciations in explosive pantings, wrenched himself round in futile struggles, and shook both fists at the slowly-retiring back of his enemy. In his excitement he forgot all caution, lost his balance, and fell.

Judge Fairleigh heard a crash and turned to see his old neighbor hanging head down, his foot still fast, and blood trickling from a cut on his forehead. The Judge came back with a bound. In a minute he was over the wall and had caught Colonel Rutherford by the shoulders, calling him and shouting for help in a breath.

Sam jumped up from his hiding place and ran to his assistance. Together they tugged at the unlucky foot.

"Robert—Robert, old fellow, look up. By Jove, he's unconscious. He's bleeding. Robert, I say. He's hit his head against that wall. Here, Sam, take off that boot, quick."

"'Clar ter goodness, Marse Chawles, I kyarn' stir it, sir. It in too tight."

"You blockhead. Pull it—he'll die in my arms. *Get it off!* Here, take my knife and cut it."

"I'se feared I'll cut his foot, sir."

"Well, cut it then. We've got to get him down. He's that heavy he'll break in two. Easy now—there—I can't hold him. You fool, you'll kill him sure! I say——"

But he could say nothing, for Sam, working with more zeal than knowledge and more fright than either, liberated the luckless Colonel with a jerk. Down came two hundred pounds and more upon the Judge's breast, and down went the Judge, rolling over on the ground with Colonel Rutherford on top of him.

The dogs scattered and howled. Terrified Sam leaped from the tree and helped his master up. The Judge was breathless and as white as a ghost. He felt that if Colonel Rutherford was not killed it was a miracle, and his conscience forbade him to suppose that Providence would at that moment interpose any miracles in his behalf. He turned the old gentleman over and felt his bones with indescribable anxie-

ty. He was stunned, of course. Heaven send that was all. Sam halloosed to some farm hands crossing the twilight fields beyond, and with much puffing and exertion and agonized directions from the Judge, they hoisted the Colonel over the wall and bore him away to Fairleigh. Their master strode beside, a prey to distressing fears. He felt like a homicide. He also felt that if the story got wind it would fly all over the county. He seized a chance to say apart to Sam: "See here, you limb of Satan, if you go prowling 'round after me, you'd better keep your mouth shut. If you ever breathe a word of what you heard just now I'll skin you, d'ye hear?"

"Lan,' Marster, I ain' yeared narithin', sir, clar ter goodness." But he added to himself apart, "I lay Marster's powerful glad I did foller an' hide in dem bushes, else I dunno what would er been de end er dis yere."

The movable feast called supper waited the master's coming so long that night at Briarwood, that even Mrs. Rutherford's ample patience was put to strain before a panting boy arrived to say that the Colonel was in bed at Fairleigh, Marse Chawles had sent for the doctor, and the carriage was coming around the road to take her over at once. While she was vainly endeavoring to understand how these things could be, Thorn, unable to extract more than the most confused story from the excited messenger, got horse to buggy and whisked his mother off without waiting for the Fairleigh equipage.

The news-bringer sat in the kitchen eating Aunt Polly's griddle cakes, while all the tongues of the household clacked around him.

"What you all been a doin' ter Marster? How come he git ober ter Fairleigh? He say he niver go dar agin. He done shuck off de dus' from his feet."

"He shuck it all ober his coat den. He all kivered wif it when I see him. Like he been a rollin' on de groun'."

"You mean ter say Marse Robert an' de Judge hed a fight? Shoo! My mars-ter kin lick yourn any day in de week, an' Sundays too."

"Naw, naw, dey ain' had no fight, Marster's a waitin' on him an' a makin' de whole house fly 'roun' gittin' him eve'yting on de place. I year 'em say he fell ober de stone wall."

"What he doin' on de wall? Naw, sir.

He fell off de bridge inter de brahnch an' mos' drown——"

"Shucks! You all don' know nothin'. I know all 'bout it. 'Twas dat ar big bull in de spring field. Marster was a-gittin' ober de fence an' de bull he feelin' mighty ugly an' he come up an' he lif Marster by de coat-tail jes' ez easy ez you'd take a tin pail, an' he lan' in de bushes tur-r side de fence an'——"

Here Aunt Polly, spatula in hand, turned fiercely from her griddle to the speaker.

"My laws-a-mussy, man, what kiner nigger is you? You say you see dat ram-bunktious ole black bull hist ole Marster ober de fence an' kick him 'roun' in de bushes an' you keep yo' big mouf shet an' went for dem Fa'rleigh folks ter fine him an' tote him ober dar an' come all de way 'roun' an' tell ole Miss? What you want ter tell all dem lies fer? You mighty no account, you Dave, but I lay you ain' dat bad anyway."

"Well, I ain' jes' say I seen it, Aunt Polly," said Dave in extenuation, "but I know dat de way it 'bleeged ter be."

"You know too much; you too smart. It's my belief Marster's had a stroke. Dish yere blamed lawin' it boun' ter mek him sick."

"I reckon you'se 'bout right, Aunt Polly. Anyway, Marse Chawles he sent Matt fer de doctor a kitin'. He tole him tek de sorrel an' jes' go it, an' den he sent me yere."

"Yessir, dat's it. Pore Marse Robert, he all out wif de lawin'."

In the meantime at Fairleigh feuds and lawsuits were as though they had never been.

Even lovers' quarrels receded into the background. Thorn was a good son and much concerned about his father, but when Nannie met him in the hall and held out both her soft little hands to him and let all her sympathy shine in the eyes she raised to his—eyes that looked as if they had never flashed with indignant lightning, but were as clear and sweet as blue sky after summer storms—and when she said:

"Oh, *don't* be troubled. We *hope* he is better," it cannot be denied that Thorn's heart gave a great jump in spite of his anxiety, and though he was still bewildered, wishing for explanations on more subjects than one, he found time to raise the pretty hands to his lips and hold them there an instant before he followed his mother.

The Judge received Mrs. Rutherford on the porch; Mrs. Fairleigh met and em-

braced her in the hall; all the girls stood about with varying expressions of commiseration and welcome. Around the Colonel's bed the doctor, when he arrived, found not only a multiplicity of salves and possets, but faith, hope, neighborly kindness, and all the higher virtues reigning supreme. To see the two households whose differences had convulsed the district united in such harmony was sufficiently odd, and the doctor was very curious. He received but a confused story of the accident, which I fear Judge Fairleigh represented as a fall over a fence, but he reassured them by finding no very serious injuries and drove off, bye-and-bye, smiling to himself in the darkness.

Men of the Colonel's age and weight do not fall, even out of persimmon trees, with impunity, and there were some days of considerable anxiety, and much running to and fro. The Judge had given up his own room to the invalid, and every morning he would appear at the door with a troubled face that would clear wonderfully when Mrs. Rutherford said, "Better," or "A good night." After awhile, when the worst was reduced to a sprained ankle and a few bruises, there was much ado to make Colonel Rutherford look upon himself as an invalid at all, and the different members of the household relieved each other in keeping guard over him.

While he sat in one cushioned chair, with his bandaged foot on another, on the right a table loaded with books, on the left a stand of fruit and drinks, Judge Fairleigh was every moment devising something new to entertain him. All the best produce of the place, the longest ears of corn, the biggest apples, the finest pears, were exhibited and commented on; old times came back, indeed, when the plans for the new ice-house were brought out, and Colonel Rutherford's advice taken about draining an ugly swamp.

The meadow, the lawsuit, and persimmons were alike tabooed. Out came the chess-board from its long retirement, and the beloved games were renewed with enthusiasm. Mrs. Fairleigh and Mrs. Rutherford, so long dragged at their husbands' chariot wheels in reluctant submission, now joyfully returned to the suspended confidences over store-room and needle-work. The younger sisters made cakes and puddings for the Colonel, brought him flowers, ran errands, and nudged each other as they watched Thorn and Nannie sauntering

over the lawn. To these young people the millenium appeared to have dawned, yet they enjoyed it with breathlessness and tremor, fearing every moment to awake and find themselves still sundered by law and equity. Indeed, it was in the nature of things that such halcyon days could not last, and it was Thorn himself who, with much wrestling and reluctance, reached the conclusion that honor compelled him to risk their destruction. After a week or more of charming dalliance by day in the cheerful precincts of Fairleigh, and solitary musing by night in the deserted rooms of Briarwood, his conscience so gained the upper hand that he told Nannie he must either speak to her father or stay away from Fairleigh. She demurred and looked frightened, but he insisted that he felt like a sneak and a thief, and the next morning—which happened to be Sunday—Judge Fairleigh was making an early visit to some pet calves in a paddock, when he saw Thornton rapidly crossing the fields from Briarwood. This was not strange, for he came over every day, but there was an air of determination in the young man's appearance that caused the acute Judge to eye him closely, as he came nearer. He seemed to be bracing himself for an ordeal, and put himself instantly to proof by saying boldly, without introduction or preface:

"Good morning, Judge Fairleigh, I want to marry Miss Nannie. I've told her so, and I thought I ought to tell you so too."

"Bless me!" said the Judge, "What! Now? You seem in a hurry."

Thorn was out of breath, and perhaps a trifle shame-faced, but he answered with spirit:

"It couldn't be too soon for me, sir."

"You're a fine fellow," said the Judge, and was silent, leaning his elbow on the fence with a judicial air of urbanity and consideration. "Your father, sir," he said at last, "is a man of strong prejudices."

Thorn admitted that he was, and looked a little blue.

"I suppose you have—a—told him your wishes?"

"Why, no," said Thornton, coloring, "I thought I ought to speak to you first, sir."

"Ah!" The Judge looked down at the holes he was making in the ground with his stick. "You are a man of honor, I see. I appreciate it."

"I hope I have your consent," said Thorn, anxiously, "and I'll speak to my father right away."

"No. Don't. I'm very fond of you, my boy, but you see my daughter must never go where she is not entirely welcome, and the Colonel's prejudices——"

"But they don't extend to her," cried Thorn. "How could they? Or—or—we can persuade him. Anyhow I must have leave to address Miss Nannie, sir, or I'll have to stay away from Fairleigh altogether. I can't come here again this way—I'll——"

"Tut! tut! You young men are so hasty. Give me till to-morrow to think of it. I can't give my girl away like a big apple. Meantime what's to prevent your doing as you've done all your life? I hope you will go with the ladies to church and dine with us as usual."

"Well, sir, if you say so. Thank you." Thorn was turning off only half satisfied, when the Judge added: "I'd rather you'd say nothing to your father to-day."

"I'll do as you please, sir—for to-day."

And in truth, although he looked so discontented, Thorn was not displeased to postpone the interview, which was much the more dreaded of the two. Judge Fairleigh might be magnanimous. He had the consciousness of triumph. But Colonel Rutherford would naturally feel differently, and if he did appeal that case—On the whole Thorn felt that the storm was not over, but meanwhile he had a long, beautiful day before him, with the prospect of driving Nannie to church in his own buggy, of sitting beside her during service, and of returning to spend the happy afternoon in her society. It was not in his nature to be cast down with all this.

Judge Fairleigh remained by the fence while the calves timidly regarded him from the paddock. He was thinking, among other things, that he was sure of his nomination next year, and if the Rutherford opposition could, by any means, be overcome, he knew he could carry the election. Could it be overcome? The Colonel was so touchy; one never knew when he would flare up. And although he might keep quiet now, Judge Fairleigh said to himself, ruefully, that as soon as he got home all the fat would be in the fire again.

"Hang it!" he thought. "I'd give him the land and welcome, if he'd support me next Fall, or only hold his tongue. I wish the decision had gone the other way, then he'd be more manageable, but I can't back down, of course. Trumpery bit of meadow! Isn't worth the money I've put on it now, and if he appeals——"

He sighed as he thought of the election expenses and his many daughters. Neither the ambitious politician nor the careful father could deny that it would be a blessed thing to have Nannie mistress of Briarwood.

On his way back to the house he stopped at a bubbling spring and gathered a handful of mint. He had insisted that all the ladies should go to church, and leave him to take care of the Colonel, so now he went into the room where his old friend was sitting in the sun. He brought glasses and ice and began to concoct a julep of surpassing flavor. Colonel Rutherford put down *The Protestant Churchman*, and watched proceedings with interest. At the end of half an hour the two old gentlemen were laughing and crying alternately over the glasses, and the reminiscences of their scatter-brained youth.

"Ah!" said the Judge at last, wiping his streaming eyes, "those were rare times, Robert. Would to Heaven they might return. We had no differences then."

Colonel Rutherford was a slower man than his friend; he needed time to arrange his ideas. He paused now and colored, but the softening influences of old association—and mint julep—were upon him and he answered mildly:

"I'm sure, Charles, the differences were none of my making."

"No, no. We're all human. Gad, how time goes! Here's my daughter taller than her mother—a good girl, Colonel, and handy. Talk of juleps! I wish you'd see her mix me one when I come in on a hot day from the farm. She beats me."

"I'm quite convinced from my own experience," said the gallant Colonel, "that whatever Miss Nannie does will be done well."

"Been giving you some of her fancy dishes, eh? Well, sir, she's a good girl. They're all tolerably well-trained—their mother takes care of that—but, though a father shouldn't perhaps say it, there is not one of 'em can hold a candle to Nannie. Girls are a comfort in a house, Colonel, make it bright, don't they?"

"It has pleased Providence to deny us that comfort," said the Colonel, with a sigh, "but I could not stay here without seeing that they do bring brightness wherever they come."

Judge Fairleigh respected the sigh. He knew it was a tribute to the memory of the two baby daughters that lay side by side in Briarwood burying ground. A sympathetic

silence ensued. Colonel Rutherford's face had grown very soft and tender when the Judge spoke abruptly: "Robert, don't appeal that case."

"Eh!" The Colonel jumped in his chair and gave his ankle a horrid twinge, but the Judge hurried on.

"You see, I've got the decision. The land's mine now—hear me out, hear me out, I'll listen to you in a minute—I say it's mine now, and even if you get it reversed, as I don't deny you may, why, it'll cost us both a pretty penny. Why not compromise?"

"Compromise!" roared the Colonel, finding his voice with a burst—"I never speak the word, sir! And as for expenses, 'tis not the money——"

"Well, well. But see here. We're too old to squabble. It's unseemly. We've been friends a lifetime. We want to end our days in quiet. I don't mind telling you I've missed you, Robert; you know you've missed me. I want my evening chess, so do you. We want our Sunday dinners, our walks and talks——"

"Charles," said his friend with emotion, "It's every word true, but I can't give up, sir, I can't, I must have my rights if I die for them. That land——"

"Yes, yes," said the wily Judge, "I know, I don't ask you. I can't give up either. But we are old. It is time we gave place to the younger generation. Let them take up the cudgels while we sit by the hearth. Deed your claims to your son—he's a lad of spirit. I'll make over mine to my daughter—you know she's a capable girl. We'll step back and let 'em fight it out, sir, let 'em fight it out." He had drawn nearer to the door and opened it before the bewildered Colonel could reply.

"Think it over, Robert, think it over," he said, and disappeared.

Think it over! The Colonel could think of nothing but his impudence. Take his own land for bait to hook his son! A pretty thing, indeed! But it is likely that other thoughts visited him in the course of the day. Everybody was so kind to him. Nannie brought up his tray at dinner time herself, and as the dinner was excellent he was able to reflect again what a worthy little housekeeper she would make. When she afterwards came and sat beside him, talking and looking as sweet as a flower, he found himself very much entertained. All his ancient gallantry came back to him, and he made her the fine speeches that

had been wont to captivate the belles of former days. They answered just as well now after half a century, and the two grew so cosy and intimate that Thorn was left out in the cold. His golden afternoon was waning, and Nannie was wickedly blind to his impatience. The sisters poked covert fun at him that he was not in the humor to take, and when the Judge came and solemnly conversed with him, Thorn's hot anxiety accused the old man with manœuvering to thwart him.

He went home in a pet and spent a night of morose imaginings. Was the Judge merely temporizing? He would not be played with. He would speak to his father at once, if it brought on an earthquake. If his happiness was to be wrecked by a worthless field he was going to know it. If he could not have Nannie, he would leave the country, and, by George! he'd have her too—some day.

Thus he went over to Fairleigh next morning and entered his father's room with the air of a man about to charge a battery. The Colonel greeted him with a demand to have the Briarwood carriage brought over: he was going home that day, ankle or no ankle.

"Why, what has happened?" asked Thorn, alarmed. Was some new complication rising in his way?

"Happened, sir? Nothing. But I can't stay here forever. I can't live here. I must go home sometime."

Thorn was daunted, but he braced himself anew. "I think they are very kind," he began, "and I want to say, sir—"

"Kind!" exclaimed his father, "I should think so. And that little witch, Nannie, upon my word I shan't know what to do without her. She's the sweetest girl in the county."

Thorn's heart throbbed assent, but he was taken by surprise and could not speak.

"For the life of me," continued the Colonel, whose ideas of finesse were peculiar, "I can't tell where your eyes have been all this time, Thornton, if you haven't found it out."

"I—I have always thought Miss Nannie extremely pretty," Thorn stammered, looking down.

"Pretty! Why what in the world are you young men made of nowadays? If I had been thrown with such a girl as Nannie Fairleigh, day in and day out, I

wouldn't be calling her pretty in that milk-and-water way, I can tell you. And I'll tell you something more, my boy, a rose like that don't bloom unpicked very long. You'll have some of those meddling Peytons stepping in and carrying her off before your eyes if you don't look out. There are three of 'em, all here any day. How'll you feel then, eh?"

Thorn regarded his father in speechless amazement. He could not trust his ears. He must be dreaming.

"Don't look at me as if you could not understand me, sir. I am not talking Greek. I hope, sir," regarding him keenly, "I *do* hope you have not been fool enough to entangle yourself with any of those Tripton girls. Very good young women, I dare say, but I want a different sort as mistress of Briarwood."

Thorn threw back his head with a burst of laughter. This was too much. Good Heavens! It was positively uncanny. Such luck was not to be trusted. His father looked hurt; he went on very soberly:

"I am getting old. In the nature of things Briarwood must soon be yours. I should like to see you as happy in the old house as your mother and I have been. I want no empty head to take your mother's place. You are getting on, my boy, it's time you thought of settling down. I've never grudged you your pleasure, but now if you let a bit of true metal slip through your fingers while you're too limp to close them, you'll regret it when it's too late."

"Father," Thorn was much affected, but struggling with a wild desire to shout, to laugh, to throw up his hat and rush from the room, "Father, I would do anything to please you—and I'm sure—I wish—that is, I'll do what I can—"

"Pshaw!" said the disgusted Colonel, "I never thought a son of mine could be such a milksop. I don't want you to take her just because I say so, sir. Nothing of the kind. But how you can have eyes and not want her yourself I don't understand. Go along and think it over."

Thorn went, commanding himself sufficiently to get out of the room with propriety, but once outside he acted like a lunatic. He took the whole staircase in two flying leaps, alighting nearly on Nannie's head as she passed beneath, flung his arm around her, kissed her

soundly, and waltzed off down the broad hall with her like a whirlwind. And by this unceremonious behavior he nearly ruined his chances entirely, for Mrs. Fairleigh's well-trained daughter was so offended that it was all Thorn could do between laughter and compunction and want of breath, to explain what had just taken place between his father and himself, and to prevent her leaving him—as once before—with great hauteur. But flesh and blood could not refuse to laugh, and Nannie surrendered at last very gracefully.

There was merriment that night at Fairleigh. The Colonel had been easily persuaded to stay, and around a crackling fire of oak and hickory a great bowl of egg-nogg was passed to the young couple's health. Only the youngest girl sat apart inclined to sulk. She had been deeply offended. Coming in at dusk with a bucket of fine persimmons for her dear friend, the Colonel, her father had roughly hustled her from the room, and had emptied her precious basket out of the back door, declaring the pesky things not fit for pigs. Nor would he vouchsafe any explanation, and Lizzie's indignation was extreme.

Colonel Rutherford went home, but he did not get well by saying so. When there was no one but Mrs. Rutherford and Thorn (whose thoughts were often elsewhere) to mount guard, he took his own way, as usual, and it ended in disaster. The doctor had to threaten him with a winter upon crutches before he would listen to reason. Then he said doctors know nothing anyway, and to prove it became so docile that on Christmas Day he was able to take again his accustomed seat in church. The congregation saw him come slowly up the aisle, without crutches, but leaning heavily on his cane.

When the sermon full of reasonable admonitions was over, when the concluding anthem had been sung and the benediction

given, the masters of Briarwood and Fairleigh, leaving their opposite pews, came face to face in the aisle.

"Judge Fairleigh," said Colonel Rutherford, in his fine, old-fashioned, formal manner, "our quarrel was public, our reconciliation should be so too. This is Christmas Day. It is the season, sir, of peace, of good will—Charles," he broke down abruptly, "if I was wrong I ask your pardon."

Judge Fairleigh did not answer, he was a man of the world. His face, however, softened strangely. He took the Colonel's hand and drew it through his arm.

"You don't walk very well yet, Robert," he said.

Under the Christmas greens they went out together.

* * * * *

Judge Fairleigh's wedding gift to Nannie was a deed for the meadow, drawn this time without flaw. Colonel Rutherford never fully comprehended Thorn's prompt obedience, nor Nannie's sudden consent, but his deep conviction that his own diplomacy had made the match helped him greatly to bear the thought that after all he had compromised. He always gallantly maintained that so sweet a daughter was worth the sacrifice of principle, and although he scrupulously spoke of "your land, my dear," he farmed it just as carefully as of old, and the blue thistle showed head no more.

The Sunday dinners were resumed and the games of chess—in short, Briarwood and Fairleigh, knit together by ties both old and new, basked henceforth in rural peace and calm. Only Sam, when, above the waters of Winona Creek, he watched his fishing line and indulged in the bitter recollections of fickle Viny and triumphant Dave, still muttered to himself regretfully:

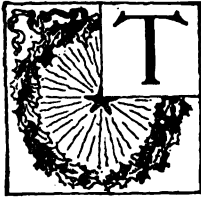
"Lawin' mek a heap er trouble."

Maria Blunt.



SOME OLD VIRGINIA HOMESTEADS. No. III.

SHIRLEY.



THE old homesteads of James River are linked by ties of consanguinity and affection, interesting and sometimes amusing to the outside spectator, yet exceedingly pretty in the natural acceptance of relationships on the part of those involved in them.

The ramifications of blood and family connections exist elsewhere, of course, but it is seldom that a locality—such as village or township—in Northern and Western States is settled entirely by cousins from generation to generation. Still rarer is the custom of recognizing this kinship to the fifth and sixth remove, which makes the Old Virginia neighborhood a standing illustration of the text—"He hath made of one blood all *nations*" (read "conditions") "of men."

The utterance of the names of a generation is like the whispering together of many branches of a genealogical tree. Nelson Page and Page Nelson; Carter Page and Page Carter; Mann Page; William Byrd Page; Carter Harrison and Harrison Carter; Shirley Harrison; Byrd Harrison; Shirley Carter; Carter Berkeley; Carter Braxton—and a hundred other interchanges and unions of surnames and baptismal prænomens tell the tale of inter-marriage, and of affection for the line "in linked *appellation* long drawn out." One versed in State history, on hearing one of these compounded titles, can arrive, forthwith, at a fair apprehension of who were the owner's forbears, and in what county he was born.

Hill Carter of Shirley, than whom no Virginia planter of this century was better and more favorably known, thus proclaimed his lineage and birth-place with unmistakable distinctness.

In 1611 Sir Thomas Dale, Governor of the Colony of Virginia, and chiefly renowned for the part he took in forwarding the marriage of Rolfe and Pocahontas, laid out and gave title to the plantation of West Shirley, named, it is said, in honor of Sir Thomas Shirley, of Whiston, England. It is set down in the history of the Indian

Massacre of 1622 as one of the "five or six well-fortified places," into which the survivors gathered for defense, leaving homes, cattle and furniture to destruction. There is no record of "killed" at this place.

But the estate comes into historical prominence as the seat of the Honorable—sometimes called "Sir"—Edward Hill, "a member of His Majesty's Council in Virginia, Colonel and Commander-in-Chief of the Counties of Charles City and Surry, Judge of His Majesty's High Court of Admiralty, and Treasurer of Virginia." He was Speaker of the Assembly of Burgesses convened in November, 1654, at which time "William Hatcher, being convicted of having stigmatized Col. Edward Hill, speaker of the House, as an atheist and blasphemer, was compelled to make acknowledgment of his offense upon his knees before Colonel Hill and the Assembly."

The scene in the Assembly-Room when the sentence was carried into execution was, says tradition, exceedingly impressive. The stifled choler and sullen submission of the offender; the dignity maintained by the most Christian Speaker, whose innocence of the "stigmatizing" charges was thus publicly disproved; the awed solemnity of the honorable Burgesses in council assembled—were a sight to make the Albany of two hundred years later stare in dumb amaze, and Washington shake with "inextinguishable laughter."

In 1698-99, the name of Robert Carter is given as Speaker of the House and Treasurer of Virginia. His father, John Carter, emigrated from England in 1649, and settled, first in upper Norfolk, now Nansemond County, afterward in Lancaster. We hear of him in 1658 as chairman of a committee in the House of Burgesses that drew up a declaration of popular sovereignty. At the next session, Col. Edward Hill was elected Speaker. "Col. Moore Fauntleroy, of Rappahannock County, not being present at the election, moved against him as if clandestinely elected, and taxed the house with unwarrantable proceedings therein. He was suspended until next day, when, acknowledging his error, he was readmitted."

In the list of members of this Assembly,

we note "Colonel John Carter;" also, "Mr. Warham Horsemander," the father of the first Col. Byrd's wife. It is probable that an intimacy between the two leading spirits, Carter and Hill, had already begun, which extended to their families.

Robert Carter became one of the largest land-owners in Virginia, holding so much real estate in Lancaster County and elsewhere as to be popularly known as "King Carter." He held semi-regal sway at his homestead, Corotoman, on the Rappahannock, built a church, which is still standing, and brought up to man's and woman's estate one dozen children to keep alive his name in his native State. His tomb, sadly mutilated by the relic-fiend, is at Corotoman.

His son John married Col. Edward Hill's daughter, Elizabeth, and became, by virtue of her succession to her father's estate, master of Shirley.

Benjamin Harrison, of Berkeley, married one of King Carter's daughters. Mr. Harrison and two of his daughters were killed by a flash of lightning at Berkeley some years later. Another daughter married Mann Page, of Timberneck. Without following further bough and twig of the genealogical tree aforesaid, enough has been told to account for the plentiful harvest of Carters in Eastern and Central Virginia. Annie Carter Lee, wife of "Light Horse Harry" Lee and mother of Robert E. Lee, was a descendant of King Carter, and was born at Shirley.

The shores of the watery highway from Norfolk to Richmond are singularly beautiful, especially in autumn and early spring. At the latter season, the winter wheat in rich luxuriance rolls back to the hills outlying the lowlands; orchards are in full bloom; snowy dogwood and rosy red-bud and the lovely fringe-tree, seldom seen except in Virginia, alternate with the pale green of birch and willow. Wide spaces of the steeper banks are whitened by wild lilies and reddened by columbine. Every bend of the stream is historic. Bermuda Hundred, City Point, Turkey Island, Malvern Hills, Powhatan, one of the royal residences of the stout-hearted Indian king,—a fascinating *mélange* of legendary lore and exciting incidents of what every patriot prays may stand forever on the page of national history as "the last war,"—keep senses and thought on the alert, and reconcile the passenger to the many "landings" and slow progress of the

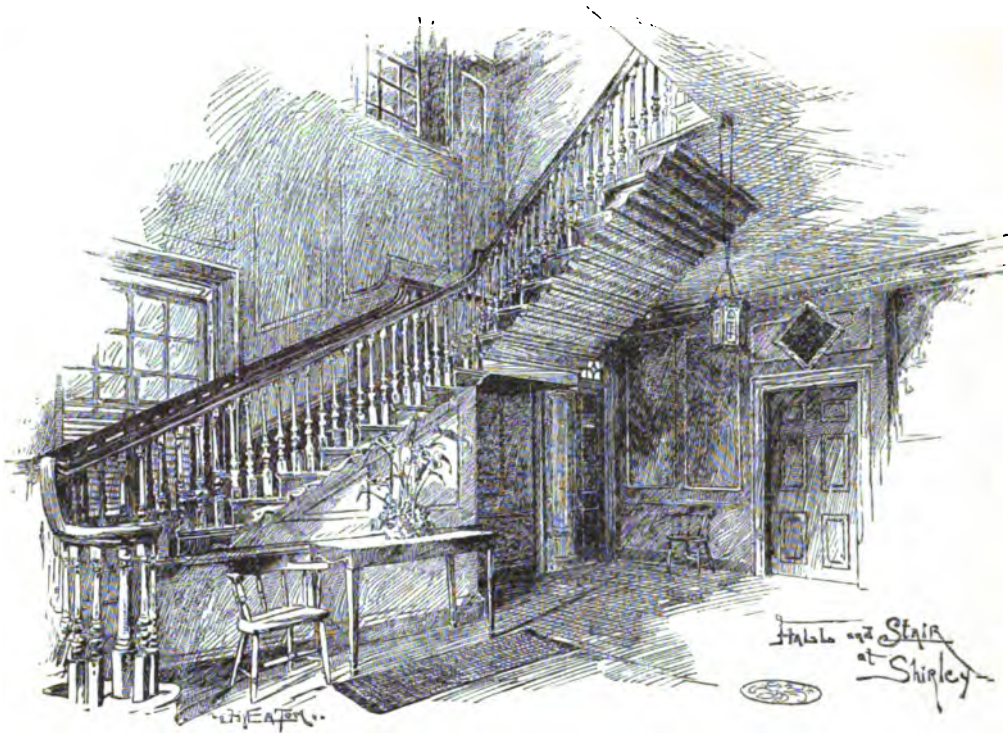
little steamer up the river. The situation of Shirley on a bluff affords the eye an extensive sweep of land and water in every direction. We cannot but commend the judgment of Captain John Smith and his contemporaries in selecting this as the site of one of the first forts built by the Virginia colonists. As we have seen, it was one of the strongest.

The present manor-house was erected in the 17th century—it is said about 1650. It is more compact in structure than Upper and Lower Brandon, Westover, and Berkeley. The corridor extensions and flanking wings of the first three seem to have met with no favor in the eyes of builder and owner. In form and proportions, the mansion reminds us rather of a French *château* than of an English country-seat, such as was the model of most colonial proprietors. It suffered less from the civil war than the others, and has been kept in perfect order, such restorations as were needful being made in keeping with the original design.

The pillared porch of the water front looks out upon an elbow of the river. The lawn is enclosed by a superb box-tree hedge; trees of flowering box attract the earliest bees of the season by the sweet pungency of their odor; the borders of the garden, laid out and stocked in the dear old English style, are edged with the same evergreen. An ivied tree here, a wide-branching poplar there, and, nearer the water, a clump of forest oaks, allow very unsatisfactory glimpses of the grand old homestead from steamboats and other river craft.

The death of the late master of Shirley, Mr. Robert Randolph Carter, which occurred in the spring of 1888, cast a gloom over the entire neighborhood. He was a Virginia gentleman of the noblest stamp, one whose loss is irreparable, not only to his family, but to community and State. We see the traces of his wise administration everywhere in the magnificent plantation—in wheat-fields hundreds of acres in extent; luxuriant corn-lands; well-kept stock and commodious cottage—"quarters," to each of which belongs a garden of fair extent, neatly tilled.

The central hall and the staircase are remarkably fine. Hatchments of great age are set over two doors. The drawing-room, of noble proportions, is wainscoted and elegantly furnished. In this, as in the hall and dining-rooms, are the likenesses



of numerous Hills and Carters. A full-length, life-size picture of Washington, by Peale, hangs in the dining-parlor which adjoins the drawing-room. One of the portraits in the latter apartment is of a beautiful Welsh heiress, Miss Williams, who married Colonel (or Sir) Edward Hill and came with him to America. The portrait by Sir Godfrey Kneller of John Carter, the lucky winner of Miss Hill's heart and hand, is a three-quarter length likeness of a gallant gentleman in flowing peruke and lace cravat. His velvet coat is trimmed with silver lace and buttons; puffed cambric undersleeves enhance the slim elegance of his hands. Beautiful hands were hereditary with the race if limners told the truth.

His daughter, Elizabeth, has the same, and is apparently aware of the fact. Her eyes are almond-shaped, like her father's; her face is plump and complacent, with more than a disposition to a double chin. A coquettish hat is tied lightly on the crown of the round, dark head; her pale-blue gown is emphatically *decolleté*; her elbow-sleeves are edged with priceless lace. She

bears a strong resemblance to her squire-brother, Charles Carter, who hangs near by. He was an exemplary citizen and earnest Churchman. His name is among those of the lay-delegates to the Episcopal Convention held in Richmond in 1793.

Had Elizabeth Hill Carter been a dairy-maid, we would call her buxom, and the set agreeableness of her smile a smirk. She married at seventeen the third Col. Byrd of Westover, and bore him five children. The young parents did not live happily together, we are told. Both were the spoiled children of fortune, and pulled in so many different ways that their misunderstandings were neighborhood gossip. It was surmised that it was rather a shock than a woe to Col. Byrd, when, 'as he sat at the whist-table in a friend's house, a messenger rode over in hot haste from Westover to tell him that Mrs. Byrd had pulled a wardrobe over on herself and been instantly killed. It may have been the infallible instinct of good blood and breeding that made him rise from the table and bow apologetically to his partner with a courteous regret that the game could not

go on. This partner, gossip hints furthermore, was the pretty "Molly Willing," whom he afterward married.

Mrs. Byrd's accidental death occurred eleven years after her marriage, when she was but twenty-eight. The date was 1760. The chronicle adds dryly: "There is no record preserved of his second marriage. It is supposed to have been in 1760." To round off the gossipy tale, the story has come down of the nickname "Willing Molly" applied to the fair Philadelphian who won the "catch" of the county from Virginia belles.

Without casting discredit upon local and traditional authorities, oral and documentary, we may surely reserve to ourselves the right, in view of what we have learned elsewhere of Mrs. Byrd's character as woman, wife and mother, of hinting at a possible cause for the tale and nickname. The Byrds were princes in their own right even as late as 1760, and the beautiful visitor to the hospitable neighborhood may have shared the fate of other poachers.

She loved her lord passionately, faithfully, and always, we learn in the history of Westover. She made him happier, and administered the affairs of the realm far more judiciously than his first wife ever could, had her desire been never so good.

But did this happy husband and pious gentleman ever bethink himself in the devotional promenade under his ancestral trees "about dark," mentioned in our

Westover paper, of the child he had first wedded, and give a sigh to her untimely and tragic death? He may have been sorely tried by her caprices and flurries, but we are heartily sorry for her when we learn that she grieved bitterly for the little boys whom their father insisted upon sending to England to be educated, as was the custom of the Byrds, and that she never saw them again.

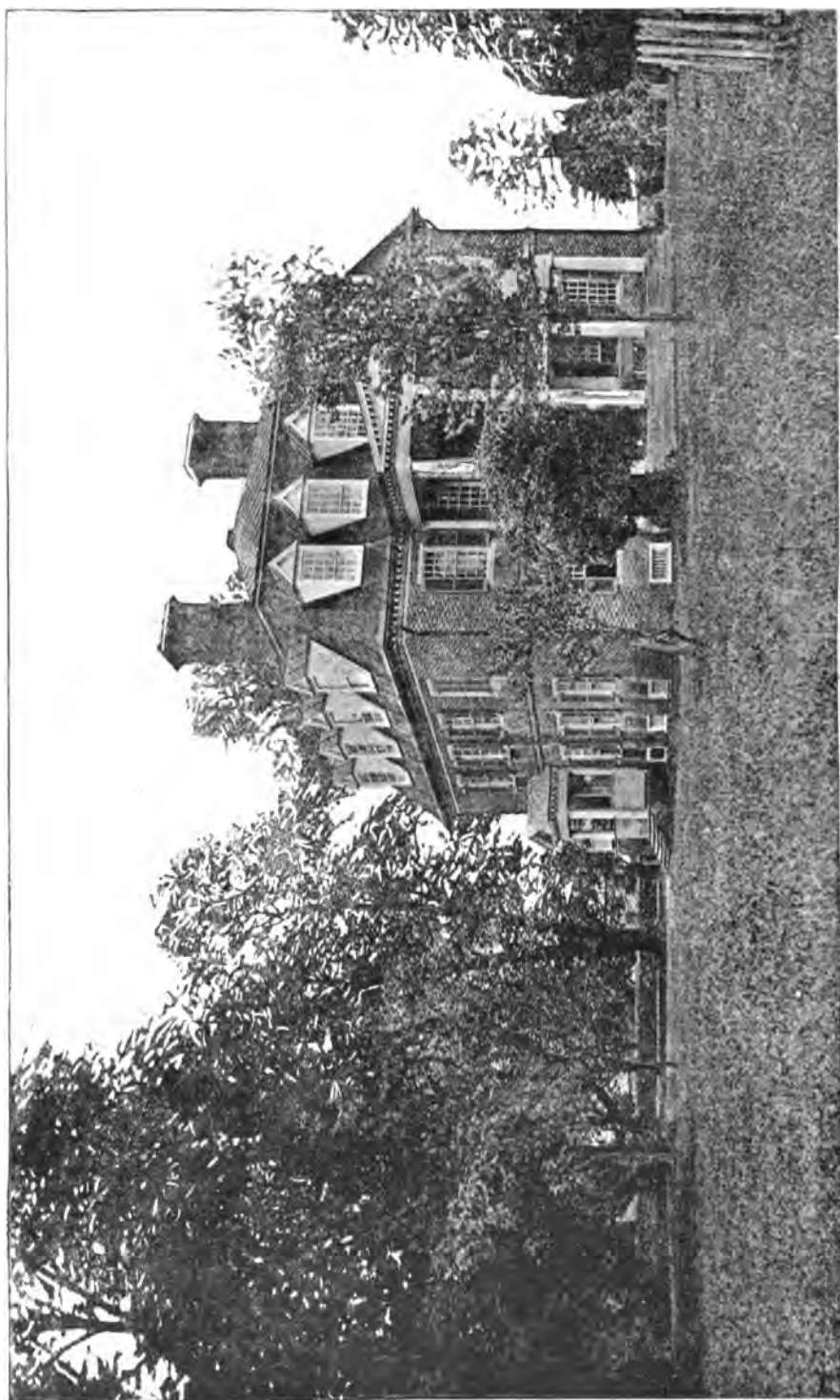


ELIZABETH HILL CARTER.

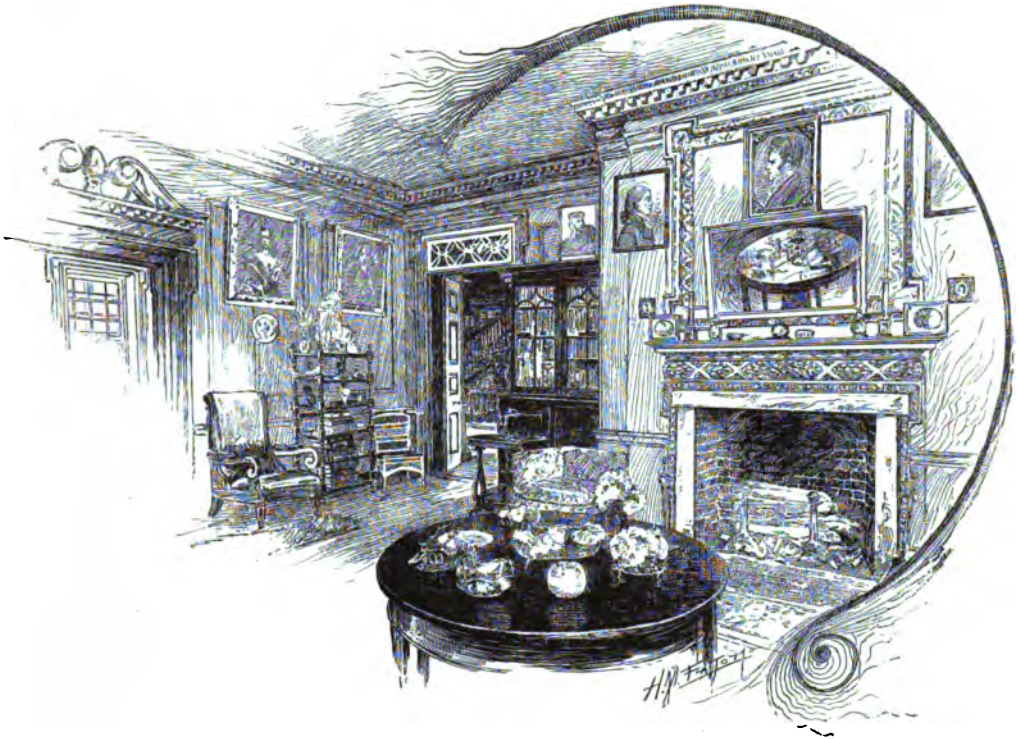
In addition to disagreement with husband and separation from children, she had, we are informed upon the authority of family Mss., the trial of a severely captious mother-in-law. The step-mother who pitied "the fair Evelyn," dying slowly of a broken heart, ruled her son's girl-wife sharply. There is extant a letter in which she complains of "Betty's" frivolous tastes and extravagance, and that the silly creature would think herself ruined for time and eternity "if she could not have two new lutestring gowns every

year." It is a matter of traditional report that the mother-in-law hid some of Betty's belongings, or something the willful wife longed to possess, on the top of the tall wardrobe. Others say she suspected the existence of letters that would justify her jealous misgivings as to her lord's fidelity, and was looking for them when the big press careened and crushed her.

The wraith of the apple-cheeked, careless-eyed girl, whose fixed smile grows tiresome as we gaze, may not walk at Shir-



SHIRLEY—RIVER FRONT.



DRAWING-ROOM AT SHIRLEY.

ley, as Evelyn Byrd is said to glide along halls and staircases at Westover, but we remember her and her fate more vividly than any other face and history committed to sight and memory at the ancient manor-house.

Marion Harland.



A CANADIAN CHRISTMAS.



It is Christmas eve in Canada. The snow, long delayed, has been gently falling since sunset, the wind from the northeast blows bitterly cold, and the thermometer marks zero. The evergreens are already bowing with the weight of snow—giants of their kind and the pride of the household, they rest the eyes that tire of skeleton trees that throw out long arms for six months of the year. The cattle are warmly housed, and the children safely within the home-fold. The dear old home is a quaint old-fashioned building of limestone—the thick walls, more like a fortress than anything else, are full of fossils, and amuse amateur geologists by the bracheopods and trilobites that are firmly imbedded in the stone. But it is too cold now for such research, so draw the blinds, open the organ, and let us sing.

Ah! little Ruth, with shining eyes, dangles a crimson stocking before us, a rope comes from some ready boy's pocket, and then we remember once more that it is Christmas eve.

There is a fresh log on the hearth-fire that sputters and sends out big sparks, and the stockings of all sizes come tumbling from everywhere, and are pinned across the mantel, quite covering a covey of swallows that are "flying South," in a very blue sky, the work of our dear amateur artist. Everybody wants his stocking next to papa's, and when they are nearly all up, the tall brother, who came home from college to spend his holidays, brings out a manly darned specimen of a sock, and pins it up securely and with great deliberation. Each has a name pinned on the ribbed top, and then the organ is opened, and a hush falls on the little group that always reminds me of Dr. Holmes's poem of the "opening of the piano":

"Then the children all grew fretful, in the restlessness of joy,
For the boy would push his sister, and the sister crowd the boy,
Till the father asked for quiet in his grave paternal way,
But the mother hushed the tumult with the words, 'Now, Mary, play.'

"So Mary, the household minstrel, who always loved to please,
Sat down to the new Clementi and struck the glittering keys.
Hushed were the children's voices, and every eye grew dim,
As, floating from lip and fingers, arose the Vesper Hymn."

And then the little Ruth brings to the mother's lap the wonderful story of St. Nicholas—" 'Twas the night before Christmas," which for the twentieth time she reads. The younger ones listen with delight and happy anticipations, and the older children, grown to man and maidenhood, remember how pleasant mother's voice has been these many years since they first heard the wonderful story. And then, before the good-night kiss, they join in the beautiful hymn, that seems to bring the Christ-child near:

"While shepherds watched their flocks by night,
All seated on the ground,
The angels of the Lord came near
And glory shone around."

The boys, fresh from reading "Ben Hur," see once more the wise men of the East; the children think of the tiny baby in the manger. "Now be quiet, and go to sleep, children, or else Santa Claus may not come," is the parting entreaty of sister Mary, who is the beloved of the happy but sleepy little ones.

No matter what is done down stairs, it is a sleep of safety, of peace, and of contentment that comes to all the home circle, broken now and then by dreams of coming benefactions from a generous Saint. Pure souls and sound bodies. God keep you so!

The gray morning dawns—a flock of noisy sparrows are chirping with sharp, shrill notes—the sun is rising over the bare and distant woods. The world is snow-bound and still. Suddenly the mother calls, "Merry Christmas, Merry Christmas," and from each room the children, who have stealthily dressed long ago, come hurrying out. They throng the stairs and rush for the chimney, but the hearth is cold, the ashes lie thick and white, *the stockings are gone!*

Pell mell they tumble over each other, searching under sofa and table, but sud-

denly there is a stream of light from the little library that is mother's sanctum, and seldom invaded by the children, except in trouble, or for confession. And there, in all its glory, is the Christmas tree, its tapers alight, and its green boughs strung with white, puffy pop-corn, gay ribbons, and pretty ornaments. Santa Claus has surely been busy, for there are taffy walking-sticks, and ginger-bread horses studded with small comfits that he did not buy at the confectioner's, for they had a homey flavor that the white teeth fully appreciated. There is a trumpet for Matthew, if one may judge by the terrific blowing; and Jimmie tumbles over Johnnie in a search for his own stocking, as they are all of the same color, and the names so much alike. But Jimmie has seen a gun beside his stocking, and knows that Johnnie is no sportsman and will better appreciate the little type-writer that has fallen to his share.

There are snow-shoe coats for the girls, made of soft woolen blankets; a blue one for Mary, suiting well her golden brown curls, and Hope's crimson coat harmonizes well with her dark eyes. Janie finds a bracelet and a looking-glass in the pocket of her white blanket, and unconsciously plays the part of Marguerite and the jewels. She is musical and knows the jewel song, but Mephistopheles has not yet appeared. There is a stir, a short, sharp bark, and out of a woolen bag pops a little terrier; it is pinned to Frank's stocking, and is a long-desired treasure.

"Look at mine!" "Let me see yours!" "See my new cap!"—for Santa Claus has given the necessary and needed things, and so the morning hours pass by, and little by little the plethoric stockings, full of candy, nuts, and small change, get back to their normal condition with a little added stickiness in the toe, and around the top, a pleasant reminder of past delights.

At breakfast the children are treated to coffee and loaf cake, with potted meat of home manufacture, and eggs very hard-boiled. To try on new garments, examine toys, try how the newly-acquired gun can shoot, or the new snow-shoes bear up the weight, passes the time easily till

the dinner-hour. And in this household there is a funny Christmas custom—in this wise: The day before, the fowls are made into deep pies, with light and tender crust, and a small mince pie is made for each member of the family, or coming guest, with the name pricked or frosted on by various devices.

At noon cocoa is made, milk is always plentiful, and each knows his own pie, after eating, picnic fashion, a piece of turkey or chicken pie. Then to sit "in a corner eating his Christmas pie," to "put in his thumb and pull out a plum," is literally possible, and thoroughly enjoyed. What fun is crowded into a few hours, and with what sharpened appetites the pies are appreciated without a thought of dyspepsia! Not the richest of mince-meat, perhaps, but flavored with that best element of life—happiness—it "fills the bill every time," the slangy boy of the family maintains.

So the day passes as a grand holiday. There is rest in the kitchen, and but few dishes to wash; the little maid who attends to those duties enjoys her pie with the children, and hides away her stocking for a future feast.

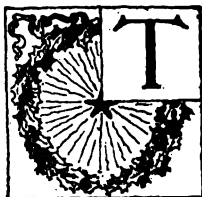
When the afternoon sunshine is glowing in the western windows, a sleigh comes along with some gay occupants. The girls are tucked in under the shaggy buffalo robes, and the horses beat the snow with their hoofs, down the long lane to the highway. Eyes are bright, cheeks rosy—it is Christmas tide—"Jingle bells"—"What fun it is." The sound dies away in the far distance. Put on a fresh log and let the children bring their books and toys to the hearth-rug in peaceful contentment. The village church-bell rings for vespers. Jean Baptiste and his family keep this day sacred to their religious duties, and we respect their reverence for the Man-Child, who is the Christ. The stars are coming out, there is a tinkle of returning sleigh-bells, bye-and-bye comrades and friends come in with "Merry Christmas" still on their lips, we cluster round the fire-place with hope and thanksgiving in our hearts—we are *all together at home*, and believe in the Star of Bethlehem.

Annie L. Jack.



EASTERN HOUSEKEEPING IN THE FAR WEST. No. II.

CHRISTMAS DINNER UNDER DIFFICULTIES.



TRUST a woman for some wonderful achievement out of nothing!" Joe said, as I announced my intention of having a Christmas dinner in camp, fifty miles from the nearest city of supplies; with only "Francesco-Romero-Valencio" (Val for short), a handsome bronzed-faced Mexican, as cook, butler and baker, who could say "Si, Si, Senora" to our mixture of languages, or bring water, when somebody pantomimed over an empty bucket. "I know, dear," said Joe, "you'll make it a grand success, you are 'such a victory over circumstances' and limited means. Go ahead! Command all the camp, with the 'Padrone' thrown in!"

Joe had been wanting to invite the assayer, the book-keeper, and some gentlemen from Montana who were visiting the mine, to dine with us; this was a joyous day, and must be a symbol of things most blessed and hospitable. So, we held sweet counsel together over the small kitchen and stove, the table, the chairs, the food, and saddest and longest over the cook; but Mother said we could bake in installments, improvise a heater out of stones in the wash-boiler; use our Indian *frijole* pots (bean-pots) to cook in, as kettles were limited luxuries. Christmas came on Saturday, the four-horse stage was due on Friday, with our winter's extravagance of turkey, cranberries, jellies, fruits and seasonings. The boys brought home beautiful pale green mistletoe, sparkling like dew drops with waxen berries, pink as the heart of a shell. We walked miles for the softest pines and whitest everlastings, hanging them over doors, windows and mantels, crowning the home groups on our walls

with the brown and red glory of the mountains and hills.

"There now, Joe, what does that remind you of?" I said, exultingly, as we marched through the house, reporting the latest successes. He just gave me a tremendous hug on the sly, and said: "Oh, household goddesses! Wretched man who attempts life without one! I declare I can't wait till Saturday to show the boys this Arabian Nights' establishment. They'll be utterly demoralized in this heathen land, crawling back into their bachelor quarters."

The mince pies were brown and odorous, the linen white and smooth from our own hands, improvised seats for eight, in readiness. About noon on Friday great black clouds swept over the face of the mountains. Our frame house shook and rattled, as wind, hail, sleet, and finally snow settled down upon us. By nightfall, hardly a soul stirred from the doors. In the morning "Raphillino," a Mexican neighbor, came, bringing in his arms a little white pig, a present to the "bonita senorita" (pretty lady), would she "comer con gusto" (eat with pleasure)? How proud we were with piggy dressed for the feast! Antonita, our pretty neighbor, who was seized with a panic for a polonaise, "Mismo la Senora" (like the Madame's), and whom I had gratified, brought two of her pet hens for "unapastel" (pie), and before they were killed Joe's Yankee friend, Dick, came down the mountain road on his wild Texan pony, bringing from his small ranch his very best baby turkey. 'Were ever people so blest as we?

Again a meeting of the family council; no stage, and the storm not abating. We had delayed positive invitations at Joe's suggestion, as camp supplies were often

uncertain, until the stage should actually appear, but six, seven, eight o'clock, and all hope fled.

"Pig, turkey, chicken and mince pies, Joe; that sounds like quite a bill of fare. Shall we venture or not?"

"You see, my love," said Joe, "our donations are such *babes*, not much like the old Virginia twenty-five pounders, grown on the farm. But there's no end to your ability; let's invite, and when things fall short, just fill up on 'flow of soul,' etc." So at nine in overcoat and waterproof, stumbling and slipping, Joe invited his delighted friends to "Christmas."

We retired early; the storm beat against our windows all night. I dreamed that the turkey didn't go round, piggy got out

No beautiful fruit to color our pretty green centre-piece, no parsley for brown piggy's soft bed, no transparent jellies of "better days;" but the dining-room was warm and glowing with the vivid fire-light of a dozen pinion logs, the plain dishes colored with suggestions and personalities: there were a few Wedgwood pitchers and bits of glass and china from home. Just as I was equipped for my last stroke of style, guiding my guests into the dining-room by way of the kitchen (no other entrance), the outer-door opened, and with snow and wind came two Mexicans with a huge turkey, a box of fruit, large delicious bunches of celery and quarts of cranberries, besides numerous parcels. It was a supreme moment, but too good to be lost.



of the cupboard and ran away, and the speckled hen flew over the pillow, till at daylight I was glad to rise. The whole world from the highest peak to the plaza at our door was one icy, snowy bank. No wood, no water. The pipes from the cañon frozen. Juan and Ramone, our little chore boys, managed to bring in small quantities from the gold-mill tank, enough for cooking. The big boys dug out of the snow our pine logs for the fireplace. Dinner was at four. Piggy came out of the oven brown as a nut, and we quarantined him snugly between two tin pans while the turkey took his place. We had baked the chicken pie the night before, and had to reheat over steam. Val did his best, but spent much time in saying "Ah, Americanos, mucho experto" (clever), while he peeled the vegetables and stuffed the stove.

Joe shouted: "Look on this picture, then on that!" pointing from the generous uncooked dinner to the little slim brown pig, meekly sitting in the middle of a platter four times his size, holding in his mouth a bit of mistletoe. The whole camp could have heard the screams of laughter, and the poor driver of the belated stage actually thawed his face into a smile. Joe did the table honors with "quiet elegance," and the dear old Proff with the gold-rimmed eyeglasses declares to this day "never was there such a successful Christmas dinner." Piggy glorified the small turkey, the turkey glorified the chicken pie, while intellectual side dishes were charmingly interspersed. We felt richer for being with these people who in this land of strangers had somehow crossed our modest threshold. The crackling and snapping of the big logs was mer-

rier than a band of music. Joe's dancing eyes showed how keenly he enjoyed his comrades in field and camp, in mines and mountain wanderings; with what glad enthusiasm we talked of our homes, and how proud and grateful for the glowing warmth of our own fireside, and these our guests.

Joe insists on not remembering when I slipped out a moment, and the celery came in, neither did he notice the appearance of the delicious fruit from the Pacific coast, the purple grapes and plums with golden apples from our own New-England.

To be sure piggy was a little underdone; like some people he had a plebeian air when the crispy brown coat was off; but the chicken pie melted in your mouth, and the coffee was "fit for the gods." Handsome Val took my breath away by putting the plates in the large tin dish-pan, which he coolly set on the table beside Joe, after the first course. The Proff wiped his glasses and said quietly, "my dear madame, let us introduce new customs into these wild countries." And we did.

Margaret Spencer.



"POINTS" WORTH KNOWING.

SWEEPING.

We have all learned, if we did not know before from gentle George Herbert, that whoso sweeps faithfully makes both "the room and the action fine." But it is not everyone who can do so simple a thing as good sweeping. Some push the broom instead of drawing it, using a great deal of strength and raising a cloud of dust to settle back on walls and furniture. If movable articles be carefully wiped and removed to a contiguous room, beds and large pieces of furniture covered with calico kept for that purpose, the windows opened, cobwebs removed and picture cords dusted, then the room is ready for sweeping. The housewife brushes out corners and along the walls with a whisk broom, then uses a carpet-sweeper or an ordinary broom which she wields with short strokes without lifting it high in the air. With care a room can be swept so carefully as to raise but a small amount of dust. If there are rugs her work is less, for Jack or Tom will beat them in the yard. If there are lace curtains they are carefully folded at the bottom and slipped into old pillow-cases till after dusting, which should be done with old soft cambric, on which has been poured a few drops of kerosene oil to retain the dust.

Hester M. Poole.

ENGLISH *versus* AMERICAN DOMESTIC SERVICE.

I suppose that were Macaulay's New Zealander to find his way to the Brooklyn instead of the London Bridge a century hence, he would discover among other problems that of the servant question, still agitated and unsolved by the neighboring cities at his right and left. But, on the principle that every little helps, I will offer a bit of my experience while keeping house in England: that Paradise of domestic life, I am forced to admit, both to mistress and maid; for, curiously enough, in households where a *Governess* or *Companion* holds a most unenviable and often anomalous position, a servant has an excellent home, well-defined privileges, and is thoroughly respected by her employers. The "young person" to whom Madame entrusts the education of her children suffers many a slight, many an indignity. "Cook" is sure of her sovereignty; fears no one, and has her rights respected by one and all!

To begin with reasons for the superiority of English servants over those to be employed in our own country, it must be understood that a good class of *native women* seek domestic service; there are grades in

the trade, so to speak. The girl who in America would become a "saleslady," in England goes into a first-class family as a lady's maid, and she who would work in a factory here would be parlor-maid, house-maid or cook in England, for domestic service ranks well there. Parents who would scorn to have their daughters in a shop or factory are anxious to place them in a first-class private family as domestics. This being the case, the mistress has good material to work upon, and her next advantage is that no servant with what is called a "short character" from her last place can hope to procure another easily. I had for a time a very inefficient although perfectly respectful and well-meaning house-maid. I talked to her one day about her incapacity for the work she had undertaken, and advised her to get a nursery-maid's place. She looked very miserable as she replied: "Oh, but, ma'am, *please* don't send me away with only a three months' character. I *couldn't* get another place!" Compare this sentiment with those of the servants who depart from a place after twenty-four hours' trial, and you will realize how much power is in the English house-keeper's hands! Servants enter a family over there with a view of making the house their *home*, and on the other hand the mistress receives the new comer with a feeling that she or he is to be in one sense a part of her family. There is always a sitting-room or, as it is called, a "Hall" for the servants. Their sleeping accommodations are good. Those specially engaged in waiting upon their employers are treated with a peculiar confidence and respect. Family affairs are of deep interest to them; they *care* for the interests of their employers, and there is no feeling of humiliation in being "in service." Surely in a country where five centuries ago the sons and daughters of the nobility were *taught* to "serve," there should not exist any contempt for domestic employments, but the barrier between mistress and maid, master and man, is never broken down. The servant *must* be respectful to her or his employer. They *must* attend to their duties without grumbling. In return they are, generally speaking, well treated and very comfortably off. Wages are lower as a general rule than with us, yet servants contrive to save money, and many a lady's maid or butler in time "retires" able to open an apartment house or run an hotel. A good cook in an average family rarely receives more than

seven or eight dollars a month. I paid mine seven the first year and eight the second, and she could cook anything required for a small breakfast or dinner party thoroughly well. My house-maid I gave seven, and my own maid eight; fairly good wages, and as none of the servants in my employ drank beer they were entitled to about fifteen dollars a year for "beer money." Cooks in a nobleman's family, if "*Cordons Bleus*," receive of course very high wages, but I think I am safe in giving the above figures as the average for small private families. Every servant *learns* his or her special branch by working under some upper servant in the same line. For instance, a girl desiring to be a cook will enter some fine house as scullery-maid, learning her art from the *Cordon Bleu* who is her chief. In the same way an *under* house-maid learns to be an upper one, a parlor-maid to understand all dining-room work. I could afford no men servants, but my parlor-maid understood all of a first-class butler's work and could serve a dinner like a professional "Jeames," and feel well paid by seven dollars a month and certain perquisites.

Few English women servants care to emigrate with a view to following their business in this country, and unfortunately the well-trained servants in Ireland do not come out here, although they are nearly all "bitten" by the American mania. I found it difficult to persuade the butler in a gentleman's family in Cavan that he could not "better" himself by emigration. The man had grown up at I—— Park, had, boy and man, been in the owner's service. His family lived rent free; his table was provided from the kitchen garden and the farm of the great house. His wife's and children's clothes came from the ladies of the family. He had two suits of black clothes and all his linen yearly given him by the master, and his wages were twenty-eight pounds or one hundred and forty dollars a year, while one of his daughters was house-maid in the family and his sons were every one fitted with places, their future being secured. The one advantage such a man could have in emigration was that his sons might "rise" in the world—might one day be governing our people, but in the face of the peaceful plenty of his lot I advised him strongly not to leave home. He took my counsel, but evidently against his own better judgment, and I think he has regretted doing so.

If American girls of the working classes could only be persuaded to enter domestic service, *not* in the spirit of "lady helps," but with practical ideas and good training, there would not only be a great deal of comfort in our households, but service would be dignified and well paid. On the other hand mistresses would have to make their servants feel that the house was a *home*—the family their *friends* in the best sense of the word.

Why cannot the poor "white slaves" about whose sufferings we hear so much, which, alas! is too true, be persuaded to enter upon domestic service instead of toiling away their lives and health, often their chances of salvation, in sewing for which they earn fifty cents a day when work is not "slack," and suffer Heaven alone knows what misery and heart-burning! But mistresses must encourage their servants, must incite them to zeal by appreciating the fact that they need *homes* and are human beings, and that all the cardinal virtues can no more be expected in a servant than in a mistress. A servant once preached a whole sermon for a house-keeper in my hearing in one sentence. "How can Mrs.—expect her servants to treat her politely," said she, "when she is so *disrespectful* to them."

Respect cannot exist on one side only. It must be given if it is exacted; therefore the good mistress ought to make the good maid.

Lucy C. Lillie.

CHRISTMAS RECIPES.

IDEAL ROLLS.

Butter an earthen bowl. Melt two table-spoonfuls of the best table butter, but do not burn it. Keep it melted until you need it. Then heat to boiling one pint of milk and one half pint of sweet cream. Cool to a tepid state. Mix one cake of compressed yeast with a little of the milk. Add one generous half spoonful of salt. Sift a quart of flour into an earthen bowl and make a batter with the milk and cream. Beat with a wooden spoon or spatula; the more air you can beat in, the better; and the fresher the air the more improving it is to the bread. When the batter is smooth, stir in flour until it is too stiff to stir, then mold it thoroughly, pulling it and beating it with the palms of the hands, until it will mold free of the board without flour. Put

the dough into the buttered earthen bowl and brush it over with the melted butter. A paint brush is best for this purpose. I use a large and a small one. Cover over the dough and put it into a warm place, but not on the stove. It needs an even heat; this is why it is put into an earthen bowl. It will take from an hour and a half to two hours to rise. It must not crack open but be on the *verge* of cracking. Mold again and shape into rolls. Brush the rolls carefully over with melted butter and set them to rise for an hour, or an hour and a quarter. When they are light, bake them from ten to fifteen minutes in a hot oven, and just before they are to come out brush them over with *milk*. This makes a glossy brown crust. A hot oven and quick baking makes them tender. They should be snowy white, very light, but with rather a fine texture, and should have a very sweet, rich taste. If the directions are followed and the yeast and flour good this will be the case.

Octave Thanet.

CLAM BISQUE.—INTRODUCTION TO A CHRISTMAS DINNER.

1 quart milk.
12 clams.
1 small onion.
1 egg.
1 tablespoon flour.
½ tablespoon corn starch.
A pinch of chopped parsley.
A little salt.

Put the milk with the onion and clams into a double boiler, and let it simmer slowly about one hour; then stir in the cornstarch and flour, dissolved in a little cold milk. Stir till cooked and smooth. Add the salt. Put a beaten egg in the tureen; pour over it the strained soup, stirring constantly. Send to the table at once. Sprinkle the chopped parsley on top of the soup.

Kate Upson Clark.

PLAIN PLUM PUDDING.

1 ½ cupful of milk.
1 cupful of suet (free from strings, and chopped fine.)
4 scant cupfuls of sifted flour.
2-3 cupful of molasses.
1 ½ cupful of raisins (seeded.)
1 ½ cupful of currants (washed and dredged.)
½ cupful of candied orange peel (fine snipped.)

1 teaspoonful of ground cloves.
 1 grated nutmeg.
 1 teaspoonful of soda (dissolved in milk.)
 $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoonful of salt.
 Boil four hours in a large pudding mold
 or brown-bread tin with tight cover.

CHRISTMAS CHARLOTTE RUSSE.

1 tablespoonful Cox's gelatine.
 1 tablespoonful cold water.
 1 cupful milk.
 3 eggs (yolks and whites separate.)
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup of sugar.
 3-4 teaspoonful of vanilla.
 1 pint of cream.
 Sponge cake enough to line a mold with
 thin slices.

Soak the gelatine in the water fifteen
 minutes. Heat the milk in a double boiler.
 When it begins to boil, add the gelatine,
 and stir till dissolved. Beat the yolks of
 the eggs with the sugar. Pour the boiling
 milk on them and return to the fire. Boil
 a minute till it thickens well. Take off
 and when partly cool add the vanilla.
 Beat the whites of the eggs to a stiff froth.
 Pour the cream on them and whip them
 together as light as possible. As soon as
 the custard is *perfectly cold* add it to the
 whipped cream and mix well. Then pour
 into the mold, previously lined with sponge
 cake.

Agnes B. Ormsbee.

ENGLISH CHRISTMAS PIES.

Make some fine pastry; roll it thin. Line
 small patty pans with it, and in the centre
 of them put a mound of rich mince meat.
 Pour over them a teaspoonful of sherry or
 port wine. Moisten the margins and lay
 on neatly cut covers. Press the covers of
 the margins together (not the edges).
 Brush the patties over with white of egg;
 sift a little sugar over them, make a small
 slit in the centre, and bake them a pale
 brown.

MINCE MEAT FOR THE PIES.

One pound of finely chopped suet.
 One pound of chopped and seeded
 raisins.

One pound and a half of currants.
 Three-quarters of a pound of sugar.
 Two pounds of tart apples, chopped.
 Two ounces each of candied lemon,
 orange and citron peel.

One small teaspoonful of salt, two of
 cinnamon, one of cloves, one of mace, one
 nutmeg. Mix together with half a pint of
 brandy and the same quantity of sherry.

In making a large family pie with this
 mince meat do not lay it in the dish more
 than an inch thick; being so rich, less of it
 is needed. The pastry should be very
 light and moderately thick.

Catherine Owen.

IN "YE OLDEN TIME."

Christmas being the season for dainties
 of the olden time, I turn for recipes to-day
 to my dear grandmother's well-worn
 "Cook's Oracle," bearing date, 1824, 1st
 Amer., from the 5th English edition; the
 title-page setting forth its merits in stately
 language, and assuring us that the whole
 is 'the Result of Actual Experiments insti-
 tuted in the kitchen of a Physician.

The name of the author does not ap-
 pear, but in reading we discovered it to
 be Dr. Kitchiner; a most appropriate
 cognomen.

The Doctor is evidently a man of read-
 ing, bringing many a classic allusion or
 witty couplet to fortify his precepts. He
 enjoys his epicurean task, lingering as
 fondly over his favorite dishes as Father
 Adam may have done over his roses; and
 antedating Elia in his tender reverence for
 the roasted piggy, warning us that "A
 sucking pig, *like a young child*, must not be
 left for an instant."

We copy recipes for three varieties of
 cheese-cakes for the Christmas dessert;
 doubtless the same that Evelina daintily
 nibbled, and Mrs. Primrose brought forth
 with pride to feast the honored guest—and
 to the effect of which Mat Prior rather
 scoffingly alludes when he represents
 Achilles provided with them by Thetis:

Effeminate he sate, and quiet—

Strange product of a cheese-cake diet.

N. B.—The recipe for the "Sponge
 Biscuit" used in the lemon cheese-cakes,
 shows them to be merely small sponge cakes.

DR. KITCHINER'S CHEESE-CAKES.

(Verbatim.)

Put two quarts of new milk into a stew-
 pan, seat it near the fire, and stir in two table-
 spoonfuls of rennet; let it stand till it is
 set. This will take about an hour; break
 it well with your hand, and let it remain

half an hour longer, then pour off the whey and put the curd in a cullender to drain; when quite dry—put it in a mortar and pound it quite smooth, then add four ounces of sugar, pounded and sifted; and three ounces of fresh butter; oil it first by putting it in a little potting pot, and setting it near the fire; stir it all well together; beat the yolks of four eggs in a basin, with a little nutmeg grated, lemon peel and a glass of brandy; add this to the curd, with two ounces of currants, washed and picked—stir it all well together—have your tins ready lined with puff paste about a quarter of an inch thick, notch them all round the edge and fill each with the curd. Bake about twenty minutes.

LEMON CHEESE-CAKES.

Grate the rind of three, and take the juice of two lemons, and mix them with three sponge biscuits, six ounces of fresh butter, four ounces of sifted sugar, a little grated nutmeg and pounded cinnamon, half a gill of cream, and three eggs well-beaten; work them with the hand, and fill the pans, which must be sheeted as in the last recipe with puff paste, and lay two or three slices of candied lemon peel, cut thin, upon the top.

ORANGE CHEESE-CAKES.

To be made in the same way, omitting the lemons, and using oranges instead.

S. H, L.

A CHRISTMAS CAKE.

Rub half a pound of butter into half a pound of flour; add one cup of molasses and one of brown sugar, two pounds of chopped raisins, one pound of currants, and quarter of a pound of chopped citron, four eggs, and half a tablespoonful each of cinnamon, mace, and nutmeg, and two wineglassfuls of brandy; mix all together and bake in jelly-cake tins; keep the cake warm while you make, and bake in jelly tins of the same size, white cake made

of half a pound of butter beaten to a cream, with half a pound of powdered sugar and five eggs, the whites beaten to a froth; then add half a pound of flour, which should be dried by the fire and then sifted. The only wetting used is a wine-glass of wine.

While the white cake is hot spread it lightly with jelly, and pile it alternately with the black, having the white on the bottom and the black on the top. This cake will keep several months, but if to be eaten within a short time it may be frosted. Long keeping will darken the icing.

BLOM BUDDINE.

A French confectioner seeking to woo his English customers in Paris to partake of their national plum pudding, thus announced it on his Christmas bill of fare. In a little handbook the *chef* issued later the recipe was given, and the translation reads: "Take one pound of clean Zante currants and the same weight of stoned raisins, one pound and a half of clear beef's suet, chopped with six ounces of flour, three ounces of candied lemon peel, three of citron, three of dates, three-quarters of a pound of brown sugar, and six ounces of bread crumbs; break eight eggs into a half pint of milk, and mix well with the rest. Butter a tin pudding mold of ornamental shape, and pour the mixture in; it should be rather stiff. Cover it closely and put into a pot of boiling water, and let it boil fast for five hours, replenishing the water from the tea-kettle. When the pudding is done, turn it upon a dish and stick chips of blanched almonds thickly all over it; just before serving it pour on a cup of brandy and set fire to it, keeping up the blaze by dipping up the liquor from the dish with a spoon and pouring it upon the flames. The sauce for the pudding is made by beating together half a cup of butter, one cupful of sugar. Flavor with vanilla. Beat two eggs to a froth and stir in; pour in a wine glass of boiling water and one of brandy, beating all together briskly. *M. C. Hungerford.*

MENU

"Let us sing amid our cheer,
Old Christmas still comes once a year."

A CHRISTMAS DINNER

BY
CHRISTINE TERHUNE HERRICK.

Oysters on the Half Shell.

Clear Soup.

Fried Smelts, Butter Sauce.

Parisian Potatoes.

Sweetbread Pâtés.

Filet of Beef, Mushroom Sauce.

Creamed Spinach.

Roast Turkey, Cranberry Sauce.

Salsify Fritters.

Baked Sweet Potatoes.

Roman Punch.

Broiled Quail, Celery.

Rice Croquettes.

Lettuce.

Crackers, Cheese, Olives.

Salted Almonds.

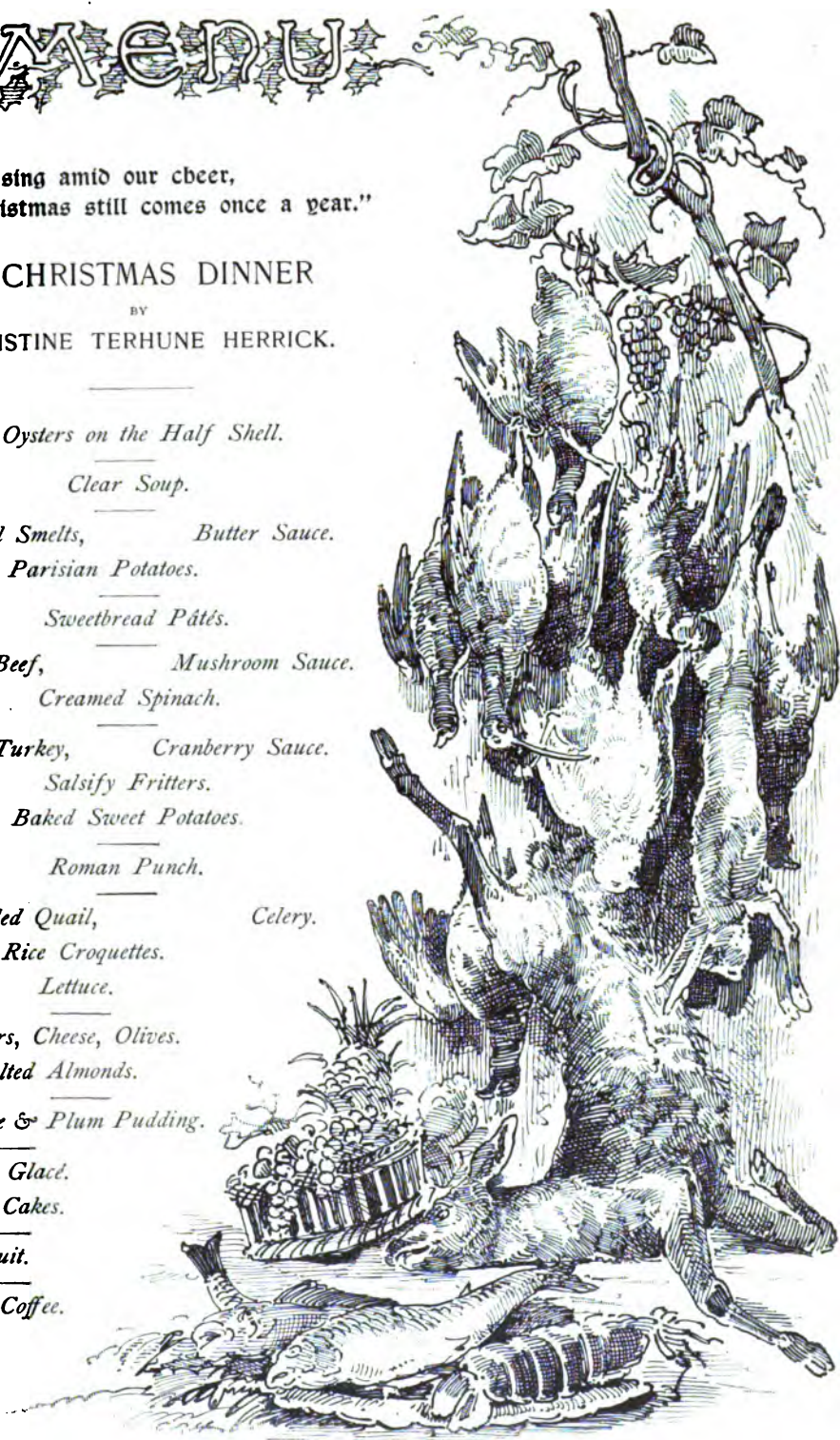
Mince Pie & Plum Pudding.

Biscuit Glacé.

Fancy Cakes.

Fruit.

Black Coffee.



IN the *menu* on preceding page, is an attempt to controvert the popular fallacy that the Christmas dinner must necessarily be an indiscriminate feed. A bill of fare in which the appetite is stimulated, not overwhelmed, where the sequence of courses is marked by gastronomic common-sense, may be as appropriate a Christmas feast as the *mélange* of heavy viands, each rivaling the other in taxing the digestion, that is the accepted idea of a "genuine Christmas dinner."

Moderation should be observed in providing the supplies for the dinner THE HOME-MAKER describes to its readers. Each course should be partaken of sparingly. For example, three oysters should be served to each person, and the plan thus begun should be continued through the repast. By this means the guests may arise from the table, satisfied, but not sated.

Some of the delicacies here prescribed may be unattainable in a country town, but substitutes may readily be found, or certain courses may even be omitted altogether. The *menu* is simply a suggestion which may be followed to the letter, or modified to suit the taste or purse of the housewife.

Christine Terhune Herrick.

HOLIDAY PERPLEXITIES.



NOT even the difficulty of providing money for the purchase of holiday gifts causes such perplexity as the question of suitable selection of them.

Everybody receives and gives articles which are useless, inappropriate, and sometimes embarrassing.

Sir Joseph Porter, K.C.B., who "means well, but don't know," tortures his moustache before Christmas-windows and over counters, distracting himself and sales-people by paroxysms of indecision. When the problem is solved by the choice of the last thing wife or daughter, mother, sister or sweetheart would have chosen had she been allowed to take her pick of the stock, he tosses off the weight of care, with a fervent: "Thank Heaven, that is done with for one year!" His satisfaction is not damped by misgivings as to the complete content of the recipients, or by suspicion of

the agonies his feminine relatives are undergoing in the business of making or buying "something Joe has not already."

For, when he has been slipped and smoking-capped for ten consecutive Christmases, and provided with shaving-apparatus, studs and collar-buttons, it is startling, in view of the yearly recurrence of the holidays, to reflect how little remains to be done for father, husband, or brother.

The manifold perplexities, delusions, mistakes and chagrins that hover, like gad-flies, about the gladsome season, are too well-known and sharply-remembered to need enrollment here. It is the object of this article to do something toward that which is the world's great aim and the world's greatest failure, namely: to bring supply face-to-face with demand. The project—be it clearly understood—is conceived and attempted without the knowledge of those whose wares are commended. The favor—if any there be—is done to purchaser rather than to vender. In this connection THE HOME-MAKER takes occasion to remark that not a line of the editorial columns can be bought for advertising purposes. It is necessary, for circumstances best known to itself, to make this clear at the outset. At the same time, the Magazine claims the right, boldly exercised for many years by the Editors, of bringing to the knowledge of American housewives that which is really excellent, and which would lighten their cares were it introduced into their homes. Nothing which is not honestly approved will be mentioned—now or ever.

Return we to our bewildered Sir Joseph, halting between the diamond he knows he cannot afford, and the "artistic" vase he supposes must be pretty because the clerk, who ought to be a judge, is ready to attest the same upon oath. His wife is a sensible woman who does not want cheap jewelry that can never be mistaken for costly, and the vase would be a cumbrous eye-sore. If her spouse had ever strayed into the orderly pot-closet adjoining her kitchen, he might catch an idea from the display of tins that must be scoured daily, and the clumsy kettles whose nature it is to be black, and not comely. A full assortment of what a correspondent calls "the incomparable agate-ironware manufactured by Lalance and Grosjean," that requires no more scrubbing than a china cup and saucer, and has no seams to gather grease and dust, would do more to brighten the house-

mother's daily living than a dozen finger rings. A set of Dover egg-beaters, three in number—"the baby," the medium, and the largest size, intended for extraordinary occasions—would spare many minutes for other duties, and much muscle, and outlast a dozen common egg-whips. Should she have any or all of these utensils already, a patent "bread-raiser," such as the Case Manufacturing Co. offer, and one of Wilmot & Castle's "automatic steam-cookers" will impart novelty to stereotyped methods of baking and roasting and boiling, and further relieve the wearing pull upon the nerves which is steadily dragging our best wives and mothers cemetery-ward. These are new departures from the trodden Christmas ways, but try how the plan will work of giving the house-mother something that will lessen labor in place of pretty knick-knacks which she will have to watch and take care of.

Your daughter has artistic tastes. Instead of spending fifteen dollars for a second-class engraving in a third-class frame, get color-box, brushes, paint tubes, Whatman paper, and palette from Devoe, and encourage the girl to copy from nature. Should her sister be fond of embroidery, let the mother purchase a set of doilies, plain and stamped, tray-cloths, etc., and do you add to the outfit a case of Brainerd & Armstrong's spool silk.

Your sixteen-year-old boy gives you some anxious hours. His is the age of hobbledehoydom. He admires Diogenes and Red Jacket, sneers at conventionalities, and never brushes his hair or wears a cravat except upon compulsion.

Cajole, instead of trying to beat the savage out of him. Pay a visit to his room before making out your holiday memorandum. It is, probably, a hall-chamber in the topmost story of the family residence. The bed half fills it. When bureau, wash-stand and a chair are in, the big, growing animal can hardly turn around. Buy from the Union Wire Mattress Co. a folding-bed that looks like a draped mantel by day, and can be used as such. It will leave a neat sitting-room for him to which he can invite "another fellow" now and then, when you have supplied him with a couple of comfortable chairs. Fit up his wash-stand with sponge and perfumed soap, giving an especially honorable place to what will remove griminess from the pores, and make the skin healthy as well by removing warts and pimples—Packer's

Tar Soap. Add to nail and tooth brushes a neat case—bone or celluloid—from the Horsey Manufacturing Company, containing a felt tooth-polisher and combination tooth-pick. A box of gloves will be in order by St. Valentine's Day. They are the next step in the civilizing agency.

The mother may contribute a liberal change of fancy socks and a handsome set of Warner's Health Underwear to the contents of the young fellow's drawers. If you wish him to become neat in person and habits, furnish him with appliances that will make reformation a pleasure. The business of stocking Christmas-boxes for poorer relatives, pensioners and distant friends is one of the pleasurable perplexities of the holidays. In no other branch of duty incident to the anniversary are more grievous blunders made. Do not insult the honorable poverty of your cousin, who has married a Western missionary, by the outgrown and out-of-style "cast-offs" of your household. It is almost as unkind to mock her homely belongings by expensive gew-gaws. Please your housewifely soul and comfort her by the gift of a spacious packing case, in which you have stowed a bountiful provision of really valuable commodities. For example, Ferris's nonpareil hams and boneless breakfast-bacon; Martha Washington Creamery-Buttered Flour (a boon to cooks everywhere); Hecker's always trustworthy prepared flour; Sterling baking-powder; plenty of the far-famed sapolio; soaps for laundry and bath; Biardot's savory American-Franco soups; a dozen boxes (at least) of that time-and-strength saver, Electro-Silicon; a box of handkerchiefs for "the dominie;" towels for toilette and kitchen; one of Koch's Illustrated Fashion Catalogues for the wife and daughters who have not the time or money to spare for city shopping in person. To round off the gift, fill the interstices with packages of M. D. Stevens's wheat, hominy, and buckwheat flour. The present condition of the bread-stuff market means heart-ache and dreary despondency to many a home.

If your purse is deep and your organ of benevolence healthfully developed, order a Duplex steam heater for some country church in the bleak hill-region where you found health and comfort last summer. If you would erect a monument to yourself before you die, thus getting some rational good out of the money expended for the memorial, astonish old acquaintances, make

the ways of a far-off Zion to rejoice, and set a worthy example to other rich men by ordering for the church of your yeoman fathers, in season for the Christmas anthem, a University organ. The best will cost less than the smallest yacht, and not more than half as much as the span of ponies you have almost decided to treat yourself to next spring.

Our invalid friends have an especial claim upon us at a season when those who walk abroad catch the glory of the Great Festival from a thousand points of reflection. Study Blanc's catalogue of cacti. It reads like a fairy-tale. Supply diversion for one sufferer by a few of the marvellous, mysterious plants.

To another, send a case of pure native wine of the California vintage; to a third, whose days seem nearly spent, take a bottle of that rare, life-giving elixir, Reich's celebrated Tokay. To still another, resident in a region where the water is fouled by winter rains and summer drainage, dispatch by express a Gate City stone filter.

Grandmother, confined by age and weakness to "Arm-Chair and Footstool" is prone to quaver forth a demurrer, when Christmas draws near. "It isn't worth while to waste money upon a poor creature who maybe won't live another month to enjoy her presents." Be resolutely and lovingly deaf to the prediction and prove your incredulity by fitting up an open wood-fire place for her with brass fender and fire-irons from Bloomingdale Brothers. When you wheel her chair in front of blaze and reflected lights on Christmas morning, and fold a Waterloo All-wool Shawl, soft as a cloud, warm as your heart, about her shoulders, she will think the world too fair and dear to leave.

Upon the boy who is all the while breaking his knife and his mother's heart by whittling wood over her carpets, bestow a scroll-saw with drilling-attachment, blower, tools and designs, or a Goodell Lathe, such as the Millers Falls Co. advertises, and suggest that a corner in attic or basement be made over to him in fee-simple where he can work and be content.

Order from the Cortland Wagon Co., a strong, handsome sleigh in which the farmer brother or the sister who lives out-of-town can take ease and comfort all winter long. The price of one dinner to "a dozen first-rate fellows" at The Hoffman will buy a Portland Cutter.

If you crave a novelty for your wife,

look in at Herts's. You are sure to buy something, for antique and artistic temptations abound in that emporium of the art-collector.

Let your pockets be amply, or moderately-well furnished, it is safe and wise to pay a call to the warerooms of Frank Haviland. The fabled forest leaved with crystals and gems has here a modern, bewildering and altogether enchanting reproduction. What woman's averse to china? What woman's eyes do not give back the light struck from such china as Haviland's (name of delight!)? From the dainty tea-cup it is now the fashion to send to a newly-betrothed maiden, to the Limoges dinner-set that makes you hold your breath with rapture, is a long range, but studded with beautiful possibilities. Include at least one piece of china in each Christmas-box. It is a gift that never comes amiss, and has all seasons for its own.

The same may be said of the wares offered for the holidays by the Whiting Manufacturing Company. This firm, too well-known and long tested to need endorsement here, surpasses all former displays in the variety of useful and ornamental articles on exhibition this year. A visit to the extensive salesroom is a means of education in wifely, daughterly and sisterly needs which Sir Joseph cannot afford to overlook.

Have the young woman whose spine is weak, yet who must sew for her living twelve hours *per diem*, fitted at your expense with a pair of Ferris Brothers' Good Sense corset-waists. The widow, whose strained and failing sight fills her soul with gloomy fears, will eat the Christmas dinner your wife gives her with a more grateful heart for the note of introduction that sends her to Gall and Lembke for examination, kindly advice and a pair of glasses, paid for by you, and judiciously adapted by the wise optician to her poor eyes.

To the student in an eight-by-ten sky-parlor, or the young couple beginning married life in a four-roomed flat, a Cortland wall desk will be a benefaction, combining, as it does, a strong flap for the writer or accountant, four drawers, over a dozen pigeon-holes, and two book shelves, and occupying when closed little more room than a deep picture-frame against the wall.

For all conditions and classes of educated men and women, books are welcome holiday presents. "Our boy's" room will

more surely detain him from the corner druggist's and oyster cellar on winter nights if he finds on his new table a copy of "*Boots and Saddles*," or "*Tenting on the Plains*," or the latest issue of "*Once a Week*," this last being accompanied by a promise of a hebdomadal visit from the bright sheet. A subscription to *Scribner's*, *Lippincott's*, *The American Magazine* or *Brentano's Book Chat* will carry monthly installments of cheer and mental nourishment to family and friends. *The Atlantic*, never-failing mine of sterling literature, will tide the scholarly divine in a rural district over many a bit of dusty roadway, and *The Writer* keep him *au courant* with the world of polite letters.

To "mother and the girls," *Good House-keeping* and *The Fashion Quarterly* will be staff and stay all the year round, while *Frank Leslie's Popular Monthly* will make the whole household the happier for its coming.

Table Talk, with its unfailing supply of practical and attractive recipes and clever suggestions, should lie on every mother's workstand in the land, in close proximity to THE HOME-MAKER. At club-rates, the two can be had for two dollars a year. This is a fact which cannot be too widely-circulated or too eagerly acted upon.

Fowler and Wells's *Phrenological Journal* is a timely gift to a struggling medical

student, or to a country doctor who is determined not to grow rusty.

The Christmas and New Year's stock offered by such houses as the Scribners, Cassell, Lothrop, Lippincott, Lee & Shepard, Appleton, Houghton, Mifflin & Co., are safe reservoirs whence we may draw at will mental aliment and refreshment for both sexes and all ages.

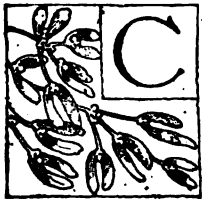
None of the many excellent articles we have enumerated will, in certain circumstances, be more acceptable than a Life Insurance Policy in such a company as the Mutual Benefit Life. The gift with a "promise to pay" the annual premium will soften the hard pillow of a poor but worthy relation. Nor would the trifling sum paid to put an Accident Insurance Policy signed by "The Travelers" into the hand of a traveling friend be officious. It might be a blessing to him and his family.

This summary is necessarily cursory, and as brief as it can be made in justice to those we would aid. It illustrates THE HOME-MAKER's ideas of felicitous holiday offerings. Among the hosts of good things we owe to Gilbert and Sullivan is the Mikado's recommendation that the "punishment should fit the crime." In dignified travesty, we would advise that the gift fit the need, that liberality join hands and keep step with affectionate discrimination.

Marion Harland.



PICTURE-FRAME CHAT.



AN you not remember in the days of your visits to the house of your grandmother (and your grandmother had the best of everything)—the pictures that adorned—save the mark!—

the walls of her rooms; paintings, and good ones at that, sunk deep in heavy frames of flowered gold composition; engravings framed in black walnut, and, as pendants

to larger pictures, hair flowers, photographs of burial plots, and most ghastly of all, a coffin-plate mounted on velvet,—framed in oval frames and rendered more hideous by a convex glass.

I believe we have outgrown the hair flowers and the coffin-plates, but we cling to our traditions in the matter of the heavy gold frames, and the walls of our drawing-rooms of to-day will fix us with the glittering limitations of our best pictures. Of course there are paint-

ings upon which a gold framing is most suitable, but it need not be oppressive ; if you want perspective, gain it by shading on a flat frame, not by sinking the picture into a box that stands out from the wall like a mass of gilded stucco.

Surely the picture is the feature, and the frame should be only accessory.

Too often one gazes with astonishment upon a gorgeous frame, and then discovers that in its glittering depths is engulfed a choice picture.

Awhile ago, a bold man had a pretty yachting picture given him ; he took it to an alleged "artistic" frame-maker, and said : "I want a plain oak frame upon this picture, with an actual rope tacked on the outer edge and gilded."

The frame-maker's eyes opened wide, and his mouth curved in a contemptuous smile. "But," remonstrated he, "I never heard of framing a picture in that way." "True, Mr. Frame-maker," responded our bold man, "and it is just possible that there are other things, not dreamed of in your philosophy, which may yet be good."

And the bold man got his frame, and the pretty yachting picture, with its plain wood frame and its suggestive bit of rope, was a thing of beauty and an entire success, and do you know it was really the signal for a departure from the old stereotyped style of picture-frames ? for the bold man was so pleased with the result of his boldness that he gave a "tea" at his bachelor quarters, and invited a lot of his clever friends to come and drink tea and admire his picture-frame. The charming women who came exhausted their adjectives upon the frame, and went away, vowing that they would each possess just such a picture, in just such a frame, and presently the frame-makers were all very unhappy, for nobody would have a marine picture framed in anything but plain wood, and gold or silver rope.

That was the beginning, then the dealers took it up, and soon the market was flooded with oddities in picture-frames, good, bad and indifferent ; of course many of them are bad from every point of view, vulgar in coloring, poor in execution, and altogether objectionable, but out of this mass of untasteful trash, many bits, artistic and artful, choice and chaste, have been evolved.

Why not have our pictures suitably and appropriately framed ?

Why, because a picture is painted in oils, must it be hedged about and boxed in by

a monstrosity in gilded plaster ? One might as well put all women into gowns of the same cut and color, simply because they are women and done in flesh and blood ; an' we did, what a jolly lot of frumps we should have, to be sure !

Then, again, because a picture is a water color or a photograph, is that any reason why it should be centered in an acre of mat, as white and as tombstony as a Philadelphia doorstep ?

Do you know how pleasing and restful is a landscape in oil, framed in a wide, perfectly flat frame of dark stained chestnut ? If not, just try it on the next painting you have framed, then hang it on one of your walls, which is covered with dark warm paper, and see how delightfully the color of the wood will blend in with the picture and the wall, and what a relief it will be, after the Kiralfy-like glitter of the tinsel boxes, in which we have been wont to entomb our choicest paintings.

You have a lovely water color, a bit of beach, and beyond, a stretch of sea as blue as the sky above it. Don't swamp the dainty thing in a wide staring white margin ; try instead a mat of the prevailing tone of the picture, the blue, which comes in exactly the right shade, in the dull-finish ingrain wall paper ; then outside this put a narrow frame of dull-finish ebony, and see if the effect does not please you.

Perhaps you are framing a flower study of gorgeous coloring. Get some silk of the most emphatic color in the study, lay it in folds for a mat ; this gives a bit of perspective, then outside your silk place a frame of wood, roughened with the chisel and colored in dark bronze.

A famous French etcher frames all his etchings in dark blue mats, with narrow black frames. The effect of the cream color Japan paper on which the etchings are printed, the blue of the mat, and the black line of frame is very pleasing.

Etchings as a rule are better matted close, unless indeed they be proofs, in which case perish the thought that for any amount of effect would we cover the signature of our artists, who so conscientiously avoid signing more than the limited number of proofs.

Avoid for etchings or anything else, dead white mats ; use soft greys, or, better still, deep cream shades. Photographs will stand stronger colors for mats, and charming effects may be gained by using mats of the ingrain paper in soft greens, old blue,

terra cotta, or yellow, always with a narrow, rather than wide frame of cherry, oak, or ebony.

Frame your pictures with their hanging place in mind, with a view to harmony with the walls on which they are to hang, and the drapery and upholstery about them. Don't introduce too many colors into your frames. A good rule to follow in framing colored pictures, is to use a shade of the pronounced color in the picture as the prevailing color in your mat and frame. In a desire to have appropriately suggestive clothing for your pictures, don't rush to another extreme, and make them trivial. Because your picture is a military subject, don't tie a toy cannon or a bunch of fire-crackers on the frame.

You will find plenty of dealers, ready to suggest and carry out the most extraordinary combinations, for after all it is ducats, not elevation of taste, that most of us are working for.

The picture and its frame should be so in harmony that they are individual, and when we have so framed our pictures that in regarding them the observer does not say: "What lovely frames!" but rather, "What perfect combinations!" surely we shall have achieved a success.

I remember seeing not long ago, among some wedding presents, a tiny etching, a perfect gem, signed by an etcher of note. It was framed first in a wide white mat, and then in an elaborate gold frame.

The guests, almost invariably, in looking at it, remarked upon the magnificence of the frame, and passed on, with hardly a glance at the exquisitely dainty art work that was so over-dressed. The donor in his desire to do honor to the etching, had lost it completely in too fine a frame, where a simpler treatment would have emphasized the merit of the little picture.

Simplicity of effect seems a most desirable quality in picture-framing. Use expensive materials if you will, though you will find that the pleasant result depends more upon the coloring than upon the other qualities of the material used. Combinations of metal effects are sometimes very happy; for instance, a frame for a marine subject may be made of chestnut, silvered, showing the grain, and then dusted over with pale green bronze; the effect is exactly that of the sea-green water with the shimmer of the light upon it.

Again, a high-colored sunset, in a similar framing, of chestnut gilded and washed

over with a rose color, deepening into red at the outer edge, is beautiful; it extends the coloring and interest of the picture, without attracting attention to the frame.

Some of the most commonplace materials may be worked into framing. A coarse sponge paper made originally to put under carpets is extremely pretty for mats. Another paper which came into existence as a packing for bottles may serve a more æsthetic purpose, by being treated with gold or bronze, and used for covering a frame for some pretty figure etching.

You can have a pine frame made of the desired size, and of thin wood, by your carpenter; then get some of the matting that comes around tea boxes, stretch it over your frame, wet it to flatten it, then tack neatly in place; when dry, you can paint the matting with metal paint, or in plain color of dark warm red or a dull green. Have a glass fitted, and you will find that you have an extremely pretty frame.

You can get up a variety of pretty effects, with similar pine foundations, covering the wood with folds of silk, or cretonne, or with some of the Chinese chintz, which is very effective and costs very little.

Wonderfully pretty framing for small etchings and photographs may be easily made. Get some of the ingrain paper, in colors to suit the intended surroundings, cut it into mats, have glass cut to the same size, put in your picture, add a card-board back, and bind the whole with paper of the color of the mat or of a darker shade. If you are clever with your brush, you can make these little pictures even prettier, by a bit of decoration on the mat, a tiny marine in the corner, a conventional flower design, or any drawing suggestive of the picture itself.

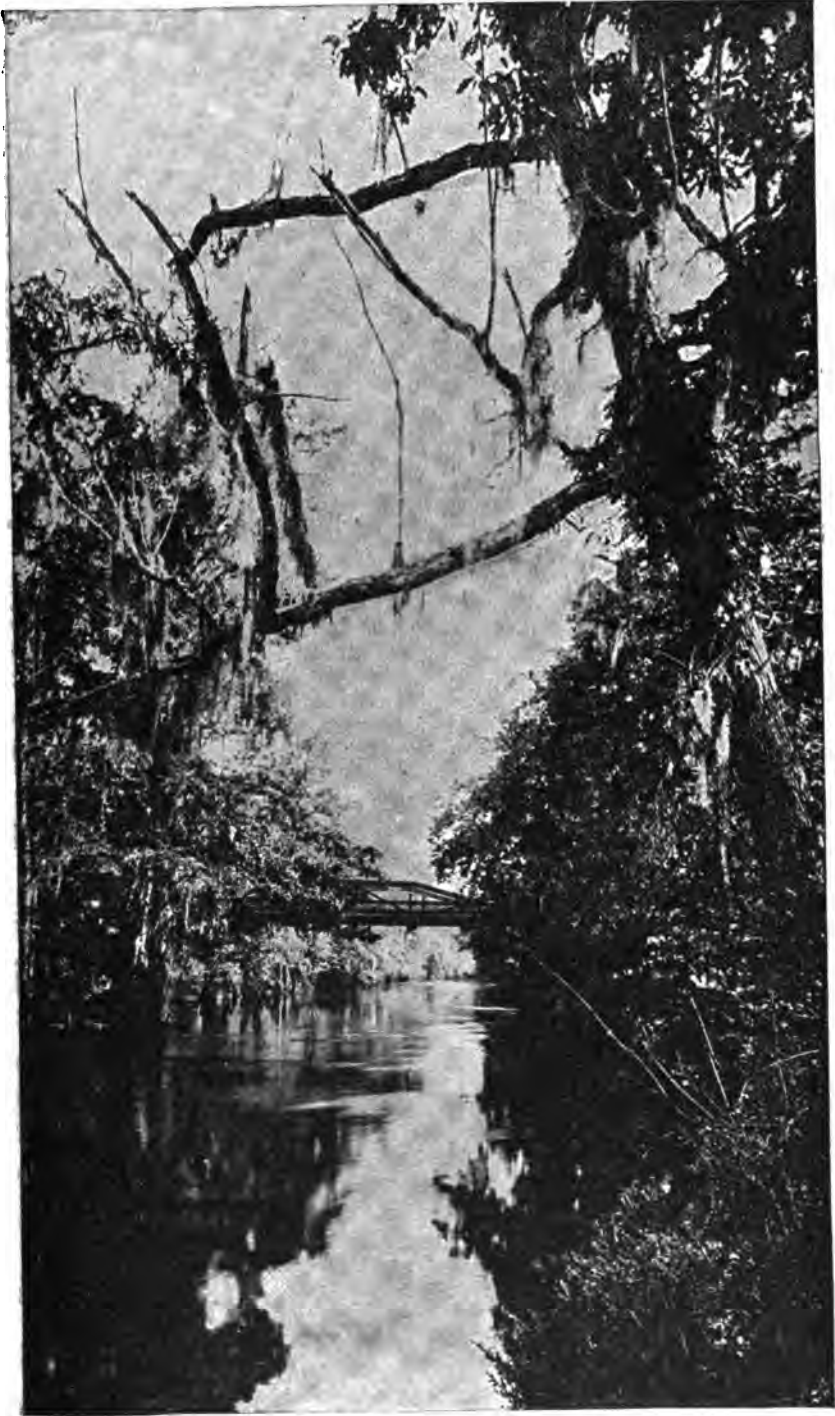
One word about the hanging of pictures after they are well framed. Flat frames should be hung flat against the wall; in fact most pictures look infinitely better hung flat, than they do tipped forward as if they were about to fall upon one.

Avoid wires, and hang your pictures by pretty cords, or tiny chains, using two picture hooks instead of one, making your cord go straight up to the molding, keeping to the lines of the room, and not making unpleasant angles with the corners, and, paradoxical as it may seem, above all things hang your pictures low.

Frank Chaffee.



A ROSE GARDEN IN GAINESVILLE, FLORIDA.
Amateur Photography. By J. P. Reymond.

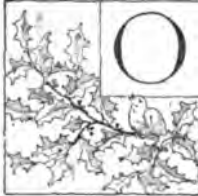


ON THE CHIPOLA RIVER.
Amateur Photography. By J. P. Reymond.

TALKS ABOUT PHOTOGRAPHY.

SECOND TALK.

PORTRAITS AND GROUPS IN-DOORS AND OUT—"FLASH LIGHT" PICTURES AND INTERIORS.



UT-door portraits are in a good many respects much easier to make than those undertaken in-doors. The illumination of the subject is so important, and is so difficult a matter when attempted at an ordinary window, that the amateur may well be inclined to lure his sitters into some favoring corner under the generous canopy of the sky, where the question of lighting is settled without much labor. There are times when figures may be successfully taken in full sunlight. Indeed the brilliant gilding of the sun often gives a charm not to be approached by a quieter coloring. But this method has many risks. While sometimes good for compositions it is unsafe for careful portraiture, since the face is generally thrown into a dense shadow or is lighted in a patchy and undesirable way. The nose has a great partiality for the sun, and will frequently obtrude itself in a state of gorgeous illumination when the rest of the face is as dim as night. Thus the sunlight is favorable for anything that is fantastic or picturesque, rather than for serious and quieter work.

In general it is best to choose a time when the sun is obscured, or a position out of the direct rays of the sun, in the shadow of a building or other prominence. Here the light will be soft and diffused. For simple portraits hang behind the sitter a gray shawl or some unfigured material. Hang this material at a sufficient distance to place the lines of texture out of focus, especially if these lines would be ineffective if boldly brought out. In selecting a natural background like shrubbery, the effect is usually better where the tracery is softened by a forward focus. At every stage of portraiture remember that it is the face upon which you are to chiefly centre your attention. Never mind the over-exposure or under-exposure of any other features of the picture. "Time" for the face. Yet it is wise to remember that the

face requires a framing, and hair, hat, dress, background and other surroundings must be watched for any incongruity of line or absurdity of position. A very small matter will often spoil the success of a portrait. It is especially difficult out of doors to secure a pleasant and natural expression of the features. On a bright day, even in the shadow, the brows of the sitter may be seen contracting under the force of the light. If the light bothers the sitter, perhaps some change of position may overcome the difficulty.

This tendency to distort the face, which sometimes has very comic results, often renders very perplexing the photographing of a group. In a proper group each individual should be favorably taken. How much this implies those who make the trial will soon understand. A thousand and one artistic annoyances intrude themselves. Hands and feet may be depended upon to supply an inexhaustible source of trouble. It is notorious that the amateur actor is always at a loss to know what to do with his hands. The amateur photographer regards those useful members with even greater misgivings. They are always in the way. If, as the artists tell us, the hand is much more difficult to draw than the face, the photographer has equally good reasons for finding it the more difficult to photograph. However, with reasonable attention in the arrangement, and a quick survey of the figures just before the exposure, the amateur may avoid most of the obstacles to favorable work.

One of the chief objections to out-door portraiture is the "dark faces" of which the sitters complain when shown the prints. To partly overcome this drawback avoid very light backgrounds or accessories, and persuade the "victims," unless the picture is impromptu, not to wear white outer clothing. Grayish tints in clothing are more favorable than either extremely light or extremely dark tints.

For more artistic portraits the unregulated illumination of the open air is not so effective as an in-door lighting. The best



"SHE GAVE TO ME A ROSE."

From a Photograph by Alexander Black.

portraits are made under a skylight, such as we find in the studio; and if the amateur can secure quarters lighted from the top as well as from the side, he will be more certain of artistic results. In the absence of a top light (not such as Jack Tar is always talking about), the light from the upper half of a tall window, as found in many studios, will generally serve the amateur well, giving fine effects of light and shade.

But most amateur photographers do their portrait-taking at ordinary house-windows, and to those acting under the disadvantages of this situation it will be necessary to speak particularly. In the first place it is necessary to cover the lower part of the window to a point at least as high as the top of the sitter's head. I write "sitter's" here in the strict sense, meaning, the seated figure. This covering of the lower part of the window is to prevent the entrance of any light at the level of the face, and to avoid the flat effect of light inevitable without such a precaution. The sitter's chair should now be placed with its centre about two and a half feet from the

window and opposite the farther framework. Place the camera opposite the sitter, giving a preference to a position close to the wall in which the window is cut—that is, giving a preference to the view showing most of the illuminated side of the head. Of course, no set rule can be given. The point of view as well as the pose depends upon the subject and light, and upon the taste and skill of the operator. A good many successes in photography can come from breaking the rules. But the rules are just as valuable as if this were not so. When the amateur perfects himself in the orthodoxy of photography, he is following the example of the musician who practices Beethoven before composing symphonies of his own.

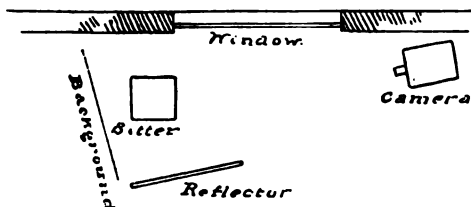
To overcome the density of the shadow that will be cast by the window light, arrange a reflector of white paper or muslin, and place it opposite the window and slightly in front of the sitter. The reflector should be about four feet high and three wide, and should stand at a slight angle so as to throw the reflection partly upward into the shadows. If conspicuous objects behind the sit-



"PRINCESS HAWTHORNE."

From a Photograph by Alexander Black.

ter render it necessary to adopt a neutral background, select some material not too light and without prominent folds or creases, and if possible hang it so that it will catch least light on the part that gives relief to the lightest side of the portrait. By hanging the background at an angle, the side nearest the window and corresponding to the lightest side of the head may be placed partly in shadow. The general arrange-



ment just suggested will be more fully explained by the accompanying diagram.

If the head of the sitter is unsupported, even the action of breathing creates a sufficient movement to destroy the sharpness of the image. For this reason the exposure should be as short as possible. Rather omit the stop than risk too long an exposure. That little despot, the baby, will probably not stop moving for an instant (unless he is asleep), and "no stop" will certainly be the order of the day when he is to be pictured. There are many ways of resting the head without the loss of artistic effect. In any case make an effort to relieve the pose of that unhappy appearance of being a pose at all. A comfortable position is not always a good position. If the position *looks* easy and natural, the sitter must be contented even to feel a little uncomfortable if that

should chance to be necessary. Perhaps there is an unsympathetic reader who will regard the sitter as, in any case, pretty much of a martyr.

The portrait accompanying this article was taken at an ordinary window. For the purpose a deer rug was thrown over a dining-room chair and a dear girl was seated in the chair with her head snugly resting against the back. The effectively graded background is simply the natural light falling on an unpapered wall of a chocolate tint. With the little sitter in such a position it was easy to give an exposure of three seconds, the only doubtful matter in the undertaking being the steadiness of the eyes. This reminds me that the *direction* of the eyes is of the utmost importance in portraiture. If the head is turned in a certain direction the turn of the eyes must give justification to this movement. A

good many professional photographers seem to ignore this point, and, while giving a dramatic twist to the head, fix the eyes in such a manner that one is moved to wonder what the head is doing in such a forced position. It is the rule that the eye should turn a little in advance of the head. Be careful, however, in applying this rule to profiles, and do not show too much of the white of the eye. A sitter with light eyes is usually not seen to advantage with the face to the light, though persons with very deeply set eyes of whatever color can not, with an amateur's facilities for lighting, be safely turned from the light.

In-door groups are more difficult than single portraits, since the perplexities of illumination are greatly increased. But there are so many delightful little touches of domestic life to be captured in-doors, that the amateur will not be turned aside by the uncertainties of the task. What has been said as to out-door groups will apply to groups within doors.

The "flash light" has opened a revolution in photography by rendering the photographer in a measure independent of daylight. Groups not easily gathered in the day time are readily photographed in the evening, and it has become something of a fashion to have pictures made of club meetings, "euchre parties," wedding companies, and like occasions. A picture perfect in every particular is not by any means easily made with the flash light, but a reasonable amount of care will produce pictures of sometimes surprisingly good quality.

Too much care cannot be used in handling the magnesium powder with which the flash light is produced, for the powder is explosive in character, and even when it is lighted according to directions the operator must guard against the chance of scorching objects near at hand. There are many forms more convenient than the simple magnesium spread over gun cotton, but do not use any method that is not personally recommended by some one who has tried it.

In using the flash light do not turn down the ordinary lights of the room, as this would result in so startling the eyes as to

make it probable that the subject or subjects would be discovered in the negative to have inartistically blinked. The position of the flash must usually be behind and as much above the level of the camera as possible. First introduce another light at the point from which the flash is to be made and arrange the figure or group until the light falls agreeably, turning down all other lights for the time being. This will give some promise of the effect, and will forewarn the operator against unwelcome shadows. If the room has dark walls it will be particularly necessary to use side reflectors. Having arranged all the details with care, direct each person as to pose, see that none are looking toward the flash; then turn up the lights, remove the cap from the lens and touch off the powder. Ordinary gas or lamp-light has so little effect upon the plate during a second or two that the photographer, if using a fuse, will have an opportunity to remove the cap and enter the group himself. Replace the cap at once after the flash.

With the flash light the problem of taking interiors is all but solved. If the view is taken through a doorway or arch the flash may be located at any point from which it will be invisible to the lens. Place the tray on which the powder is to be flashed on the top of a step-ladder or other prominence, taking care not to get so near the ceiling as to scorch it. The polished reflector behind the light should be rather flat. A weak flash of about one-third the strength may often be used in another part of the room to soften the shadows.

Nothing demands greater ingenuity than taking interiors by daylight. The simplest way out of the difficulty is to choose a position from which no windows will be visible. If this is impossible, cover up the window or windows and get sufficient exposure with the aid of reflected or direct light from windows out of range. Replace the cap, remove the coverings and give a very short exposure for the windows.

In the next paper we shall discuss the development and printing of the negative.

Alexander Black.





LEARNING, LEISURE AND LOUNGING.
Amateur Photography. By J. P. Reymond.

A BOY'S LIBRARY.



IN a recent eloquent panegyric upon the imagination, Prof. Charles E. Norton, of Cambridge, insisted that no other mental quality is quite so desirable as the imagination, no matter what may be a man's business or his station in life. He even declared that the chief benefit to be derived from colleges and academies is the stimulus they give to this wonderful faculty.

Now our boys, especially our city boys, must get the food for imagination chiefly from books. They must have books where they can read them; they must read them, and, above all, they must love to read them, or else life to them will be the sordid sense-existence which it must always be to a man destitute of imagination.

Dr. Harry Hopkins, in an extemporaneous address delivered years ago, declared that all a man could hope to bring away from school or college with him was a taste for good literature. The athlete forgets the precise exercises which he practiced through toilsome years; but the hard muscles they produced stand by him.

The new president of Cornell University bore similar testimony in his inaugural address. "If his academical training have not produced this result," says another distinguished man, "it may well be counted a failure."

Blessed be the taste for good reading! Next to religion, it is the rich man's boon and the poor man's solace. Fortunately, in a home where the older ones read, the habit is naturally and insensibly acquired by the younger members, and they will be likely to enjoy the same quality of books which is enjoyed by their elders.

There is probably, in the line of the home education of the young, only one thing worse than too little supervision of their reading, and that is, too much. Many famous men have testified that they were let loose in extensive libraries in their earliest years, and browsed among the books wherever they liked. This, as the poet intimates, is likely to be dangerous. Nobody will ever know, though one may hear of those who have been benefited by

such a course, how many gallant young souls have been ruined by it. Still, Mrs. Browning goes on to say, that

"The world of books is still the world
And both worlds have God's providence,
Thank God!"

On the other hand, any honest boy is apt to dislike what is constantly enjoined upon him that he ought to like: as good oatmeal porridge and baked potatoes are sometimes disliked. Then, too, if a boy be at all inclined to affectation, he soon learns that he is considered virtuous if he read a certain class of books. He, therefore, makes it a point to be seen poring over them, just for the sake of praise—which is probably worse for character than never reading at all.

One of Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett's characters is made to say: "The mejumer you are with children, the better." It sometimes seems as though every article relating to the training of the young should begin with this quotation. One woman, at least, has said it over and over while bringing up her little ones, and never without profit from the thought. A wise letting-alone in the matter of a boy's reading should be "mejumed" (to make a verb from the adjective), with a careful selection of the books among which he may wander—but they should be simply left in his way, mentioned, perhaps, but never forced upon him.

The Christmas season is at hand. Thousands of dollars' worth of "holiday" volumes, many of them utterly unfit for boys' reading, will be thrust into their Christmas stockings. Let us see to it that we purchase no such books.

Probably there is no mother of any education at all but has been besieged by such questions as these: "What do you give your boys to read?" "Please tell me the names of some good books for boys. I want to get some for Christmas." "My boy cares nothing for history. What should he read in order that a taste for it may be excited in him?" "My boy is all for practical work and business. This is right, so far as it goes—but how can I instill into him, in addition, a love for letters, and a livelier imagination?" "My boy cares nothing for any sort of stories,

except those of hairbreadth escapes, and the most improbable and highly-spiced adventures. What can he read which will give him a more healthy taste, and yet hold his interest?"

It is impossible, in a brief article, even if one were very much wiser than most of us are, to answer many such questions; but it may be practicable to offer a few helpful suggestions, and to name several books as types of good kinds. The very interesting series of articles which has recently appeared in the *Forum*, on "Books Which Have Helped Me," should be read by every parent who is anxious to study the effects of different kinds of reading on boys. It is by many men of many minds, and contains, however much we may disagree with some of the conclusions reached, good food for reflection for everyone.

In talking of reading for boys, it is taken for granted, in this article, that the boys for whom books are desired are school-boys, studying several hours of each day. All mental work and no mental play produce the same results as other kinds of work on the organs employed. The sordid, phlegmatic type of man, which our critics say is the prevailing one in America just now, may be the outcome of this barren study of text-books, which too often leaves the higher qualities of the mind undeveloped. Hard play follows the school-hours; night comes, with perhaps some lounging, some study and a good deal of yawning through the evening. Then the boy goes to bed. Next morning comes the school grind again, the same routine follows, and from simple lack of use—as it were, the want of sun-rays to open beautiful buds which may be lying dormant there—the loveliest part of the boy's mind, as Prof. Norton calls it, may never be unfolded.

"But," you may say, "what if the child won't read?"

Then put him where he can't help hearing reading. In every household where there are growing children, there should be reading aloud every day, if for not more than ten minutes at a time. If the books for such reading be judiciously chosen, a boy cannot help liking them, any more than he can help liking plums and peaches.

Then, whenever you get a chance, talk over the books. At breakfast, say: "Boys, I have been thinking ever since we read it about that funny scene where the little

Zulu fell off the zebra." Or, "Did you ever hear of anything more wonderful than that escape of Stanley's from those savages?" Or, "How do you suppose men ever get such wonderful thoughts? Now was it not strange that Palissy should have waited so long, and then suddenly have had the idea of heat come to him?"

The wife of a noted literary man not long ago remarked: "We are at our wits' ends continually to get books suitable to read aloud in our mixed family circle. There is E., who is nine. H. is twelve. Cousin L. is eighteen, and there are grandfather and grandmother. We all love to gather around the evening lamp, while one reads aloud, but books which please the elders are apt to contain rather strong meat for the youngsters, and conversely."

Many families have experienced this same difficulty, but in one family it has been successfully overcome by taking almost any interesting work of high literary quality, and carefully looking it over beforehand. A little expunging or altering of a few passages which may be too broad or too dull for general reading, will usually remedy the whole matter, and none of the listeners need know of the changes. Among books which may be treated in this way are: "The Land of the Midnight Sun," "The Land of the White Elephant," Mr. H. W. Mabie's admirable work upon "Norse Stories," Mrs. Custer's "Boots and Saddles," "Ben-Hur," and the works of Scott, Cooper, Dickens and Thackeray; but for silent reading, there is scarcely anything in any of these vigorous and manly writings from which well-regulated young people should be shut away.

Care should be taken that the books selected in a season for reading aloud should present a good variety of subjects. There will usually be time for only four or five, and these should embrace one good historical work, connected or portions of it; one of the thrilling and ennobling biographies, which are getting to be so common nowadays, like the "Life of Abraham Lincoln," by Noah Brooks; a work on natural history, like one of Mrs. Olive Thorne Miller's or Mary Treat's, or the more studied treatises of such men as Charles Darwin and Sir John Lubbock, or the "Walden Pond" of Thoreau; something about travels, like Hezekiah Butterworth's *Zig-Zag Journeys*, or Horace Scudder's *Bodley Books*, or the *Hales'*

Family Flights,—there are so many good ones that it seems almost invidious to single out any for special mention; then stories and poems, of course.

The new "Library of Adventure," which Mr. Howells has edited, and the Harpers have published, is a treasury of delight for a boy; but the hearts of some of us, who like adventure-stories, turn fondly to dear old Mayne Reid (even if they *do* say he was not always to be relied upon!) and to "The Young Marooners," of which a new edition is out; to Oliver Optic; and to that delightful piece of harmless improbability, "Esperanza, or The Home of the Wanderers," a story of South America, now, we believe, out of print, more's the pity!—and then boys will always and forever read "Robinson Crusoe," and "The Swiss Family Robinson."

These old adventure-books have a flavor to us, who read them twenty years ago, which no new ones, however thrilling, will ever have; just as no stories of travel will ever seem quite so real as the Rollo books, and no child lives quite so alive as those of Rodolphus and the others in the Franconia Stories.

"To be incapable of a feeling for poetry in any sense of the word," says Wordsworth, "is to be without love of human nature and reverence for God."

Some people affirm that everybody has in him the capacity for this feeling, but that in many it is never developed, and so it may be thought that no such capacity ever existed in them. It is our duty to see that in our families this grand and noble feeling has at least a chance to grow, by providing them with copies of the best poetical works. Every boy at twelve should be more or less familiar with good translations of Homer and Virgil, and with Milton and Shakespeare; and was there ever more gorgeous furniture for the imagination than in the waving plumes and stately armored knights and ladies fair of Scott's leaping cantos? Some boys must and will have Chaucer and the Faerie Queene, and old Reynard, the Fox, and a dozen others—but these had better be edited judiciously and read aloud.

In nearly every family a good poem, long or short, can and should be read aloud every day in every year. There is no household, in which this has been tried, but will testify to the good results arising from it. "A verse," says old George Herbert, "will find him whom a sermon flies."

It is most interesting to see how particular pieces take hard hold of particular boys, and how much tact is required to give each one a chance to hear his own special favorites often enough, without giving occasion for a quarrel. Then watch and see how at certain lines the same suspicious little snuffing occurs; or the same light dawns night after night on the rapt young faces; or the same ripple of laughter runs along; or the same deep unconscious sigh testifies to the strain relieved by the close of some heroic episode—the exploit of Horatius or the death of Constance. Two charming collections of poetry for family use in this way, are Mr. W. P. Garrison's "Bed-Time Poetry," published by Lothrop, and Mrs. Helen Kendrick Johnson's "Poems and Songs for Young People," published by Routledge.

It almost seems as though no boy could grow up to be a proper man without reading "Tom Brown at Rugby" and its sequel. Perhaps "Jackanapes" and some others of Mrs. Ewing's books are rather over the heads of ordinary children, and too sad for the super-sensitive to read alone, but they are good for oral reading. "The Boys of '76" and others of Charles Carleton Coffin's books are sure to enkindle in boys a taste for history and a real patriotism. For inspiring admiration of heroism give "The Story of Siegfried" and others of the same series.

Saintine's exquisite story of "Picciola" and the beautiful little tale of "Heidi" (published by Cupples, Upham & Co.) will be found refining and healthful. Add to these Dr. Hale's wonderful "In His Name," and other works of this strong and genial writer. Bound volumes of *Harpers' Young People*, *Wide Awake*, *St. Nicholas*, and *The Youth's Companion* are wells of refreshment, where thirsty boys can draw again and again, and get very little harm, to a great deal of good and pleasure.

Every boy's library should, of course, contain "The Pilgrim's Progress," and some good fairy tales, like Laboulaye's, or Grimm's or Andersen's; and Hawthorne's "Wonder Book" and "Tanglewood Tales," and do not omit Harrison's "Stories of the Nations;" "Alice in Wonderland" and "Through the Looking-Glass;" Mark Twain's delightful "The Prince and the Pauper;" Louisa M. Alcott's "Little Women" and others by the same author; and Sidney Lanier's "Boy's Froissart" and "Boy's King Arthur."

Be sure that every day you read with your children a portion from the Bible. Do not be afraid to begin at the beginning. Look ahead from day to day and skip a chapter here and there, saying: "This chapter is disagreeable and we will pass it by," or, "We can let this go and miss nothing important, and then get to the story of Balak (or Korah, or whatever it may be) sooner." They will learn to enjoy these rare, vivid old histories with you, as they never can those in any other book. Be interested yourself, talk out your interest, and they will keep up with you fast enough. At the end of a chapter, you will sometimes say: "Boys, I can't bear to wait till to-morrow to finish this story. Let's have another chapter." Or, "Isn't that

the sweetest poem you ever heard! Come, John, read it again;" or, "Here's a lovely chapter coming in a day or two;" or, "That's the kind of advice to help us all. Let's remember it, especially when we are tempted to-day (or to-morrow)."

A love for the Bible means,—what does it not mean that is noble and grand in a man? A boy who does not love his Bible has had something wrong in his home training, for the Book and he are made all right to be fitted the one to the other. If your boy has not a Bible of his own, printed in good, clear type, which tempts one to read it, be sure that not another Christmas passes till he has one.

Kate Upson Clark.



NEW PHASES OF OLD FRIENDS.

A

FANTASY OF TO-DAY.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

FAIRY GODMOTHER.
CINDERELLA.
FATIMA.
THE SLEEPING BEAUTY.
TWO SISTERS OF CINDERELLA.
BEAUTY.
RED RIDING-HOOD.
SANTA CLAUS.
BLUE BEARD.
THE BEAST (*metamorphosed*).
FIRST PRINCE.
SECOND PRINCE.
JACK THE GIANT-KILLER.
TOM THUMB.

SCENE.

A handsome drawing-room in a luxurious city house.

TIME.—*Christmas Eve.*

(*Enter through the French Window, Sleeping Beauty and the Prince.*)

S. Beauty (*yawning*). Of course we're the first to get here—I knew we should be! I might have dozed at home for another half-hour—but you never let me sleep in peace.

Prince. Didn't the Fairy Godmother's summons read "punctually, on business?"

I must confess I didn't know we Fairylanders were of enough consequence now-a-days to have any business, and why should we meet in a home occupied by mortals?

S. Beauty. A very good plan—no danger from blasting by dynamite or stray electric currents. Here comes Cinderella's tribe! How disgraceful of her to keep her sisters so shabby! (*Enter Cinderella, Two Sisters, and Second Prince.*) Good evening, Cindie dear,—looking charming as usual!

Cinderella. Such a time as we've had—dodging those horrid electric wires! They'll be the end of us, some day—it's really not safe to be out of doors. Not that I care much if they are—what's the good of living after every nursery in good society is closed to us? But it's some comfort to know you think me looking none the worse.

S. Beauty. Your complexion is so fine. I've always heard that hard work and coarse fare in early life secured a clear skin. As to our being excluded from the *nurseries* of good society, I don't regret that, but I do miss the invitations to bask before the parlor-fire ere candles were brought in. Oh, dear! (*yawning*). Those old days were pleasant!

First Sister. I never cared much either about being called into the nurseries. Children criticise one's conduct so unfairly—but it is rather mortifying to be neglected by every one, as we are now.

Cinderella. Mortifying? It's heart-rending!

Second Prince. Don't be doleful, Cindie! Who knows but that Fairy Godmother has some plan for getting us into notice again?

Second Sister. Cindie's always doleful when her corns hurt her. And, no doubt, she knows already what Fairy Godmother wants to say. She was always her favorite!

Cinderella. Not at all. She merely gave me the opportunity of introducing myself into the society for which I am naturally fitted. Here comes Signor Beast and Beauty! How those pet names cling to a girl, long after they cease to be appropriate! (*Enter Beauty languishing on the arm of the quondam Beast.*)

Beauty. Here we are, late as usual! I can never get my husband away from his mirror.

Cinderella. Quite excusable, I'm sure, Signor! Allow me to present you to my sisters. (*Returning to Beauty.*) It must

be a great comfort to him, dear, to see himself so changed in looks.

Beauty. Do you think him much changed? I suppose he is, but the hideous memory of the past haunts me perpetually. You know his eyes have just the old pleading look. I often dream that we are walking in the garden again, and he the same odious monster that he was—

S. Beauty. And that you break the spell and restore him? How lovely!

Beauty. Oh, dear, no! My dream always ends in Barnum's paying me \$25,000 for him. Of course, I would not really be so mercenary as to sell him.

Cinderella (*sarcastically*). Of course not! But how strange you should always dream you do!

Beauty. I suppose it's on account of the wretched uncertainty of our future in these dull times. (*Listens.*) Who's coming now?

(*Enter Fatima and Blue Beard.*)

Fatima. So glad not to find Fairy Godmother here yet! We were delayed by my husband losing the key of his wardrobe—he's so careless with his keys—aren't you, Azur mio? And sister Anne lolling out of the window—so inquisitive as to other people's affairs as she is—instead of being of any use to me!

Cinderella. Oh, isn't she? I had a different idea of her. Now I really couldn't get on without my sisters, poor old things! See how pleased they are with a little attention from the gentlemen—but I must disturb them—the princess has dropped asleep. Prince! Had you not better arouse this fair lady?

First Prince (*looking carelessly at Sleeping Beauty*). Oh, let her sleep! I've done the arousing act at least once too often. (*Aside to Second Prince*) You don't disturb the Lady Cinderella when she's quiet, do you?

Second Prince (*aside*). Never quiet, dear boy; but the old girls get the worst of her clatter, don't you know?

Cinderella. So queer of the Fairy Godmother to keep us all waiting—but she does so enjoy being of consequence! Here she comes, now! with that little gad-about in the unbecoming red hood, and those rough, horrid boys! (*Enter Fairy Godmother, with Red Riding-Hood, Jack the Giant-Killer, and Tom Thumb.*)

Fairy Godmother. I must apologize for my delay, my children, but Red Riding-Hood insisted on taking the wrong road,

and Jack would stop at the Polo Grounds—so sure he would find some Giants there! *Jack (sulkily)*. So I did—such as they were!

Blue Beard. Kill any?

Jack. No—hadn't any pop-gun—too small game for my club! But "what can we expect in these terrible times?" as the old lady here said when the smoke of a locomotive nearly strangled her as we hurried along—

Fairy Godmother. John! I forbid your speaking of me in that disrespectful manner. Remember that to me you owe your existence, and that the breaking of my wand—

Jack. Well, really, old godmamma, that might be the best disposition to make of us—life is so uncommonly slow now-a-days—isn't it, Tommy? People don't take us in at all.

Tom Thumb. Awfully slow, dear boy. Really, since a fat little dwarf stole my name, I have some trouble in proving my identity to myself. Who remembers 'twas I set the fashion of running away from home?

Fairy Godmother. Be quiet, boys! I am going to call our meeting to order. Ahem! My dear children, I observe with pain that our influence and our happiness are steadily waning. Science and Reason (horrid words!) conspire to make our life uncomfortable; and we are not courted and sought after by this generation as by so many in days gone by, when mammas were less intellectual and kindergartens were unknown. And, alas! this neglect is embittering our spirits, and destroying the harmony which formerly existed among us. I have sought some plan to remedy our condition and bring us into notice again, but in vain—and I have assembled you to-night in hopes that one of you may suggest something to the purpose.

Cinderella. Let's give a ball at Del—

Sleeping Beauty. Always thinking of your own pleasure, Cindie! I can't dance at all. How much more entertaining a spinning-match would be—only I can't spin much since I hurt my hand so with a spindle.

Fatima. It's nonsense to talk of a ball—who in good society would come?

Fairy Godmother. I should like to hear the Princess's views.

The Princess. Give it up! (*A loud noise in the chimney is heard.*)

Fairy Godmother. What's that? Nothing electrical, I hope!

(*The fire-board falls, and Santa Claus appears.*)

Santa Claus. Holloa, ladies and gentlemen! Didn't expect to find such a gay company here—just dropped down on business! But what's up? you all look uncommonly blue!

Fairy Godmother. We're deploring our sad condition.

Santa Claus. Sad! On Christmas Eve! Ho! Ho! (*Laughs.*)

Beauty. It's no laughing matter. Nobody pays us any respect.

Santa Claus. Well, what of that?

Fatima. You don't appreciate the trials. Fancy a six-year-old saying I need not have had that little unpleasantness with my husband about the rusty key, if I had known enough to use a stove polish!

Santa Claus. Little prig!

Sleeping Beauty. And another remarking that I ought to have set an alarm clock before I went to sleep!

Santa Claus. That infant needed a sound rap on his bump of ideality!

Tom Thumb. I heard a young rascal say that my little game would soon have been stopped by a New York detective.

Santa Claus. Easy to guess *his* favorite literature.

Beauty. Worst of all was the odious brat who insisted that my poor Beast *must* have passed through a transition stage in a cocoon! Ugh!

Fairy Godmother. That's it! Everything runs to reason and science; so everyone is sure how everything *must* have been!

Cinderella. If one's of no consequence, then life's not worth living!

Santa Claus (angrily). If there's one remark makes me tired, it's that! When I hear a mortal get it off, I feel like shouting in his lazy ears: "Fool! Take a pack of penny toys on your useless back—give one to every child you meet, and see if life isn't worth living!" And for Cinderella to talk of being of no consequence! It's very easy to be of consequence if one chooses to take the trouble!

Fairy Godmother. But we certainly are shamefully neglected!

Santa Claus. That's because you are smothered in civilization. Pack into my sleigh—every one of you—scud across country—we'll soon get where a new face is a pleasure, and new ideas haven't run out old ones, and good society is neither known nor sought for. What a welcome

you'll have, to be sure! The world isn't all kindergartens, nor quite enclosed in electric network, yet. Just get away from the civilization that is choking you, and stop talking and thinking of good society, and wondering and grumbling because you're not noticed and inquired for, and you'll be as happy as ever you were.

Sleeping Beauty. I do remember seeing some peasants from my tower, who seemed nice and cheerful.

Beauty. And we three sisters had a good deal of fun, although Pa was so worried about his business!

Cinderella. It might be very pleasant to go where people were lonely, and cheer them up!

The Princess. It would be something to do, at any rate!

The Boys. Come on, Red Riding Hood!

Santa Claus. That's it. I knew you wouldn't be sad on Christmas Eve if you only took a brace! Skip along with me for a thousand miles or so, and while I'm filling stockings, you float around the tired mother's head; and to-morrow she'll be wondering how she came to remember the

dear fairy folk her mother used to tell her of! And her children will be taught to prize you, and will beg you to come to their humble fireside every evening until next Christmas!

All. We'll go! We'll go!

Fairy Godmother. So all is settled! but to think dear old Santa Claus should have been the one to disclose the spell which was benumbing us—it was hyper-civilization, of course.

Santa Claus. That's it. No use keeping apart and bemoaning yourselves because certain people don't care much about you—go to others who need you more, and do what you can to make life pleasant—that's my motto! I know lots of people who don't think of me from February to November, but I'm taking thought for them, just the same, which is much more interesting! Nothing keeps the heart warm, gentlemen, like taking thought for others. And nothing so good for the temper, ladies, as never thinking about your little selves! Come on, now, everybody—business is business!

(*Exeunt omnes.*)



EDITED BY MARY C. HUNGERFORD.

SUGGESTIONS FOR CHRISTMAS WORK.

Kind hearts, and good array
Of gracious gifts, make bright the day.

BED-COVERS.—BUREAU-MATS.—PINCUSHIONS.—LAMP SHADES AND CHIMNEY COVERS.
—SMALL CONVENIENCES.—VARIOUS HINTS FOR PRESENTS.—HANDKERCHIEF AND
GLOVE CASES.—FOOT MATS.—ADVICE COLUMN.



WHETHER it is stockings to be filled or a tree to be loaded with its freight of delights and surprises, the pleasant work of preparation is timely now, and so many people have become proficient in the various kinds of

embroidery, that decoration of that kind is very congenial to the home-worker. In olden times embroidery always meant fine and beautiful work, so artistic in character that the embroidery needle was fancifully called a sister to the painter's brush. But now so much is included under the name that one no longer thinks of it as a sight-destroying art. The long easy stitches

that follow the pattern in outline, or quickly cover it, as in Kensington and satin stitches, are very easy to execute, and very beautifying and appropriate in most cases.

BED-COVERS.

FANCY-WORKERS who happen to own old homespun linen sheets, such as are put away in forgotten trunks in many an old garret, may think themselves fortunate, for few modern materials are better subjects for needle-work.

If a sheet of the kind is in good order it may be made into a beautiful quilt by making it very much smaller, as an ornamental, day-time bed-cover is not designed to tuck in or hang over very far. The edge on each side may be fringed out and tied, or the edges may be hemmed and a slightly gathered frill of torchon lace added. Far enough from the edge to come within the square defined by the mattress, a broad pattern in large bold design may be drawn and worked in outline stitch with heavy rope silk, in one, or at most, two shades. In the middle of the quilt, outline with the same color a large shield. Within this shield work a name or initials, and darn all the plain part of the shield with a contrasting shade of silk.

If a sheet is too far demoralized to use in this way, it may be torn into strips and each strip decorated with a running pattern in outline stitch. These strips are hemmed and joined to alternate stripes of antique or torchon lace inserting, or the inserting may be knitted or crocheted if time is not a paramount object.

For bureau covers, toilet mats, chair scarfs and cushions this old linen is admirably adapted. At some of the exchanges for woman's work highly decorated curtains are shown of the same material, which hang in beautiful folds.

BUREAU MATS.

AN always welcome gift to a friend is a set of mats for her bureau drawers. The prettiest are made of satin, lined with muslin, with an interlining of sheet wadding, upon which is sprinkled some violet powder. Outside and lining are run together and edged with chenille the color of the satin. Cross stitches in embroidery silk are taken at intervals to tack the mat in squares like a small quilt. A single mat of the kind for the top drawer is some-

times used, but one for each drawer of the bureau is of course a more complete gift.

For the top of a bureau or dressing table, a charming cover, which will make a most acceptable Christmas gift, is made in a similar way of very rich satin or velvet, edged with a broad ruching of watered ribbon, box plaited in the center. Tack the mat in small squares, covering each stitch with a pearl bead.

PINCUSHIONS.

AS large pincushions are no longer counted amongst the inevitable belongings of a bureau, with such a cover as the one described, the prettiest would be a circular one of small or medium size, hung by ribbons to the looking-glass. Such cushions are generally alike on both sides, and not stuffed hard, but filled with wool or down. They are prettier when matching the other furnishing of the bureau, but an independent one will make a charming gift, and if it conflicts with the color of the mats and cover, may find its place hanging above a work-table or near a sewing-chair. A very pretty one is made of a circle of fine white linen with a pattern of water-lilies, with their long curled stems, forming the edge of the circle. The pattern may be outlined with copper-colored silk, and all of the ground covered with close darning in gold-colored silk. A circle of plain material forms the back, and a double plaited frill of Valenciennes lace encircles the edge, covering the join of front and back.

A new style of pincushion is made like a small bolster with an unstuffed section in the middle, so that it can hang over the gas bracket near the mirror, or better still let a small rod or arm of brass or wood be added to the gift, and the cushion can be placed in a more convenient position. An ornamented rod of the kind will be found, if fancy stores do not afford it, at the gas fitter's or at a wood carver's. The cushion may be finished off like a long purse, with a handsome bead fringe on one end and a rich tassel on the other, which may be drawn up if a tassel is used, or both ends may be finished alike.

An elegant style of pincushion, that would make a worthy gift to the possessor of a very luxurious room, is made by using for its foundation a small brass table, such as we frequently see in the corner of a front hall, with a card plate for the top.

One should be selected which has a medium-sized plate, or it may be removed and appropriated to some other use and replaced by a flat round piece of pine-wood, secured to the standard. Cut from coarse muslin a piece the size of the top, and another considerably larger. Sew these together and stuff with bran. Then nail the edge of the cushion in the wood. If the metal plate is retained, the upper part of the cushion must have an overlapping edge to turn and be drawn together around the under part of the plate.

Cut a piece of chamois leather the size and shape of the cushion and embroider it with silk chain-stitching, making a second row close against the first with Japanese gold or silver thread. In buying this thread be careful to see that it is really a metal thread and not merely twisted gilt papery material, which does admirably for couching, as it does not tarnish, but has not strength enough to bear drawing through and through.

Finish the edge of the chamois cover with three rows of lace "ladder inserting," which should have baby ribbon, the shade of the embroidery silk, drawn in and out through it. Each row of ribbon should end at a different point, with a full, many-looped bow of the tiny ribbon. Outside of this put a fall of bias satin, the same color, edged with inch-wide white lace. This fall is to support a gathered frill of lace from five to eight inches wide, which, when the cover is secured to the cushion, gives much grace and elegance to the stand.

LAMP SHADES AND CHIMNEY COVERS.

WHEN you are in doubt what to give for a Christmas present it is safe to decide on a lamp shade. An entirely novel one that is ornamental all day, and not an obscuration at night, as so many of them are, has for its upper portion a strip of smooth twine netting. This is finished with a three-inch-wide fringe made of the small saucer-like flat shells, known at different seaside places as "jingle shells," "duck-feed" and "silver shillings." Almost everyone brings home a bag of the pretty shining things, and there is no difficulty in making a little hole for the needle in the top and sides of each, by heating the point of a shawl pin and piercing them with it.

Another method of using these fragile-

looking disks for the same purpose, is to sew a single row of them (pierced only at the top) to the edge of black French lace two inches wide. Then overlap three or four rows of the shell-ornamented lace, gathering in the top one to make the necessary stop. Of course both of these shades are intended to be used over porcelain or glass shades.

Chimney covers are tiny protectors to keep the dust from getting in the chimney of the lamp during the day, and thus dimming its clearness. The prettiest are made in the form of a little Turkish turban, using a large pill-box as the foundation of the headpiece and twisting about it a half square of red silk, fastening a little buckle, or finely-cut steel button, at one side. The point of the half-square turns over the top of the box to represent a head piece. Another pretty chimney cover is a scarlet poppy made of four red petals of satin, delicately tinted with a brush or with a needle and silk at their base, to make the darker shades necessary. A stem of green silk-covered wire is added which serves as a handle to lift the cup-like flower from the chimney.

SMALL CONVENIENCES.

A SHOE-FINDING bag is one of the ever-welcome minor necessities. A long strip of doubled ribbon with a bag on the end for the buttons, another for the thread, and some buttonhole-edged leaves for the needles, is a good style, and a loop at the top serves to hang it up above the shoe-bag.

A small convenience for the dressing table is made of three little round Japanese bamboo cup-like baskets, sewed tightly together. They are then prettily-trimmed with short lengths of satin ribbon with one end pointed and finished with a tiny silver bell. The other end of the ribbon is fastened to the opening of the basket. There are three or four of these on the outer side of each basket, forming a sort of fringe to the tri-form convenience. One basket can be stuffed with hair, covered with black net, and used for hair-pins, another can be filled with a cushion on which to stick shawl-pins, and the third left empty to drop articles of jewelry in. The baskets are only five cents each, the ribbon and bells cost but a trifle, so this little Christmas gift will not be expensive, and yet will serve to show a kindly thought on the donor's part.

HANDKERCHIEF AND GLOVE CASES.

MOUCHOIR and glove cases are made with quilted satin linings and long pockets, perfumed with sachet powder. The shape is not novel enough to demand description, but the outside, which is of plain satin, is overlaid with chamois cut out in an elaborate pattern, which shows the satin between the intricacies. The chamois cut work, which is almost lace-like in elaboration, is touched up with flecks of metal paint. The edge of the chamois cover is cut into strands to form a narrow fringe. Forming a heading to the fringe is a line of connecting circles, drawn from a small thimble and painted alternately silver and gold.

Another style of ornamenting handkerchief cases and similar articles is transferred embroidery. The handsome French needle-work seen on old collars and handkerchiefs is greatly coveted for this use. The embroidered designs are carefully cut from the muslin and laid upon velvet or satin of any color, and then held in place by as few stitches as possible.

FOOT MAT.

IT is a strange but indubitable fact, that in no place does a bed-room carpet wear out so quickly as in front of the dressing mirror. Therefore, a pretty mat that will avert or conceal the wear must be a pleasing gift. To make one that is sufficiently ornamental not to have its useful purpose apparent, take a piece of crimson or old gold astrachan cloth eighteen inches wide and twenty-seven long, sew all around it a border of leopard-skin plush, or beaver plush, if preferred, and then search in German fancy-work stores, among the canvas work that is sold there with the figure already wrought and the ground unfilled, for a large cat's or dog's head. These worsted-work squares are sold for such a trifle that it would be folly to attempt to work the figure. Cut the canvas away, leaving enough around the figure to turn in and hem down. Then sew the head upon the centre of the mat, the woolly ground will cover all irregularities of the edge. The mat should be lined with ticking or denim to give it firmness. The high-colored astrachans, being now so little used in costumes, are sold for an extremely low price.

The necessity of devoting so much space

to the seasonable subject of Christmas presents has prevented any attention to knitting and crocheting interests, but in the succeeding issues amends shall be made for the omission of this number.

M. C. Hungerford.

ADVICE COLUMN.

MRS. S— finds her old-fashioned country parlor too dark to be cheerful. The woodwork is very old oak. The paper, which she wishes to change, is light and dark blue with much gilt.

Select a cream or pale yellow paper with mottled figuring in white, but no gilt. Have a border with gilt ground and pink and yellow scroll design. Paper the ceiling with buff or cream, with small gilt stars. For portières, avoid heavy fabrics. Bolton sheeting or plain satine, in canary or buff, would be pretty. Curtain the recess with the same material, a length of it on each side nearest the wall, with two narrow curtains of oak-brown plush in the middle.

ANNE PAGE can get the rope silk by mail on application to any store where fancy-work materials are sold.

KNITTING-WOMAN.—**T. T. O.** is an irregular abbreviation indicating that the thread is to be put over the needle before taking up the next stitch. "Take thread over" are the words intended.

MRS. VON G. has a breadth of brocade which once formed part of a train worn at one of George Washington's receptions, and asks if a sofa pillow is the best use to make of it. A much better use for the valuable silk would be to employ it for the panel of a screen. A frame of white enameled wood with a good deal of gilding would be most appropriate. A narrow strip of plate-glass would look well at the top; below it stretch the brocade, made firm by supplying it with a back of bookbinders' board. The back of the panel may be of blue or pink satin, gathered to a focus in the centre beneath a quaint metal ornament. Such a screen, besides its deep interest as a relic, would be delightfully suggestive of Versailles or Trianon.

BELLE would find her "yards and yards" of rose-colored feather trimming of very little value in furnishing. Some of it might be prettily used in bordering a delicately colored sofa pillow, or, if the quantity

suffices, it would have a luxurious effect as the edge to semi-transparent portières. Belle might find the feather trimming more available as the finishing touch of elegance to a tea gown.

PAINTER.—White enamel comes in cans. The addition of carmine would give the rose shade you are seeking. It would be pretty, if the chair is pink enameled, to use pink silk for the cushion.



BABY'S CHRISTMAS.



A MOTHER writes: Will THE HOME-MAKER express a candid opinion as to the moral expediency of letting children believe in Santa Claus? We have had a pretty warm discussion on the subject to-night in our parlor. Four of us mothers and our husbands took tea together, and after my children were in bed, each of the mothers brought out a bit of Christmas work. It presently transpired that we were all preparing secretly gifts for the little ones. This started the talk, in which the fathers joined.

The party was about equally divided in sentiment. Two pairs of parents thought the fable innocent, and that the children enjoyed the anniversary more on account of it. They, the parents, had been nurtured in the harm-

less delusion, and were none the worse for it.

The quartette who upheld the *con* of the debate insisted as warmly that truth is truth, and falsehood, falsehood; that it is never lawful to do wrong that right may come, and that a child's faith in his parents must suffer a shock when he is undeceived, which cannot but be disastrous in its consequences.

"How," asked one father, "can we reprove untruthfulness in a child to whom we have lied diligently for years? And looking dispassionately at the subject, what good end is subserved by bringing up a baby to believe that his gifts are brought down the chimney by a goblin? Why not add to his enjoyment of them the element of gratitude to the dear parents who have studied to please him? Do not fathers and mothers who pursue the contrary course lose one means of strengthening their influence with their little ones? Have we a right to let pass the opportunity of impressing upon the tender minds the fact of what we do for them—the patient industry that toils secretly, as these mothers are doing now, sometimes far into the night, to make their darlings happy?"

Since my friends took their leave, I have sat up later than is my custom, being foolishly interested in the task of manufacturing a big rag-doll for my only baby, a girl of three, who cannot remember the Christmas of a year ago.

Every night before she goes to bed, "Papa" takes her on his knee, and says over to her, with alternating solemnity and glee, Clement Moore's immortal lyric: "Twas the night before Christmas—" which—would you believe it? she knows by heart as well as he.

The other day she had a severe fall

that bruised her cheek badly, and before I could pick her up, clapped her hands over her mouth to stifle her scream, and glanced at the chimney!

When I told papa of it in her presence that night, he said that Santa Claus loved nothing better than brave little girls who tried to bear pain and not distress mamma by crying.

The excellent brother whose string of questions I have quoted just now told me—gently, kindly, but sadly—this evening, that he was “afraid such doings and talk were a species of idolatry, or, at least, saint-worship.”

I couldn't quite dislodge that speech from my mind during the hour I sat by the fire, sewing on Ellie's rag-doll. I was glad I had not betrayed to the good man that we have promised her to have the grate of the sitting-room cleaned out Christmas Eve, and to let the chimney get cold, so Santa Claus will not get scorched coming down.

It is almost midnight now. Christmas is still so many weeks off that we may rub Santa Claus's image from our baby's imagination, and substitute papa's and mamma's. It is weak-minded—perhaps it is wicked, too—to feel such a pang at the thought of smashing the fairy-castle we and the baby have taken such delight in building up. I *must* confess that a big tear dropped upon the curls of *real* hair (just the color of Ellie's own) I was stitching on Dolly's head.

My John (whose real, every-day, and nicer name is “Jack”), laughed at and pitied me for a little while, and then went merrily off to bed. I didn't tell him how uncomfortable the talk made me. Indeed, I hardly knew it myself until I reviewed it alone in the silence of the night-watches. Help me out of the maze, please!

Elinor R. T.

SHORT HILLS, NEW JERSEY.

Answer:

THE HOME-MAKER finds some difficulty in the composition of a judicial reply to the above epistle. If the question had been laid before it a month earlier, it would have been given to the readers of the columns devoted to “OUR BABY,” and Ellie's mamma might have had the benefit of other mothers' views.

Coming as it does, when the Christmas number is almost off the stocks, the perplexed correspondent must get what solace she can from editorial opinion.

Our Baby's life is one long, bright fairy-tale. Reverently let us thank the Giver of that good and perfect gift, the human imagination, that this is true. Tearing away as clumsy and rather coarse draperies, the sermonizing to the effect that “Truth is Truth, and Falsehood is Falsehood,” etc., let us ask of common-sense what would be left to our children if the letter of this law were put into practice. The bit of wood covered with wool, which Baby pulls around by a string and forces to sip milk from his silver mug, and feeds with grass and clover, and loves as “a baa-lamb,”—is a *lie*! The hobby-horse he rides and grooms, and is taught not to whip, ostensibly lest he should hurt the poor, willing beast—in reality, lest he should early acquire the practice of cruelty to animals; the dolly to which Baby Ellie will cling with passionate fondness longer than the arms and legs fashioned cunningly by the mother's hands will hold allegiance to the battered trunk;

the companion of her frolics, her walks, her drives, the bed-fellow without whom she would cry herself to sleep—are teachers in what the rigid literalist would brand as “deception.” The watch held to the baby's ear, that he may “hear the little boy hammering inside,” should, in the cause of truth, be laboriously defined as ingenious machinery. Judged by this line and plummet, our association with our infants is a tissue of deceits, and the mothers sinners exceedingly in the wicked work. Picture-books are a snare of the Evil One; the box of blocks that contains the possibility of numberless houses, bridges



and railway-trains should be burnt before it can corrupt his morals.

As to fairy-tales! Spring into the arena from the dusty wastes of prose, New Comstock of the nursery, and ban them—one and all! Pack to the right-about, without character or wages, the nurse whose "Cinderella" and "Puss-in-Boots" bring consolation for the rainy day in-doors: fine and send up for thirty days the sweet-voiced aunt with her readings of Grimm and Andersen; spare not for Baby's crying the indulgent grandmother who disgraces her white hairs by telling "This little pig went to market" on pink toes, curling with delight!

If "the fable of Santa Claus" be an evil agency, where shall the iconoclastic reformation stop?

In sober truth, there lives not the man or woman who ever suffered, morally or spiritually, through the charming myth. Usually, children outgrow the belief in him so gradually that there is no "shock" to imagination or faith. Back of it, while it lasts, there is profound meaning, the teachings of a higher life, the influence of which is not lost with the passing off of the delusion. The victory over childish naughtiness, the preparation in heart and conduct, even the cleansing of grate and hearth to do honor to the Chief Guest—are not they a parable to us who have put away childish things? and our babies—are not they our teachers?

HARMLESS TOYS.

THE main point to be kept in view in choosing playthings for children is to fix upon something of which they will not weary quickly. The peripatetic milk cart, the "roaming alligator," and similar trifles are attractive for a few moments. But after they have made half-a-dozen tours about the room, and the novelty of watching them begins to wane, the child is apt to throw them aside and seek fresh recreations. On the other hand, a plaything that permits of varying combinations like a Noah's Ark, or a box of magnetized fish or fowl, is returned to again and again with constantly recurring interest.

Nothing delights a little girl of five or six years more than the good, old-fashioned doll who can be dressed and undressed, put to bed and taken up again, who can be petted, scolded, taught, and with whom

the little mother can rehearse all her own small experiences. The boy of the same age delights in troops of diminutive soldiers, engines, drums, trumpets, and all the noisy things he can accumulate about him.

When children are as old as this, the task of providing them with harmless toys is comparatively simple. It is for the younglings of the nursery that the endeavor is attended with difficulties. Until a baby has passed the age when he displays a tendency to stick everything in his mouth, great circumspection must be experienced in the choice of his toys. Who does not remember the elegy describing the fate of the infant whose parents recklessly presented him with a painted monkey?

Little Willie had a purple painted monkey
climbing on a yaller stick;
And when he sucked the paint all off
it made him deathly sick.
And in his dying moments, he clasped that
monkey in his hand,
And bade farewell to earth, and went into a
better land.

Oh! No more he'll shoot his sister
with his little wooden gun,
Oh! No more he'll twist the pussy's tail,
to make her yowl, for fun.
Now pussy's tail it stands out straight,
the gun is laid aside.
The monkey doesn't jump around
since little Willie died.

In order that this luck may not be the fate of "Our Baby," we must be careful to choose playthings from which he can derive no harm even if he does attempt to cut his teeth upon them.

Prominent among the safe articles to be given to children at this period of life is the great variety of rubber toys. Rubber dolls, balls, animals, and birds of all descriptions may be found. Those should be purchased that are entirely free from paint, and although possibly less life-like in appearance, they will please the babies just as well. A whole farm-yard may be provided for the little one's delectation. While these toys are not cheap at the outset, they are so durable that they will last long after playthings of less stout material have been destroyed by the heel of the wee Vandal who rules the nursery.

Figures of animals may be procured that are carved from unpainted pine, and although they are more perishable than the

rubber toys, they serve admirably as substitutes.

The never-failing blocks are almost always delightful to a child. They should be large and square, or oblong, and not of the paper-covered variety, but painted and *varnished*. Their shape is unfavorable for biting or sucking, and with the protecting varnish, the danger from the paint is reduced to a minimum. Little carts are also much favored by a boy, and as he grows older a small wheel-barrow possesses an even greater charm. Linen picture-books, and indeed, books of all sorts are usually liked by a baby, but the eyes of an older person are needed here, to see that the bright covers are kept away from the little mouth.

Woolly dogs and sheep are harmless. The child is not likely to make more than

one essay with his teeth upon the fuzzy creature, and if he does, he gets no ill from it. White and gray canton flannel puppies, kittens, rabbits, and elephants are also dear to the childish heart, and are safe toys. The same animals in red or blue canton flannel are to be avoided, as the coloring matter rubs off. The old-fashioned, home-made rag doll, now coming in fashion again, is a delightful plaything.

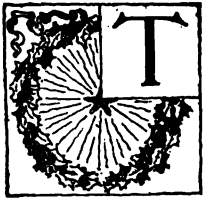
This list may be added to at will by the baby's admirers, always bearing in mind the necessity of avoiding painted toys or those that are fragile enough to be easily broken. Babies do not care for elaborate appliances for entertainment. Simple amusements please them best, and it is a waste of trouble and money to bestow expensive play-things upon them.

Christine Terhune Herrick.



EDITED BY GRACE PECKHAM, M. D.

CONCERNING PURE DRINKING WATER.



THE question of pure drinking in relation to public and private health, is one that is constantly recurring and it is not strange, therefore, that among the earliest letters addressed to this department some of them contain inquiries in regard to drinking water, questions as to the qualities which render it unwholesome, and questions as to how to render water innocuous and palatable. Therefore we propose, in as brief a manner as possible, to set forth to our readers the causes which render water deleterious as a beverage, and how to make it fit to drink. In the first place many people do not realize the importance of drinking water. It is rather humiliating perhaps to think that, after all, we are three-quarters water, but such is the case. Water is essen-

tial to carry on properly the physiological workings of the body, and no other drinkable can take its place. The healthy adult requires three quarts of water daily, one quart in food and the rest in liquids. A popular and well-known writer on nervous diseases mentioned, curiously enough, among the causes of especial nervousness among Americans, that they do not drink enough water. The thirst of children is proverbial. The child's constant cry, "I want a drink of water," is not as capricious as it seems. The processes of growth involve a rapid and constant change which is done more easily by water power.

There has been much popular writing from time to time which would tend to discourage drinking water. Some have claimed that it should only be taken before meals, or after, and never during, as it would "dilute the gastric juice." It is generally safe to leave the matter to the inclination

of the individual, unless he or she is one of those who have educated themselves to drink no water at all.

"But ice water is *very* injurious," says one, who considers himself an authority on what is healthful and what is unhealthful. If ice water were as unhealthy as Europeans believe—and many of them have a great prejudice against water as a beverage, lukewarm or iced—many Americans would be in a great state of physical dilapidation who appear to be very robust and strong. To drink ice water rapidly and in great quantities would undoubtedly shock that much-sinned-against organ—the stomach; but when taken slowly, the temperature becomes very much changed in passing through the mouth and down the oesophagus to its destination, surrounded, as it is, by a temperature of something more than 98 degrees F.

Perfectly pure water is only encountered on the table of the chemist. Water is contaminated in every way. It is colored by vegetable matter, as is seen in the "Brandy Brooks" which render picturesque almost every rural district. It absorbs gases. It holds in solution mineral and animal substances.

In the report of the English Rivers Commissioners the following classification as to quality of water was given :

I. In respect to wholesomeness, palatability and general fitness for drinking and cooking :

- | | |
|--|-------------------------|
| <i>Wholesome :</i> | } Very palatable. |
| 1. Spring water. | |
| 2. Deep well water. | |
| 3. Upland surface water. | } Moderately palatable. |
| <i>Suspicious :</i> | |
| 4. Stored rain water. | |
| 5. Surface water from cultivated land. | } Palatable. |
| <i>Dangerous :</i> | |
| 6. River water to which sewage gains access. | |
| 7. Shallow well water. | |
- II. *According to Softness :*
1. Rain water.
 2. Upland surface water.
 3. Surface water from cultivated land.
 4. River water.
 5. Spring water.
 6. Deep well water.
 7. Shallow well water.

III. In respect to the influence of geological formation in rendering water sparkling, colorless, palatable and wholesome by

percolation, the following water-bearing strata are given as the most efficient :

1. Chalk.
2. Oolite.
3. Green sand.
4. Hastings sand.
5. New red and conglomerate sandstone.

In this summary you have a whole textbook upon the sources and qualities of water.

If water is suspected of impurities, these can be removed by straining, decanting, boiling, distilling, filtering, and the use of chemical means. It is a very simple device to fasten a strainer to the faucet from which is obtained the drinking water. This and decanting water, after it has settled, will take away suspended impurities. Boiling is an effective means of freeing water from impurities, and should certainly be done where the water is suspected of containing the germs of disease. If the water has absorbed noxious gases, these are driven off by boiling; mineral substances held in suspension are precipitated; the organic impurities, as well as vegetable, including the micro-organisms, concerning which we hear so much in these days, are destroyed for the most part. Water should contain a certain amount of air. Boiling deprives it of this, and to make water palatable it should be restored by pouring the water from one receptacle to another, or by shaking it. The complete destruction of all deleterious germs by boiling is doubted by some writers, but it is generally conceded that there is no better way of purifying it, except by distillation. This process is carried on on a grand scale, by certain companies, and much of siphon water that is drunk, as well as many so-called mineral waters which are bought by the gallon, owe their chief value to the fact that they are either distilled waters or come from springs of exceptionally pure water. Boiling will not deprive water entirely of its hardness if it is due to the presence of insoluble lime salt. Ordinary lime water added to hard water will render it soft.

The most approved method of purifying water is, perhaps, by the use of a filter.

Some writers think that only the suspended impurities are taken away by the filter, but most believe that filtering can effectually remove animal and vegetable impurities, since a filter not only acts as a strainer, but it brings the water in contact with the air and oxidizes the or-

ganic matter, and if certain substances are used a chemical change is brought about. House filters range from the simplest—a piece of flannel tied on the faucet of the water pipe, or a sheet of filtering paper put into a glass or tin funnel—up to the complicated patented affair, which claims perfection in the performance of purifying water.

Dr. Parker, the celebrated writer on hygiene, gives the following directions for making a good filter :

"Get a common earthenware garden flower pot ; cover the hole with a bit of fine gauze or a bit of clean washed flannel, which should be changed from time to time ; then get some rather small gravel, wash it very well and put it into the pot to the height of three inches ; then get some white sand and wash it very clean and put that on the gravel to the height of three inches ; then take two pounds of animal charcoal, wash that also by putting into an earthen vessel and pouring boiling water upon it ; then, when the charcoal has subsided, pour off the water and put some more on for three or four times. When the charcoal has been well washed put it on the sand and press it well down. Have four inches of charcoal if possible. The filter is now ready. Pour water into the pot and let it run through the hole into a large glass bottle. After a time the charcoal will get clogged ; take off a little from the top and boil it two or three times, and then spread it out before the fire. It will then be as good as ever. From time to time all the charcoal, and the sand also, may want washing. The sand may be put on the charcoal and not between it and the gravel ; but this plan sometimes leads to the charcoal being carried with the water through the gravel and out of the hole. The sand stops it."

Fresh animal charcoal removes a large proportion of organic matter as well as mineral. Spongy iron, magnetic carbide of iron and silicated carbon, are some of the other materials used.

Filters must be kept well cleaned ; the filtering substance exposed to the air, and renewed frequently.

The poisoning which results from the use of water which has remained in lead pipes should be referred to. Never drink the water which stands in leaden pipes. We know of a family who were poisoned with lead, because the cook drew the water to make the coffee from the

leaden pipes of the hot-water boiler attached to the range, instead of using it from the tea-kettle, as her mistress supposed she did.

The wonderful power of adaptation of the human organism to whatever it is subjected, is shown in its tolerance of impure water as well as its tolerance of impure air and unwholesome food. People may drink contaminated water for years without suffering any noticeable inconvenience, when they suddenly succumb. Eternal vigilance is the price which must be paid to maintain a tolerable standard of health ; this is true in regard to pure drinking water as well as in regard to the other concomitants which go to make up a perfect hygiene.

A COLD SPONGE BATH.

A CORRESPONDENT writes to ask our opinion as to the propriety of taking a daily cold sponge bath as a stimulant, stating that a physician "of judgment and experience declares positively against cold baths." There was, in the older mythological time, a certain man named *Procrustes*. He had a bed which he offered to weary travellers who desired repose. If they were the same length as the bed, they slept very well and *Procrustes* was satisfied ; if they were too short for the bed, their horrible host stretched them until they fitted it. If they were too long, he lopped off their extremities so that they fitted the bed. Everyone sees how arbitrary, how terribly arbitrary was *Procrustes*, and his name comes down to us to-day a synonym for all unreasonableness. Yet there are few who fail to apply the *Procrustean* method to matters of hygiene, and in none more often than that of taking baths, especially the daily cold sponge bath. It is such a delight and refreshment, such an invigoration and refreshment to one who reacts to it, that he cannot see how another can take up the burden of daily life without it ; to the one who does not react, but remains with blue lips and creeping goose-flesh for several hours, it is a penance, which he will undergo as long as his enthusiastic friend can keep him up to it, or until his own common sense or his physician tells him to give it up. For the former, who is generally healthy and full-blooded, it is excellent ; for the latter, who is probably thin and anæmic, it is the



WAITING FOR CHRISTMAS.

Drawn by Charles Volkmar.

worst thing he can do, for it exhausts his small store of vitality.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

WE have received some responses in reply to our request for instances of popular superstitions with reference to health, but we hope to receive more, and again call upon our readers to send us communications concerning them, as well as personal idiosyncrasies.

DO CHILDREN OVER-EAT?

A GERMAN friend, who has children who were raised in the old country, and some that are being brought up here, says: "Why is it that it is so hard to raise children in this country? They want to eat more rich things, they want more money to spend, and more clothes to wear. Why is it? It was very little trouble in Germany."

And so I say, why is it if it is not due to that spirit of discontent which pervades Young America of the present day? Not the divine discontent which Canon Kingsley says young people should aim at, discontent with unhealthy conditions—a laudable motive to desire a sound mind in a sound body—but a discontent born of envy, or an attempt at rivalry.

It happens to physicians to frequently see the health of families improve as their wealth disappears. Their food becomes simpler and more substantial, their habits more regular, and cheerfulness takes the place of dyspeptic uneasiness. It is also noticeable to the physician, as he watches the career of a family from a state of limited means to one of affluence, that his services are frequently more and more needed. Rich cooking supersedes plain food, luxuries supplant necessities, dissipation becomes the rule rather than the exception. Knowing these facts, the physician is expected to remedy the evils outlined. He finds it a very difficult matter to convince the members of a family that they are over-eating.

Worse than ordinary city life in the production of an inordinate and perverted appetite among children is hotel life, especially summer hotel life. A bill of fare is offered which, to the average child, is a wonder and delight. The idea of doing

as the grown people do, studying the items and ordering what one's fancy suggests, is enticing. And there is the example set by many adults of "going through" the whole *menu*, in the hope that they will get their money's worth. Just think of a person trying to eat in one week twelve dollars' worth of food, because he is paying twelve dollars a week board.

Nothing is credited to the pure air, nothing to the beautiful scenery, nothing to anything but food. A very vulgar taste, you say. True, but not more so than you will see at most summer hotels and boarding-houses. Woe to the sensible mother who, after trying hard for months to teach her children what she believes to be right as to food and eating, is prevailed upon to spend her vacation at a large summer caravansary. Unless she has a wonderful control over her children, before many days have gone by, like other children about them, they too have learned to anticipate the rich desserts and the luxuries, and to talk about and long for their "favorite" food. Very soon, indeed, they do not eat plain fare, except under protest. If such a model food as milk is liked, its good effects are nullified by the excessive quantity taken. As one boy said, he'd drink a gallon if he could get it. This was not idle talk, for the boy stuffed himself with milk.

It is astonishing how readily children become discontented with a diet they have become accustomed to, if they associate much with children who don't like the food in question. On the other hand, children who at home refuse a certain food, which is most suitable for them, will go to a neighbor's and eat willingly, with the neighbor's children, the very same thing they declined at their own table. For example, a child living in a flat would not touch oatmeal at home, until it had learned to like it at the home of a neighbor in the flat above. It may have been that at the neighbor's the oatmeal was more palatable in itself, or prepared in a different way from that the child had been accustomed to. Whatever the cause, the fact is that the child learned to eat oatmeal at a neighbor's and not at home. It is not to be wondered at that children do readily assume good or bad habits of eating, by contact with other children, when we consider that they are in the formative, the developing period of life, when the relations of cause and effect are not as clearly out-

lined to them as they will be by the experience and hard knocks of adult life. And even grown people gorge themselves and make mistakes in their eating. But if they do (and the fact is seized upon as an excuse by the gorging children) there is no reason why children should not be taught to control their appetites as well as their passions. Herein lies the difficulty—what to teach, when to teach, and how to teach. .

WHAT TO TEACH.

A CHILD should learn that unlike the lower animals, he needs a certain variety of food, to make bone, muscle, nerve and sinew, and to give strength and beauty. He should be taught about his organs of digestion and that by the proper use of them he will grow strong and healthy. He should know, moreover, what teeth are for, and something as to digestive processes. Unlike the cow, sea-lion and other animals, he cannot bolt his food with impunity, and he should know the reason why.

The time has come when this teaching should be given in the schools, and the school that does not furnish it should not be patronized—for “good digestion waits on appetite and health on both.” And without health, book-learning is a feeble acquirement.

WHEN TO TEACH.

AS a baby is best taught to desire food at regular times, by beginning his education at birth, so an older child, as soon as he sits at table, should be taught not to ask for food between meals, to eat slowly, to chew his food, and not to gulp it almost unbroken, or wash each mouthful

down with a drink. The hurry of the business man to get to his office; of the mother to be sewing or visiting, and of the child to play—accounts for many a hurried breakfast and lunch, and much indigestion.

HOW TO TEACH.

PARENTS themselves must observe good table manners, or they cannot expect them of their children. And finally, remembering the tendency to hurry in American life—a certain time should be devoted to each meal—at least twenty minutes to breakfast and lunch or tea, and thirty to dinner. The rapidly-eating child, learning that it cannot leave the table before the end of the allotted time, will slow up.

Someone asks: “But what is to be done on Christmas, when good cheer is the order of the day?” Our answer is: Very little danger will come to the child from excessive holiday eating who has learned the value of controlling the appetite. The child who has ascertained that because he “loves” a certain kind of food, it does not follow that the food “loves” him, but may cause him discomfort and sickness, has learned an important lesson. Spoiled, self-willed, finical children, those who are in the habit of gorging on feast days, will gorge all the more.

What good reason can be advanced for feeding a child, *at one meal* in a year, turkey and dressing, chicken pie, ham, tongue, mince pie, pumpkin pie, sweet potatoes, onions, puddings, pickles, apples, nuts and raisins? How many good reasons can be given for a distribution of these articles through a number of meals? and yet, withal, the feast-day tables may be bountifully and healthfully spread.

Jerome Walker, M. D.





LILIES, ROSES AND SPARROWS.
Designed for The Home-Maker Art-Class.

HOME-MAKER ART CLASS.

IN nearly every family there is one member who is endowed by nature with a taste for drawing. The attention of such is directed to the art-study given each month by "THE HOME-MAKER." The pupil is invited to copy it carefully and to send his work when finished to "ART-DIRECTOR OF THE HOME-MAKER, 24 WEST 23D STREET, NEW YORK CITY."

A Committee of distinguished artists will each month examine all studies thus sent in; revise them and return to the addresses supplied by the pupils. Stamps to cover the returned inclosure should be forwarded with the drawing.

The Committee consists of MESSRS. THOMAS MORAN, CHARLES VOLKMAR, FRANK M. GREGORY, H. PRUETT SHARE, and GEO. R. HALM.

This offer is made to subscribers only.

THE SEASONS AND THE MONTHS.

Third Design.

ROSES, WILD ROSE, LILY AND SPARROWS.

THE December study is the third of the panels designed for a screen. It represents the plant-form for Spring and Summer. In January directions for mounting the designs and making up the screen will be given.

As an incentive to careful copy of these studies, the Art-Director takes pleasure in announcing that he has in hand a cash offer for the set which the Committee may decide to be the best submitted to them. Copies offered for this prize must be double the size of the study here given, and, if painted in oils, on canvas, if in water-colors, on silk. Stamps for return of copy must accompany subject in all cases.

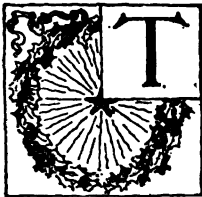
RULES FOR TREATMENT.

Background, gold; lilies, white with yellowish petals; roses, pink, yellow and red in variety; leaves, deep and grayish green;

wild rose, pink; sparrows, white-gray to reddish-black; forget-me-nots, blue. All to be outlined with burnt sienna.



HOW GRANDMOTHER SHOULD DRESS.



THE French have a saying that a woman is of whatever age it may please her to be. A showy apothegm and an ingenious. From one angle of observation it means compliment, from another, sarcasm.

However women may, up to a certain (or uncertain) age, cheat themselves if not others into the belief that they linger

upon the border-lands of youth, the word "grandmother" draws a sharp line of demarkation, and one so high that vanity cannot lift fancy over it. When the width of a generation divides a matron from girlhood the only graceful thing she can do is to accept the situation bravely. Henceforward, the utmost that can be said in defence of her claims to the charms of her early prime is to call her "well-preserved."

This distinction she never achieves by dressing beneath her possible age. A

"made-up" woman is always pitiable. Sometimes she is disgusting. When she has done her best and is seen under the most advantageous circumstances, as in a shaded, rose-colored room or by tempered gas-light, she resembles the daughter who has made her a grandmamma as a pressed maple-leaf, waxed and ironed, does the living miracle of gold-and-scarlet as it gave back the October sunshine from the tree. Our dowager-belle, rouged, powdered, coiffured and gowned by the most adroit of maids, is only a *hortus siccus*.

There is an art in dress which shows her off as comely; a knack that commands admiration. It may be described in a sentence: *Her clothes must be in harmony with her age and position*. The wit that enables her to perceive and make use of this fact often wins the reputation of "a lovely old lady" for a woman who was not beautiful when in early life.

To descend abruptly to particulars, Grandmamma must not wear a round hat when she wants to look young. The irony of a Derby, or Gainsborough, or Maud Muller, of an English walking-hat, or, worst of all, a sailor's low-crowned, narrow-brimmed head-covering set above wrinkles, sallowness and gray hair, is positively fiendish. After forty no woman can risk the effect with impunity. In country strolls and forest drives, she may relegate vanity to a back seat and be comfortable. In town and other public places, her face needs the friendly framing of a bonnet with strings, or with some scarf-like arrangement of tulle or lace meeting under the chin and softening harsh outlines.

She should wear her own hair. If white, all the better for her and for those who are to look at her. Silvery tresses, banded smoothly, or puffed, or rolled over a cushion, refine rugged and glorify regular features in a way we cannot explain or describe. The woman who wears a wig, curled, crimped, and bright with chestnut, auburn or flaxen-yellow that would go well with her granddaughter's complexion—must take the consequences! No scalloped false front or bang, or "Thompson water-wave" will take one month from her years. All heighten the contrast between the ideal, as she sees it, and the real other people look upon. In the matter of colors in costume, the middle register is the safest for her, if she will not confine herself to black and white. These last are always and everywhere more suitable than

anything else. In both, rich materials are preferable to light for her wear when the weather will permit—black velvet, silk, poplin, merino, etc., and creamy cashmere, serges and the many varieties of white woolen stuffs that would seem to have been imported expressly to make her look both dignified and sweet. If she can afford old laces they "take to her" as to no younger woman. Even these should be laid in large folds, or fall straight in flounces. No fussiness or frippery, no flying ends of ribbon, no cheap jewelry should detract from her mature grace.

If her head is well-covered with her own hair, she may, at discretion, assume or discard caps. The tiny, tasteful constructions that go by this name now will probably be becoming and not add to her apparent age—unless, always, they are too smart and jaunty. Soft ruchings at neck and wrists, and if the corsage be open below the throat, a modest filling-in of snowy tulle or *crêpe de chine*; India and Chuddar shawls, fleecy worsted wraps—these accessories of Grandmamma's toilette belong of right to those who are in the acknowledged enjoyment of the privileges and immunities of advanced years.

Almost as much, with less accuracy of detail, may be said of the other extremes into which confessedly old women occasionally fall. If Grandmamma has lost the desire to be well and becomingly dressed for her own sake, children and grandchildren have a voice in this matter. She loses her hold on them when she mortifies them by appearing before their friends in antiquated or slovenly attire. Without wearying herself to keep up with the fashions as she liked to do when younger, she betrays weakness in affecting to ignore them. A goodly habit prevails in some households of the selection of Grandmamma's outer garments by "the girls." When allowed to have their way in setting her out to the best advantage, they grow fond and proud of her, and return in bountiful measure the petting she bestowed upon them in their infancy.

So full is the reward of the outlay of patient forbearance required to bring herself into conformity with their wishes, to be measured, fitted and "rigged up," when secretly thinking that the "old things will last out her time," that few except the incorrigibly cross-grained can resist the temptation to submit to the sweet tyranny.

The experiment is worth trying.

COLD WATER UPON THE YULE FIRE.

MADAME, THE HOME-MAKER.
I am just eighteen years old. Maybe you won't read further than that. If you do, listen to my complaint. I will try not to make it tedious.

In the October number of *THE HOME-MAKER* you speak of young people whose grandmother is a "TERROR spelled in small capitals."

That is *mine* every time!
(Pardon the slang!)

"Strike—but hear!" Five years ago, Grandma came from—. I won't write the name of the town, for the story is true, and wouldn't I catch it were my venerable relative to find out what I have done?

But she came to the city to live with us, our dear father being her only son. He has worked his way up to an enviable position as man and merchant. We live well, have plenty of money, and are as happy and affectionate a family as Gotham ever saw. Always excepting Grandma, who, as she would put it, "faults" everybody and everything. Mamma is an angel of gentleness and unselfishness. Grandma tells her in our hearing that if she (Grandma) had had as little energy and took life as easily as she (Mamma) does, she would never have seen her son a millionaire, and owned in her own right as nice a farm as there is in the township of—. (There! I came near doing it again.) As for the children, we are "frivolous," and "lazy," and "vain," and "dead while we live because lovers of pleasure," and so forth, *and* so forth.

Just now we are, as usual, wild in the anticipation of Christmas, and Mamma thought it seemed a pity to leave poor Grandma out in the cold. *She* doesn't believe in Christmas, and never made a Christmas gift in her life. So, this evening Irene and I (Irene is my sister, and a *dear*!) carried our fancy-work into Grandma's room, and took her into confidence; kindled the Yule-log upon her cold hearth, as it were, and tried to warm her chill veins.

She lectured us for sixty-five mortal minutes upon the mortal sin of wasting time and money on our kinspeople who have all they want, instead of sending the value of the gifts to the freedmen of the South and the "coolies of San Francisco." I haven't an idea what coolies are, but that was her term. She prophesied ruin for Papa and beggary for us, and wouldn't look at our "sinful trumpery, red with blood of murdered time." She has fair command of nervous English when keyed up, and she was above concert-pitch to-night. Irene left the room in tears, quite broken-hearted. I held temper and tears in check until I could open *THE HOME-MAKER* at "ARM-CHAIR AND FOOTSTOOL," and ask her, with hypocritical amiability, if she didn't want something "interesting and domestic to read?" Then I came away and had my "little weep."

Now—Madame, *THE HOME-MAKER*—we are sure you must have known or met with our grandmother, or you could not have described her so well. What is the wrong ingredient in her make-up? She and Mamma are both women, but

"O, the difference to *us*!"

Yours, despairingly,

Emme.

P. S.—Grandma came in as I was folding this up. "Emma!" said she in frostily-sub-acid accents, "I do not approve of *THE HOME-MAKER* as a family paper. Never leave it in my room again. This charade is an invention of the enemy of souls to beget in the youthful mind a taste for the *DRAMA*!"

What has Madame, *THE HOME-MAKER*, to say *now* of my venerated relative?

Answer:

Only that, at this blessed season of love (that is what "charity" means), and goodwill toward all mankind, that member of *THE HOME-MAKER* staff who is a grandmother is heartily sorry for a good woman whose one great defect seems to be that she has forgotten how *she* felt when she was young.





WEDDING COSTUMES AND CUSTOMS.

"All the world loves a lover," and nearly all the world is interested in a wedding. Are there ever questions more eagerly asked than: "Was the bride pretty?" "What did she wear?" "How many ushers did she have?" Etc., etc.

Fashion holds as strong a sway over these momentous events as in the more trivial matters of life. How odd now would appear the wedding of a few years ago when each, so-called "groomsman" walked up the church aisle with a bride-maid on his arm, followed by the happy pair, also arm in arm!

Of course it is the bride's prerogative to decide which she prefers, the public church wedding, or the more quiet, yet equally pretty home ceremony. It is needless to say that the former is by far the more expensive and should *never* be attempted unless one's means are such as to warrant the display and brilliancy in every detail which fashion demands for such an occasion.

One beautiful church morning-wedding, of recent date, illustrates how elaborate an affair of this kind may be made. First, eight ushers entered the magnificently decorated edifice dressed in light trousers, black cutaway coats, white waistcoats and light, *not* white ties. They wore dark walking-gloves and carried their hats and canes, the latter being the groom's present, each stick having a silver head engraved with a monogram. All the ushers had large *boutonnieres* of white flowers. Next followed the bridemaids, all in white, and carrying bouquets with broad sashes embroidered with the bride's monogram in colors to match the flowers. The bride's gift to each was a pin of jewels like the blossoms borne by each girl. Then the bride entered on the arm of her father. Her costume was of white faille silk with high corsage, long sleeves and point lace veil. She was met at the altar by the bridegroom and best man, both wearing,

of course, the conventional morning dress. After the ceremony a superb wedding-breakfast was given at the home of the bride.

Very pretty also, and much simpler, was an evening house-marriage. There were no bridemaids, and only four ushers. They wore dress-suits with plain white linen ties and light-gray gloves. At the back of the parlor was arranged a pretty screen of chrysanthemums, and in front of this the clergyman stood. Before him were the draped hassocks on which the bridal pair were to kneel. The ushers came in two by two, followed by the groom and his best man. When they had taken their places at the end of the room, the bride entered, arrayed in white corded silk, *decolleté*, with tulle veil and blush-roses. She was on her father's arm and was handed by him to the groom. The pair then knelt for a moment, and after the ceremony, knelt again for the benediction.

So many questions are asked concerning the present etiquette of weddings that it may be well to state here a few facts with regard to the prevalent fashion in these matters.

It is no longer necessary for the groom to present his ushers with any gift beyond the cravat and gloves. The custom of doing so has been carried to excess, and it is now better form to dispense with it. The bride may give her bridemaids a simple lace-pin as a souvenir, and their bouquets are presented by the groom. Groom and grooms-men should wear no tie at evening weddings except the small white cravat, and the linen should all be as plain as possible.

The fashion of children as bridemaids is now obsolete. It is far more sensible to have them witness the ceremony than to burden their little minds with the responsibility of their duties in that capacity. One wedding in which the bridal party was

chiefly composed of at least a dozen small nephews and nieces strongly resembled an orphan asylum out for a holiday, and when several of the frightened two-year-olds began to cry with bewilderment, the consternation of the poor bride may be better imagined than described.

If there are any bridesmaids there should

be at least four, as a smaller number is not now considered "good form."

The long and tiresome wedding-trip is happily a thing of the past, and sensible couples now retire to some quiet mountain or seaside resort, or country house in which they can be happy without being the cynosure of curious and amused eyes.



OUR WINDOW GARDEN.

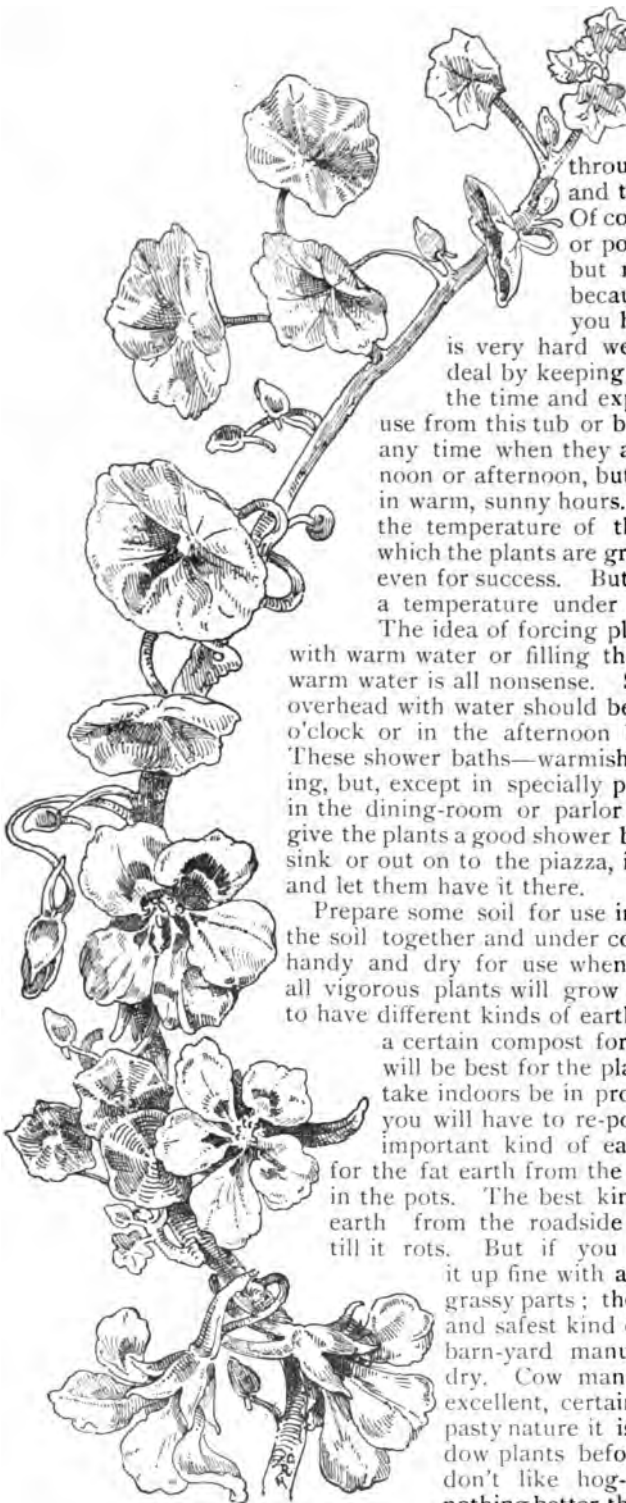


AS we cannot now do much out of doors, we must confine our attention to our window plants. Be particular to have everything nice and clean. Remove all dead, diseased and mildewy leaves and "spent" flowers, and in the case of pelargoniums and other summer budding plants that were lifted, potted and brought indoors, cut back dead wood and snags.

Watering plants is the most important operation in plant culture, and in my practice I find that more plants are killed by bad watering than by any other cause whatever. Florists and gardeners have so many plants to attend to that they cannot wait to go from plant to plant with a watering pot. They use a hose and apply the water in a rather wholesale fashion, often watering plants that are too wet already or skipping plants that are suffering for want of water, but amateurs have not so many plants to attend to and can care for them individually. More plants are killed by too much water than by too little. Too much water rots the roots and clogs and sours the soil. "Well, how often should I water my plants?" is an every-day query. That depends upon the season of the year, and the condition of and kind of plants. For instance, callas are now in rank growth and require lots of water, but in summer they were at rest and didn't need any. Amaryllises were growing luxuriantly in summer

and needed a good deal of water, but now they are at rest and need no water. Pot-bound plants, that is, plants that have well filled their pots with roots need more water than do those not so well rooted. Succulent stemmed plants as cactuses need less water than do thin-leaved ones as oxalises, and leathery, glossy-leaved plants, like an India rubber plant need less than do soft-leaved ones like the cineraria. Palms, ferns and evergreen plants generally should never know the meaning of drouth, but deciduous plants like crape-myrtle, fuchsias and lemon-scented verbenas may be kept pretty dry during their season of rest with impunity. At this time of year all plants that we are growing for winter and spring flowers, for instance, carnations, Paris daisies, cinerarias, callas, calceolarias, Chinese primroses, cyclamens, bouvardias, show pelargoniums, oxalises, and the like should be watered liberally, but such plants as scarlet pelargoniums, coleuses, alternantheras and other plants that we are merely wintering over for next summer's garden should not get much water, just enough to keep them from wilting.

With a little attention you can readily tell a dry plant from a wet one. In tapping the side of the pot with your knuckle the pot has a ringing sound if the earth within it is dry, or a heavy thud-like sound if the earth is wet. Never give water to a wet plant. In watering a dry plant be careful to give enough to permeate the whole mass of earth, and if you have the least doubt



NASTURTIUMS.

about it fill up the pot two or three times with water. Short watering is very injurious. The most active roots are usually at the bottom of the pot and if the water does not percolate through to them they will die of drouth and the plant become sadly weakened. Of course soft water, that is rain, stream or pond water, is the best for plants, but never let your plants go thirsty because the water is hard; take what you have got and use it freely. If it

is very hard well-water you can soften it a good deal by keeping a tub or barrel filled with it all the time and exposed to the air, and in watering, use from this tub or barrel. Give water to your plants any time when they are dry, no matter be it morning, noon or afternoon, but don't spill water on their foliage in warm, sunny hours. The water had better be about the temperature of the atmosphere of the house in which the plants are growing; still this is not imperative even for success. But we should avoid using water of a temperature under 40 degrees or over 70 degrees.

The idea of forcing plants into flower by watering them with warm water or filling the saucers under their pots with warm water is all nonsense. Syringing or sprinkling the plants overhead with water should be done in the morning about nine o'clock or in the afternoon between two and three o'clock. These shower baths—warmish water is best—are very refreshing, but, except in specially prepared places, their application in the dining-room or parlor is impracticable; if you wish to give the plants a good shower bath take them out to the kitchen sink or out on to the piazza, if the weather is fine and warm, and let them have it there.

Prepare some soil for use in potting plants in spring. Get the soil together and under cover now so that you can have it handy and dry for use whenever you need it. While almost all vigorous plants will grow well in rich loamy soil, I prefer to have different kinds of earth at hand so that I can make up a certain compost for a certain plant just as I think will be best for the plant. Let the quantity of soil you take indoors be in proportion to the number of plants you will have to re-pot. Of course loam is the most important kind of earth to have. I don't care much

for the fat earth from the yard, as it gets close and pasty in the pots. The best kind of loam is got by taking sod earth from the roadside or field and laying it in a pile till it rots. But if you need to use it at once, chop it up fine with a spade and pick out the green, grassy parts; the rest is good enough. The best and safest kind of manure for plants is common barn-yard manure rotted fine and moderately dry. Cow manure is much recommended and excellent, certainly, but on account of its wet, pasty nature it isn't a nice thing to use for window plants before it is one or two years old. I don't like hog-pen manure; in fact there is nothing better than common mixed farm manure.

Hen, pigeon, or poultry-yard manure generally is dangerous except in experienced hands, better never mix it with the compost; if you wish to use it do so as a liquid manure as you would guano. Leaf soil is a mould got from rotted leaves. We may prepare this mould ourselves by gathering together a lot of fallen tree leaves in fall or spring and making a pile of them in some hollow or sheltered place where they will not blow away but will rot. In a year's time, if kept moist, they will have rotted pretty fine. Or by going into the woods we can scrape up a lot of nice leaf mould in the hollow places where the leaves had lodged and rotted. This is commonly called wood dirt. Leaf mould is not very nutritious, but it is capital to mix with loam for pot plants to render the loam light and porous, besides the plants root into it readily, and for young plants, be they newly rooted slips or cuttings or tiny seedlings, we have nothing better. We also want some sharp, clean sand. River or pit sand, as sharp as possible, is what we usually get, but sea sand if steeped and washed in fresh water or laid outside for a year will answer well enough. We need sand to mix with loam to make it light and porous and suitable for young plants to root cuttings in, and to mix with soil for raising seedlings in. We should also get together some material for use in draining our flower pots. Broken flower pots are what we usually have, but as this will not be enough, pieces of drain tile, soft brick and rotten-stone chopped moderately fine, or cinders sifted free from ashes may be used. And as we want some rough material to lay over the drainage in the pots to keep the dirt from falling in among and clogging it, we should have some dry chaffy manure, half-rotted leaves, or swamp moss, chopped fine. Many florists throw a little of the roughest of the potting soil into the bottom of the pots over the drainage, but this is not a good plan for two reasons: by it we rob the soil of the very turfy nature we should aim to give it, and at best it does not completely exclude the dirt from the

drainage. Now, having got all of these things together, put each kind by itself into an old nail keg, soap box or the like and store them in the shed or cellar, ready for use at any time when needed. Many florists use peat soil for some plants, but I must advise you not to bother with it. The peaty earth we get in swamps is unfit for pot plants; we get our best peat—a



GERANIUMS.

thin skin only—in dryish woods, and then it is little other than a skin of leaf soil intermatted with fine roots. What is known as orchid peat is fern root shaken free from earth. But really I do not now recall a single plant that cannot be grown as well without peat as with it.

William Falconer.





ON CHRISTMAS DAY.

I.

On Christmas day, the legends say,
Ere earth's glad bells are rung,
At Christ's command, by Peter's hand,
Wide heaven's gates are swung.
And angels robed in radiant white
With joy-songs earthward wing their flight.

II.

The soul that's clear of sin may hear
Upon the charmed air
The golden song the winged throng
Uplift as on they fare—
The golden song they sang the morn
That Christ, the Lord, to earth was born.

III.

The soul that's white may see a light—
O, Christ! that I might see!
The glory of the heavens above
Drift down on earth and sea!
The splendor of ten thousand suns
Bring they to earth, the holy ones.

IV.

They enter in where death has been,
And hearts bowed down with pain
Are lifted up; the blessed cup
Of peace once more they drain.
The tempest of their grief is stilled
And all their souls with gladness filled.

V.

The mother pale who doth bewail
Her infant torn away
Feels in her heart the joy-springs start—
Unfed for many a day.
Her soul uplifts a song to bless
God's mercy and His graciousness.

VI.

Unto the seared and grimed and bleared
Soul beat by storms of sin,
Bringing the balm of heavenly calm

The gentle ones steal in.
It hears a mother's prayer again—
Tears, holy tears, fall like swift rain.

VII.

But most they love to bend above
The children motherless;
And they who weep are soothed to sleep
With heavenly caress.
The bright ones touch the sleepers' eyes
And lo! they dream of paradise.
W. W. Gay, in Chicago News.

THE CHRISTMAS TREE.

Vast is the crop of such fruit, shining on
our Christmas tree; in blossom, almost at
the very top; ripening all down the boughs.

Among the later toys and fancies hanging there—as idle often and less pure—be the images once associated with the sweet old Waits, the softened music in the night, ever unalterable! Encircled by the social thoughts of Christmas time, still let the benignant figure of my childhood stand unchanged! In every cheerful image and suggestion that the season brings, may the bright star that rested above the poor roof be the star of all the Christian world! A moment's pause, O, vanishing tree, of which the lower boughs are dark to me as yet, and let me look once more! I know there are blank spaces on thy branches, where eyes that I have loved have shone and smiled, from which they are departed. But, far above, I see the Raiser of the dead girl, and the widow's son; and God is good! If Age be hiding for me in the unseen portion of thy downward growth, O, may I, with a gray head, turn a child's heart to that figure yet, and a child's trustfulness and confidence! Now, the tree is decorated, with bright merriment, and song, and dance, and cheerfulness. And they are welcome. Innocent and welcome be they ever held, beneath the branches of the Christmas Tree, which cast no gloomy shadow! But, as it sinks into the ground

I hear a whisper going through the leaves :
 "This, in commemoration of the law of
 love and kindness, mercy and compassion.
 This, in remembrance of Me!"

Charles Dickens.

CHRISTMAS EVE.—On this night, according to the fine reverence of the poets, all things that blast and blight

are powerless, disarmed by sweet influences :—

"Some say that ever 'gainst the season comes
 Wherein our Saviour's birth is celebrated
 The bird of dawning singeth all night long ;
 And then they say no spirit dares stir abroad ;
 The nights are wholesome ; then no planets
 strike ;

No fairy takes, nor witch hath power to charm ;
 So hallowed and so gracious is the time."



BOOKS READ IN THE ROCKING-CHAIR.

THE approach of the holidays is heralded by the usual flood of books for juvenile readers. The tendency of the age to make much of children's tastes and preferences is nowhere more clearly shown than in the "get-up" of the majority of the volumes prepared for boys and girls. Type, paper, binding and illustrations are of the best, and tempt older readers by their charm.

The interest in war times and war stories that has been kindled anew during the past few years has extended even to the boys and girls whose memories fall far short of rebellion days ; an evidence of this is furnished by two of the books recently published. One of these is a new edition of "*Recollections of a Drummer Boy*," by Harry M. Keiffer, published by Ticknor & Co., of Boston, and gives a spirited account of the exploits and experiences of the "boys in blue." The other, "*Two Little Confederates*," by Thomas Nelson Page, published by Charles Scribner's Sons, depicts experiences, amusing and pathetic, drawn from the lives of a family who were adherents of "The Lost Cause."

Mr. Page has shown great skill and delicacy in his treatment of his subject. Politics retire into the background, where they ought to be by this time, while the domestic life is lingered over lovingly. The privations to which the two little Confederates and those connected with them

were subjected, are shown in their most amusing light. Droll incidents abound, and yet, with it all, there is a pathos in the recital of the events following the surrender at Appomatox that touches one the more because the story is told without complaints or appeals for sympathy.

"*Recollections of a Drummer Boy*," on the other hand, deals, as the title indicates, with camp scenes and experiences. In this, too, one is happy to note an absence of sectional bitterness and a generous recognition of the good qualities of the "Johnnies."

The same spirit animates still another war book, "*Taken by the Enemy*," by Oliver Optic, the first volume of "The Blue and The Gray" series, published by Lee & Shepard. Although this work is inferior in interest to "*Recollections of a Drummer Boy*" and lacks the literary grace that marks "*Two Little Confederates*," it is yet a book boys would enjoy and from which they could get no possible harm.

For younger readers are Margaret Vandergrift's prettily illustrated volumes, "*Little Helpers*," and "*The Dead Doll and other poems*," published by Ticknor & Co. The narrative style of the former is apt to make it more pleasing to the children than the collection of verses. These are very attractive, however, both to old and young readers, and have a breath of pathos here and there that lends additional charm.

"*The Dead Doll*," "*The King's Daughters*" and "*The Clown's Baby*," are especially dainty in conceit and management.

"*Little Miss Weezy's Brother*," by Penn Shirley, published by Lee & Shepard, is written perhaps intentionally in the same style as the "*Dotty Dimple*" and "*Prudy*" *Books*, by Sophie May. The small boys and girls it describes are very human and none the less lovable on that account.

Two prettily bound and printed books, also published by Lee & Shepard, are "*The Last of the Huggermuggers*" and "*Koboltzoo*" by Christopher Pearse Cranch. Mr. Cranch is better known as a poet than as an author of children's stories. Through both these volumes there is a palpable effort to "write down" to the comprehension of his small readers, and the plots of both lack originality.

Far more graceful and unhackneyed is another child's book issued by Lee & Shepard. "*The King of the Golden River*," by John Ruskin, runs like a German fairy tale, and possesses the beauty of diction that marks Mr. Ruskin's work for older readers. This story was written in 1841, but has never been published before, states the preface. The illustrations are by Doyle.

"*A Start in Life*," by J. T. Trowbridge, published by Lee & Shepard, is another one of that author's entertaining stories for boys. The young hero follows the usual course from penury and oppression through hardship to success, without ever parting with his integrity or his grammatical speech. In spite of the sameness of Mr. Trowbridge's books, boys seem to enjoy them, and the moral principles he inculcates are always excellent. Vice is invariably discomfited and virtue triumphant, and though this may possibly wax insipid in course of time, no safer books can be placed in a boy's library.

"*Children's Stories of the Great Scientists*," by Henrietta Christian Wright, published by Charles Scribner's Sons, is a neatly bound volume, with clear type and good illustrations. It contains short biographies of Faraday, Kepler, Galileo, Linnæus, Lyell, Tyndall, and others. The stories are well told in the main, but the book has the fault almost unavoidable in such a collection—a disposition to triteness of treatment that leaves with the reader a confused jumble of names and facts instead of a vivid recollection of each character. It is especially valuable as a work of reference.

"*Letters to a King*," Phillips & Hunt, of New York, and Cranston & Stone, of Cincinnati, publishers, by so entertaining a writer and talker as Judge Albion W. Tourgée, could not but be interesting. They will also prove an incentive and aid to the class to whom they are addressed— young men, whose entrance into citizenship is likely to be without aim or motive other than those formed by good or bad political associations. Judge Tourgée's plea for a higher plane of citizenship—American Kingship in its best sense—is eloquent, and his delineation of political independence is as fair, perhaps, as could be expected from so thorough a partisan. He recognizes that conscience may take precedence of party fealty, and, while his conditions for such revolt are somewhat narrow, he rises high above the position of those men who, as one has expressed it, "ought to vote for the devil if he were the party's candidate."

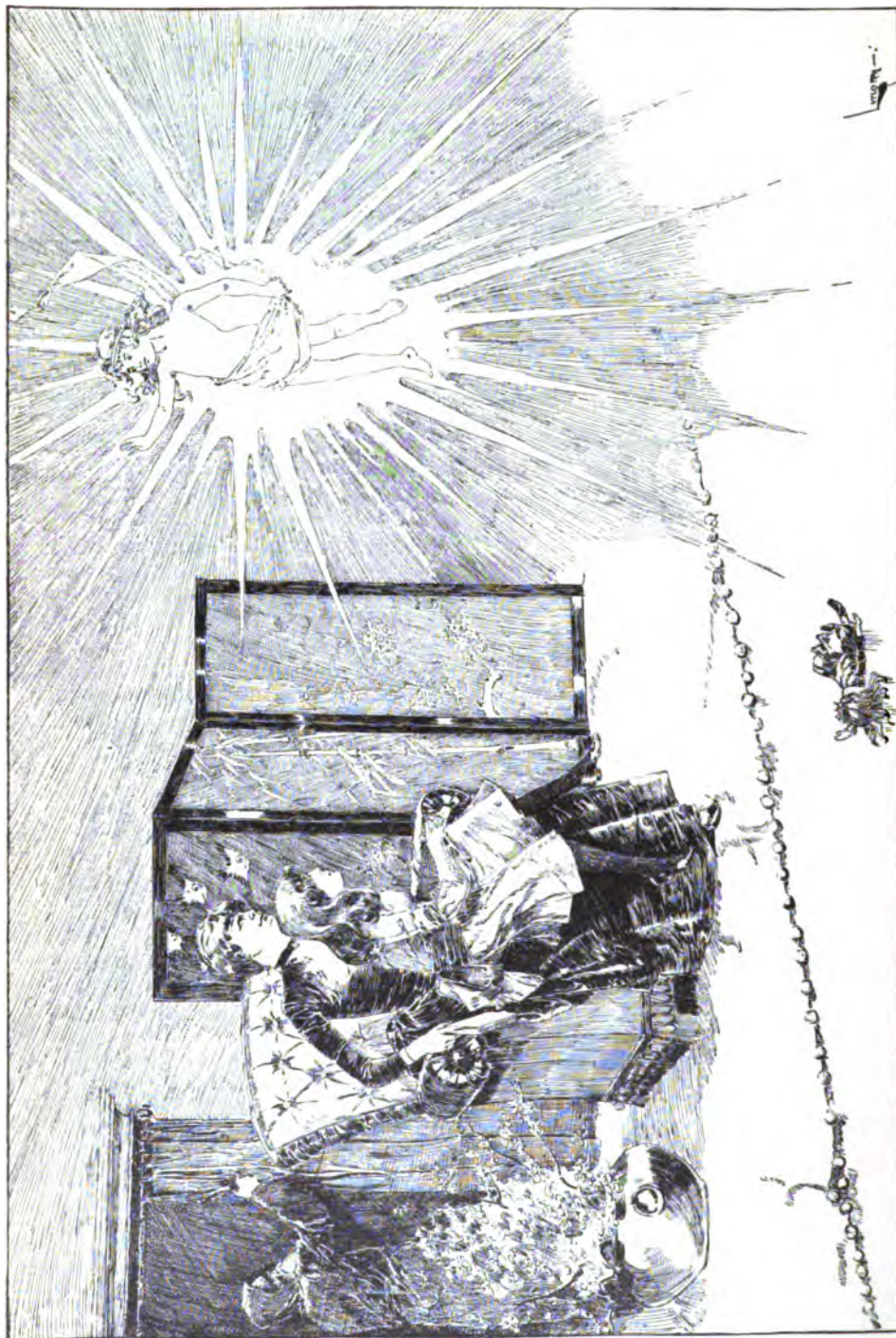
The *Letters*, twenty-four in number, are upon varied subjects, among them being "*King Caucus*," "*Party Fealty*," "*The Independent Voter*," "*The Amendment of Party Agencies*" and "*The Penalties of Malfeasance*."

There is significance in placing in the same *Good Company* series, published by Lee & Shepard, a book by Richard Steele and one by Alexander Smith. The latter author's works are as little read now as are those of the former, and one marvels at the decadence of a popularity that, while it lasted, carried everything before it.

"*The Lover and other papers*" have their own peculiar charm to the student of English classics, but *Dreamthorp* should possess as much power to attract the everyday reader as do Ik. Marvel's sketches, while some of its chapters do not rank much below certain of Lowell's essays.

"*A Physician's Problems*," by Charles Elam, is one of the same series, and offers chapters that are not so much encumbered with technicalities as to be unintelligible to the lay reader. The book shows thought and research.

Among the many reminders of the coming of Christmas and the New Year, none are more charming than two exquisitely illustrated poems of Miss Mulock, done in sepia, by J. Pauline Sunter. "*A Christmas Carol*" and "*A Friend Stands at the Door*" rival each other in daintiness. Hardly less pretty is the "*All Around the Year*" calendar, also sepia tinted, and by the same artist. All three are published by Lee & Shepard.



"Behold he goes with hoary head
To where Queen Proserpina stands,
Welcoming all things done and dead,
Into her bleak and barren lands!"

1888—1889.

"Lo, as he leaves the open door,
A rosy child with frost-gemmed hair
Enters to hear—He is no more!
New Year comes in with promise fair!"

(See Page 252.)

THE HOME-MAKER.

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EDITORIAL.

FAMILIAR TALK OF PEOPLE AND THINGS.

THE OLD FRIEND AND THE NEW.

1888—WE begin to set it down with the careless ease engendered by much repetition. The pen moves slowly by the time the second figure is completed. The third is rounded thoughtfully, the fourth lingeringly and with reverence. When the date is written, we sit still and look at it.

Not as upon a dead face. The ghastly simile should not find room in the musings of him who receives each new year as a trust, and, in parting with the old, thanks the Giver for allowing him to have, hold and enjoy it and what it represents—and, for more than all else, for the knowledge that, having had it for his very own, it remains with him forever as an integral part of his life. While we admit the infinite pathos of the line that rings the music and the mournfulness of a passing bell into our souls at this season—

“And the Old Year lay a-dying!”

let us keep steadfastly before us the more wholesome truth that the figure is conventional, and but a figure. Our farewell to what was a little while ago the New Year, is rather the hand-grasp and long look into each others' eyes that friends ex-

change on the deck of an outgoing vessel. Wherever our beloved may go, he is still ours. The happiness he has conferred; the upward growth that has come through our intimate companionship; the pains borne together; the affection that welds our hearts into one, are not abrogated by voyage and absence.

In this belief and in this spirit we say, “Good bye, and God bless you!” to 1888. The three 8's in line—the portly loops of each returning in close linking upon one another—have a solid, comfortable look, as of an athlete who stands firmly upon his feet. No human being now alive upon the earth will, after the 31st of this December, ever date his daily correspondence with the thrice-repeated figures. The boldest imagination refuses the leap into 2888, A. D. We do well for this, and for weightier reasons, to gaze lovingly upon the venerable face of the abdicating monarch. Taking one month with another, his reign has been beneficent to bounteousness. Peace has been within our cottage walls and prosperity within our palaces. Even the pestilence that stalked at noon-day in the grass-grown streets and wasted the dwellings of fair Southern cities, cast into glorious re-

lief the love of kind that makes all peoples kin. For the turning of the leaf which will give us the rest of the lesson and the key to the problem, we can trust the All-Wise and All-Merciful.

We best show our loyalty to the heir by quoting our fidelity to the father under whom we have served. Israel's poet-king recognized this pregnant truth in the reply of the captain of his mighty men to the mandate which bade him proclaim his successor. He bowed his white head in thankfulness, not mortification, at the warrior's prayer that the throne of the son might be greater than the throne of the father. The infant king of to-day finds us one year older and wiser than did his sire. We are, therefore, the better able to serve our age and Him who set us in it. In the light of the thought we meet the future bravely and gladly. Sentimentality weeps over the past year, wasting time and force in fanciful regrets. The healthy, God-fearing soul girds up its loins for action; seeks, in the review of the experiences of

the three hundred and sixty-six days that are no more except in memory, guide, earnest and hope for the days that lie before.

On the threshold of 1889, we turn to wave farewell to the dear old friend; stay to watch the lessening sail that bears him below the round of Time into the boundless reaches of Eternity past. It is a solemn moment. It need not be sad. In one breath we thank God for the David who lays down the sceptre and for the Solomon who takes it up.

To an hourly-widening circle of readers, the fast-multiplying "tens" that have joined hands from Hudson Bay to Brazil, and from Halifax to Alaska, THE HOME-MAKER gives the "HAPPY NEW YEAR" of a young, vigorous life; sounds, as the watch-word for the cycle upon which we are entering, the call proven a just and true prophecy by all the ages past and gone:

"God's in His heaven. All's well with the world!"



1888—1889.

Behold he goes with hoary head
To where Queen Proserpina stands,
Welcoming all things done and dead
Into her bleak and barren lands!

Old Year, farewell:
Thy labor hath an end: in dreamless silence dwell!

Lo, as he leaves the open door,
A roseate child with frost-gemmed hair
Enters to hear—"He is no more:
New Year comes in with promise fair!"

'Neath flashed-up light
Hands clasp, lips touch, hearts thrill with loving might!

Old Year, thou could'st not choose but leave
 Some record of distress behind:
 Hoping for better days, receive
 Our gratitude for what was kind!

Time makes or mars;
 Brings sunlight glad or gloomy prison-bars!

"Happy New Year!" 'Tis thus we greet
 Each other, as the chimes swell clear.
 Thy hours be wreathed with garlands sweet,
 Thy largesse rich, and great thy cheer!

So do we pray
 That thou be sped on thine eventful way!

In every homestead of the earth
 Looked-down on by the new-born star,
 Would there be neither drought nor dearth,
 But Childhood's voices ringing far:

"Peace and Good-will!"
 Although the seasons move in changeful sequence still!

John Moran.



ELLEN'S MERRY MOURNING.



NO one who had driven through the lodge-gate and had noticed the merry face of Ellen the gate-keeper would be likely soon to forget it. She usually wore a pink calico dress which was always scrupulously neat and fitted her trim figure to a T. Her ribbons were pink, her cheeks were pink, and the children declared that her hair was pink also. It was

really a very pretty shade of light red, and it crinkled in a bewitching way. What a charming picture she made, framed by the arched window, the gray stone covered closely with luxuriant ivy! She was always smiling, and had a gay word of repartee for her fellow servants and a deferential but cheerful greeting for her superiors, jokes and amusing stories for the children, and when all alone she sang the jolliest Irish songs and ballads, with a laughing lilt in her voice, which was so irresistible that the guests at the villa often sat for hours on the veranda, where, unknown to her, they could hear Ellen sing. Altogether she was the most light-hearted, merriest little woman you ever saw, and we were all surprised to see her appear on Sunday in full widows' weeds. We met her just returning from church, and remarked on the exuberance

of health and spirit displayed by the sable-robed figure, though we did not at first recognize it. Through the folds of the heavy crape veil I saw a glint of the red-gold hair, and there was something in her buoyant step which recalled the measure



of those lilting choruses. I believe she was thinking them over and keeping time to their beat and swing as she walked. I suspected at once this was no ordinary widow bowed down by a heavy weight of woe, and when O'Flaherty, the coachman, turned on his box and threw her a kiss as we passed, we also turned and saw the crape veil thrown back and Ellen's rosy face framed by a coquettish widows' cap.

"Is Ellen in grief?" I asked.

"Not at all," my hostess answered, laughing, "she is only in deep mourning and enjoys it very much."

"Some distant relative, I presume, who has left her money?"

"On the contrary, it is in honor of her husband, to whom she was very tenderly attached, and for whom she has resisted the most persistent attentions of lovers through two long years of widowhood. Is it not so, O'Flaherty?"

The privileged coachman coughed and chuckled. "It's about so, mum," he admitted.

"Ellen a widow!" I exclaimed. "Why, she is the merriest jade I ever saw. You

are talking in riddles; will you be kind enough to explain your meaning?"

"Ellen must tell you," my friend replied, and that afternoon I strolled down to the lodge intent on unravelling the mystery. Ellen wore a neat black sateen, flecked with a tiny white figure resembling snowflakes. Muslin cuffs were folded back from her wrists in the most approved style, and the specks of rubber earrings in her rosy ears were matched by a spot of court plaster on her dimpled chin; English violets and a black folded handkerchief were tucked in her belt. Ellen was evidently still sustaining her character as a bewitching little widow. We had had some previous conversation, and I soon made an opportunity of telling her that I was sorry to hear of her bereavement.

"Oh, yes, mum," she admitted, "I felt very bad intirely—for a spell. It's a dreadful thing, mum, to lose one's husband, and I hope you will never suffer the likes."

I felt not a little indignant at Ellen's show of grief, for the minx looked so complacent in her widows' weeds that I was sure that whatever she might have suffered was more than made up to her by a sense of their becomingness. I fancied, too, that as I entered the lodge, I had seen O'Flaherty, the coachman, sneak out of the back-door, and I could not help saying rather spitefully: "Time brings consolations, Ellen, and I should not be surprised if you married a second time."

A look of real pain and indignation came into Ellen's face. "Niver, mum. Do you think I could marry anyone else but my own Terry! Shure, it's mistaken you are: the saints forgive you! Why, we niver quarreled but once, and that was the day I lost him. It's many's the bitter tear I've shed for that."

I saw that Ellen was in earnest, and felt that I did not quite understand this odd mixture of loyalty and vanity. "Tell me about it," I said, as kindly as I could. "How did you lose your husband?"

"It was this way, mum," Ellen explained. "When we were first married I was waitress at the house, an' Terence was under gardener, an' Oh, mum, we were that happy an' comfortable until the misthress' sister came to spend the summer here, an' brought a peck of misery for us in all thim Sarah-togy thrunks of hers, bad luck to her! Mrs. Delacey her name was, a stoilish young widder, who never wasted

many tears on her husband, but made up for that with her bumbazines or her grinnydines, the Chany crapes you could pull through a gould ring, an' the silky, slinky stuff they call foolhardy."

"Foolhardy? I never heard of any such material, Ellen. I have it! You must mean foulard."

"Well, be it fool hard or fool soft, I know not. I only know that she made a fool of ivery man that came nigh her, the crayther! an' I was as foolish as a man over her gowns. I unpacked her dresses for her, an' hung 'em up in the closets, an' all that avenin' I was goin' on to Terence about thim gowns till I mistrust he was sick of hearin' me, for he answered me cross-like. You know how men is, mum, the mistress tells me you have a husband yourself. Well, I niver took no warnin' but kept on tellin' him how the butler tould me that whin Mrs. Delacey wore her black Brussels net, with the black pearls on her shnowy neck, at the Vanderbilt's ball, the Juke of what's-his-name he says, 'Who is that raquiem in lace?' says he, 'shinin' out like a snow-flake forninst a chimney-stack.'

"'What's a raquiem?' says Terry. 'It's a song they sing at a wake,' says I, 'an' the Juke said it must be very flatterin' to her husband to know that such a lovely young crayther was mournin' for him in such foine style. Mournin' is becomin',' says I, 'I'd like to wear it myself. It must be a great consolation to a widder. If you should die, Terry,' says I, 'I wouldn't spare the money on black stuff for you.'

"'You'd be glad enough for the chance,' says he, 'an' that stuck-up butler, too. Niver you let me hear you speak of him agin, or it's the four eyes of you both that I'll put in mournin',' says he.

"It was the butler, mum, that made the throuble betwixt us more than the mournin'. The mistress niver would have had a man in the house doin' woman's work, but Mrs. Delacey she brought him from the city along with her new-fangled fashions, an' shure he needed more waitin' on than any of the aristocracy, orderin' round the other servants an' drivin' the cook wild wid the French dishes he was always a-suggestin'. But mind you, he didn't order me at all, at all. Quite contrairey, the villain, he was always blarneyin' me hair an' me eyes, an' sayin' as how he would like to see me in one of Mrs. Delacey's dresses,

for he was sure I would be purtier in it than her leddyship herself. An' whither it was that he axed his mistress for me I don't know, but what did Mrs. Delacey do but give me one of her old black gowns. Now, though I was dyin' to see myself in it, I was that feared of Terry that I didn't dare put it on, until one day it happened that the masther sent him to Jerome Park with one of the horses, an' he was to be gone three days, an' as good luck would have it, my third cousin's wife had just died, so av coorse I had the opportunity I wanted of wearin' the black dress to the funeral. Now, whin we started for the buryin' who should I see at the door with the masther's buggy but the butler. 'An' will you ride with me, Ellen?' says he. 'Shure I've come all the way to take you, seein' I knew Terry was away,' says he.

"'Oh,' says I, 'I'm not goin' to the buryin',' says I, for I didn't like to ride with him at all, at all. 'Thin let me take you home,' says he, 'for it's a good piece to the villa, an' you're tired with footin' it here.'

"'I'll not be afther goin' home just yet,' says I. 'I'll stay wid the childer an' get supper against my cousin comes home from the cimetry,' says I, thinkin' that with that he would be off without me. But this was the very worst thing I could have done, for he just waited around, the crayther, an' with the people bein' late back from the buryin', an' insistin' that I should stay to supper, it was near dark whin I started for home. An' there was the but-



ler a waitin' for me, but I wouldn't ride with him, but just took my cousin's eldest boy for company, an' cut through the pine woods a short way. But, as bad luck would have it, I came out on the highway an' sent the boy back just after the butler, who had driven round by the road an' had stopped at every saloon on the way, passed by, so that he drove through the lodge gate not two minutes before I came home, an' who should sit there but Terry, lookin' as black as a thunder cloud.

"Well, I was surprised enough to see him, an' he saw it.

"So I've caught you,' says he, 'you've been ridin' with the butler,' an' the more I denied it, the madder he got. 'An' what do you mane by dressin' yourself up like a widdy?' says he. 'If you want to be a widdy, it's not I that will be hinderin' you.'

"With that he took his hat, an' he left the lodge. It had looked like rain all the day, an' there came on a fearful storm in the night, an' I dared not put foot outside the house, thinkin' he'd come back in the mornin'. But when two days went by, an' he niver came, the masther came to the lodge to see where he was, an' there was great huntin' an' searchin' for him in all the neighborhood. All we could find was that he had taken a little boat to row across the bay, an' most likely the squall had overturned it, for it was found floatin' far out, bottom upward, but Terry or his body we never found.

"Thim were the sorrowfulest days o' my life, mum. The misthress was very kind to me, an' come often to see me an' wanted me to stay all the time at the house instead of spendin' my nights so lonely at the lodge. But I wouldn't do it, for I thought maybe Terry was not dead after all, an' if he came back some avenin' he should find the windy lighted an' the supper waitin'.

"My poor Ellen,' says the misthress, 'don't disave yourself, for he is dead for sure an' certain.'

"In my heart I was near belavin' her, but I kept up courage on the outside until the end of the summer, whin the family wint away to the city, an' left the place all lonely for the winter. The butler called last of all, bringin' with him a great bundle.

"This came by express for you from New York,' says he.



"I cut the string, an' I saw it was a parcel of black gowns.

"Whoiver sint these to me?' says I. 'Belike it is Mrs. Delacey,' says the butler. 'She wint down to New York a week ago,' says he.

"With that I burst out cryin' an' tied thim up again, and tould him to carry thim back to his misthress.

"You can't belave that Terry is still livin',' says he. 'An' you ought to do him the dacent thing by dressin' as a widdy ought. A great consolation you'll find it,' says he, 'an' I'll put a weed in my own hat to show my respect.'

"An' how do I know that I am a widdy? Shure it's not the likes of you, Dinis O'Leary, that will make me belave he's dead,' says I.

"Shure, who will you belave?' says he. 'It's not me alone, but the whole community says he's dead.'

"I'll not belave anyone but Terry,' says I. 'Not till Terry himself tells me that he's dead will I belave myself a widdy.'

"Sure, I niver before wished the apparence of a ghost,' says the butler, 'but here's to the speedy comin' of the sperrit. Mrs. Terry, an' whin next summer comes I thrust I may find you settin' your pretty cheeks off with a crape veil like a raysonable Christian resigned to the doin's of Providence.'

"With that he took himself and the bundle off, an' it was a long an' lonesome

winter I spent in the little lodge, with no neighbors but the dairyman and his family who stayed to take care of the cows, for the other servants had gone to the city with the family. I earned some money helpin' make the butter, an' I was puttin' it by whin I heard that Terry's ould feyther and mither were to be sent to the poor-house, an' I had thim brought to the lodge, an' I nursed the ould feyther to his grave, an' the ould mither back to her health again. Thin the spring came, but I can't say that I was glad to see it, for I knew that the family would come back, an' the butler, an' that he would be afther botherin' me again. An' bother me he did, an' so did the whole parish, for first he sent a stone-cutter man to me to put up a grave-stone to Terry, an' the praste himsel' tould me that I ought to be havin' prayers said to get him out of Purgatory, an' the tavern-keeper brought me a bill that Terry had been runnin' up unbeknownst to me for whisky, an' I saw that it began from the time that the butler came to the villa, an' like as not it was because of the throuble betwixt us. An' while I was castin' about in my mind which I should pay first, the tavern-keeper or the praste, and how I should get the money to pay either, comes the butler again—an', 'Mrs. Terry,' says he, 'shure it's little we all see you care for your husband's mimory, or you wouldn't grudge him the bit crape that tells of mournin.' Thim that mourns shall be comforted, but maybe it's right you are, for faith Terry was not worth the grievin'.

"With that I grew angry. 'An', says I, 'it's none of *your* comfortin' I want in any case, Dinnis O'Leary, an' what nade have I to shpend on the mournin' whin my heart is in crape for him all the day long, an' it's better I should save his credit in this wurld an' the nixt by payin' his debts an' the toll rates from Purgatory than shpendin' on my own dressin'.

"With that the crayther saw that hope had well nigh lift me, an' says he, 'What's the need of your slavin' in this way, Mrs. Terry? Teddy had his life insured in your favor, an' there's a matter of six hundred dollars awaitin' your call, which will clear off all debts, an' lave you a rich widdy. An' what's the money got to do with your dressin', ayther? For here is this bundle of black dresses, which Mrs. Delacey did not send you at all, at all, for, by the same token, she knows nothin' about thim.'

"Thin *you* bought thim yourself,' says I, an' it's not I that will be afther acceptin' such a prisent from you.'

"But he denied it by all the saints, an' left the bundle in the door, an' I put it on the top shelf in the closet, I still mistrustin' that he had bought thim himsel', an' that the truth would out at last. Well, thin, I considered an' considered the matter of the insurance, but whin I thought that if I had to shwear, as the butler said I must, to get the money, that to the best of my belafe an' wish that Terry was dead to all intints and purposes, dead for sure an' all, wid no hope of any resurrection, so far as this wurld was concerned, it seemed to me that I was sellin' the bit of hope that I had lived all these months on, an' I couldn't do it. So, how I don't know, but that summer I lived through, an' a woeful one it was. I paid Terry's debts, an' I had the masses said, an' I was considerin' an illigant marble shtone for the buryin'-ground, the which I meant to have earned to pay for by New Year's, for the misthress had lift me plenty of work to do. Whin a gurl in Ireland, the nuns had taught me to embroider an' to mark linen, an' the misthress had lift me a pile of sheets an' pilly-cases an' napkens an' towels to work her monygram on, an' pleasant it was to sit by the foire wid the ould mither an' think that with every letther I was makin' I was payin' for the cuttin' of another on Terry's tombstone. An' I determined not to stint the epytaph, but to give him a good long one, settin' down all his vartues, an' it should read somethin' like this :

"HERE LIES THE BODY OF
TERRY O'FLAHERTY.

Which is not buried here, havin' niver
been found, he havin' been cap-
sized one dark night in
a wherry.'

"(It was more like a dory, but I said
"wherry" for the poetry.)

"He was the kindest an' best of husbands
an' fellows, barrin' a bit quick tempered an'
a thrifle jealous. His widdy erects this mony-
ment as a New Year's prisent to testify her
woe, an' that she will never belave him
dead till he comes an' tells her so."

"It was a beautiful idea, but I niver had the monyment put up, the raison bein' that one night as I worked by the fire, an' the ould mither noddled in the chair, I see a face at the windy, an' I held out my arms at it an' called, 'Terry, Terry!' an' fainted dead away, an' whin I came to my right sines, an' was wonderin' whether it was Terry's ghost come to tell me I was a widdy, I felt myself held in his two strong arms, an' by the same token I knew it was Terry himself.

"Well, we laughed an' we cried, an' we hugged each other, an' we went nearly crazy intirely, an' he tould me how it was wild he was the night he wint away, an' how he had rowed out to a sailin' vessel that was bound to Calcutty by the way of the Cape of Good Hope, determined for to lave me free to be a widdy, if I loiked; but how that the ould love an' the longin' were too strong for him intirely, an' he set out to come back again, but was detained by a matter of two or three shipwricks, an' so he had not touched shore till that very mornin'. An' how all the way he had been tormented wid the fear that I might have belaved him dead an' have married the butler, an' so he had bethought him that he would look in at the windy, an' if he saw me dressed in black he would belave me still a widdy an' come; but whin he saw me in pink it near took his sines away, for he thought sure I had done mournin' for him, an' how he was about to turn away whin I saw him an' called him, an' thin come in he had to, right through the sash of the windy, even were it to murder the butler.

"'But how is it?' says Terry, 'that you've not been doin' me the respect of wearin' black for me as a widdy should, an' mournin' so becomin' to you,' says he.

"'Whisht, Terry,' says the ould mither, 'what money had she to buy mournin'? whin she's been buryin' your feyther, an' payin' my dochter, an' your tavern bills, an' the praste for prayin' you out of Purgatory, let alone the illigant new tombstone she was preparin' for a New Year's present,' says she.

"'A New Year's present!' says Terry, 'an' I in such a hurry to come home that divil a bit of a present did I bring her but myself'. But shure the money needn't a hindered her. Did you niver get the illigant gowns I sint you from New York? The ship put in there before we set out on our voyage, an' I thought what a pleasure



you would take intirely wid wearin' of the weeds.'

"'Oh, Terry!' says I, 'an' was it you that sint them? a pleasure sure I would have taken in wearin' them if I had but known, but I thought they were from the butler, an' here they've been lyin' all the time, for niver a rag of them would I put on at all, at all.'

"'With that he had me put on one of the dresses, an' he said it was too bad I should have deprived myself of one of the privileges of my widdy-hood whin I had the chance, especially as he was now convinced that this was the *only* privilege I cared for, an' now his comin' home must not be the slightest hindrance to my pleasure, an' I must wear them for his sake, as they were the only New Year's present he had for me.

"'An' when I came to consider, it seemed only right an' proper I should do so, for shure no man deserved more to be mourned for, an' here was a matter of nearly two years, when I ought to have mourned for him, that I didn't, an' shure hadn't I given my word to the butler that I would wear mournin' for Terry when Terry himself came back an' tould me to?

"'So that is the explanation of the whole conundrum, an' you may ask Terry himself if it isn't a merry mournin' to him as well as to me.'

"'Shure, mum, it's that same,' said Terence O'Flaherty, and the coachman, who had lounged into the lodge in time to hear the

last part of the recital, took his little wife upon his knee and, imprinting a rousing smack on her rosy cheek, added,—“an’ it’s

not permitted to every man to have the pleasure of consolin’ his own widdy.”

Elizabeth W. Champney.



SOME OLD VIRGINIA HOMESTEADS. No. IV.

THE MARSHALL HOUSE.



THE house built by John Marshall, first Chief-Justice of the United States, and in which he resided until his death, except when the duties of his office called him to Washington, is still standing in Richmond, Virginia, on the corner of Marshall and Ninth Streets. The ownership has remained in the family for almost a century, although the dwelling has had other tenants, among them the late Henry A. Wise.

The whole block was covered by a famous fruit and vegetable-garden when the house was erected. The exterior has never been re-modeled, and there have been few changes within. By an odd, and what seems to us an inexplicable mischance, the architect, in Judge Marshall's prolonged absence, built the whole mansion “hind-side before.” A handsome entrance-hall and staircase, the balusters of which are of carved cherry, dark with age, are at the back, opening toward the garden and domestic offices. Directly in front of this is the dining-room, looking upon Marshall Street. What was meant in the plan to be the back door in the wall opposite the fireplace, gives upon a porch on the same thoroughfare. The general entrance for visitors is by a smaller door on the side street. Turning to the right from this through another door which is a modern affair, one finds himself in what was, at

first, a second hall, lighted by two windows and warmed by an open fireplace. This was the family sitting-room in olden times, although open on two sides to the view of all who might enter by front or back door.

Altogether, the architectural and domestic arrangements of the interior are refreshingly novel to one used to the jealous privacies and labor-saving conveniences of the modern home. We reflect at once that every dish of the great dinners which were the salient feature of hospitality then must have been brought by hand across the kitchen yard, up the back steps through the misplaced hall, and put upon the table which, we are told, was set diagonally across the room to accommodate the guests at Judge Marshall's celebrated “lawyers' dinners.”

The Marshall House is now the property of Mr. F. G. Ruffin, whose wife is a granddaughter of the Chief-Justice, his only daughter having married the late Gen. Jaqueline Burwell Harvie.

Mrs. Ruffin gives a graphic description of these feasts, as beheld by her, then a child, peeping surreptitiously through the door left ajar by the passing servants. The Chief-Justice sat at the head of the long board nearest the fireplace, his son-in-law, Mr. Harvie, at the foot. Between them were never less than thirty members of the Virginia Bar and the sons of such as had grown, or nearly-grown lads. The damask cloth was covered with good things; big barons of beef, joints of mutton; poultry

of all kinds, vegetables, pickles, etc., and the second course was as profuse. The witty things said, the roars of laughter that applauded them, the succession of humorous and wise talk, having, for the centre of all, the distinguished master of the feast, have no written record, but were never forgotten by the participants in the mighty banquets.

Besides his daughter, the Chief-Justice had five sons—Thomas, for whom his father built the house opposite his own, which is still standing; Jaqueline, the namesake of his Huguenot ancestor; John, James, and Edward. The last-named died in Washington a year or two ago, at the

in America in 1697, and, settling at Jamestown, became eventually owner of the island-plantation. His daughter, Elizabeth, married Richard Ambler, and a grandson, Edward Ambler, espoused Mary Cary, George Washington's first love. Another grandson, Jaqueline Ambler, married Rebecca Burwell, of whom Thomas Jefferson was, when young, passionately enamored, and Mary Willis was the second daughter of the union. It would appear from the account given of the circumstances attending her first meeting with Mr. (then Captain) John Marshall, that the talent for supplanting rivals in the court of hearts, which brought two embryo Presidents to



age of eighty, a clerk in one of the Government offices.

Judge Marshall lived so near our day, and bore so conspicuous a part in the history of a country which cherishes his fame, that every tolerably well educated person is familiar with his name and public services. To these admirers of the statesman-patriot, the writer and able jurist, a glimpse of the man, as his family saw him, when the front and back doors of his reversed habitation were closed to the world, will be acceptable.

As at Westover and Shirley, the most interesting of the procession of visionary shapes that glide past the musier in the chambers of the weather-beaten and gray old house, is a woman.

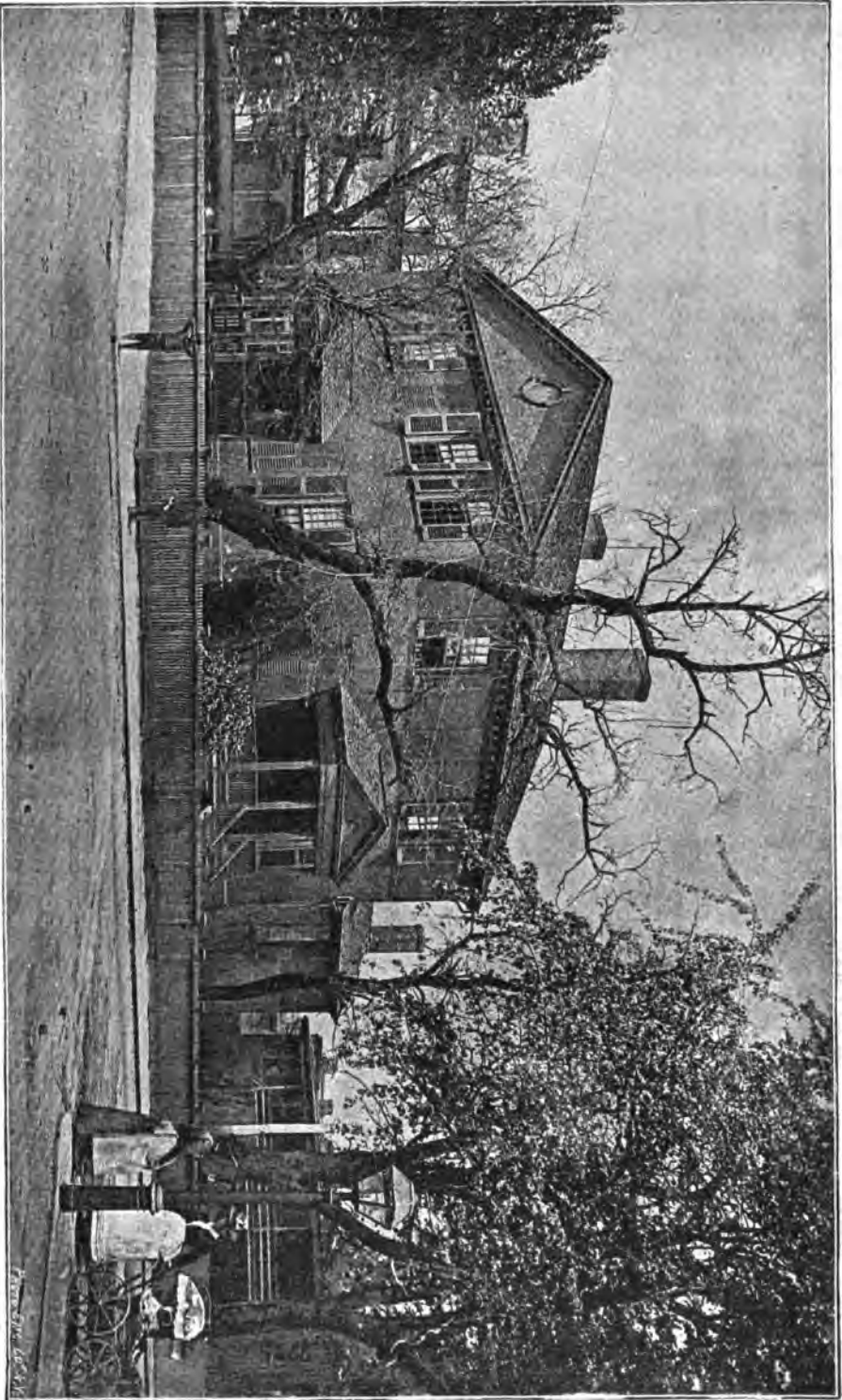
Mary Willis Ambler was a descendant of Edward Jaqueline, an Englishman of French-Huguenot extraction, who arrived

grief, was hereditary, and most innocently improved by herself.

The Amblers were living in York in 1781-'82, when a ball was held in the neighborhood, to which Captain Marshall, already reputed to be a young man of genius and bravery, was bidden. The fair damsels of the district were greatly excited at the prospect of meeting him, and began, forthwith, sportive projects for captivating him.

The graceful pen of Mary Ambler's sister, Mrs. Edward Carington, narrates what ensued:—

"It is remarkable that my sister, then only fourteen, and diffident beyond all others, declared that we were giving ourselves useless trouble, for that she (for the first time) had made up her mind to go to the ball—though she had never been to dancing-school, and was 'resolved to set



THE MARSHALL HOUSE—RICHMOND, VA.

her cap at him and eclipse us all!" This, in the end, was singularly verified. At the first introduction, he became devoted to her. For my part, I felt not the slightest wish to contest the prize with her. * * * *

"In this, as in every other instance, my sister's superior discernment and solidity of character have been impressed upon me. She at a glance discerned his character, and understood how to appreciate it, while I, expecting to see an Adonis, lost all desire of becoming agreeable in his eyes when I beheld his awkward figure, unpolished manners, and negligent dress."

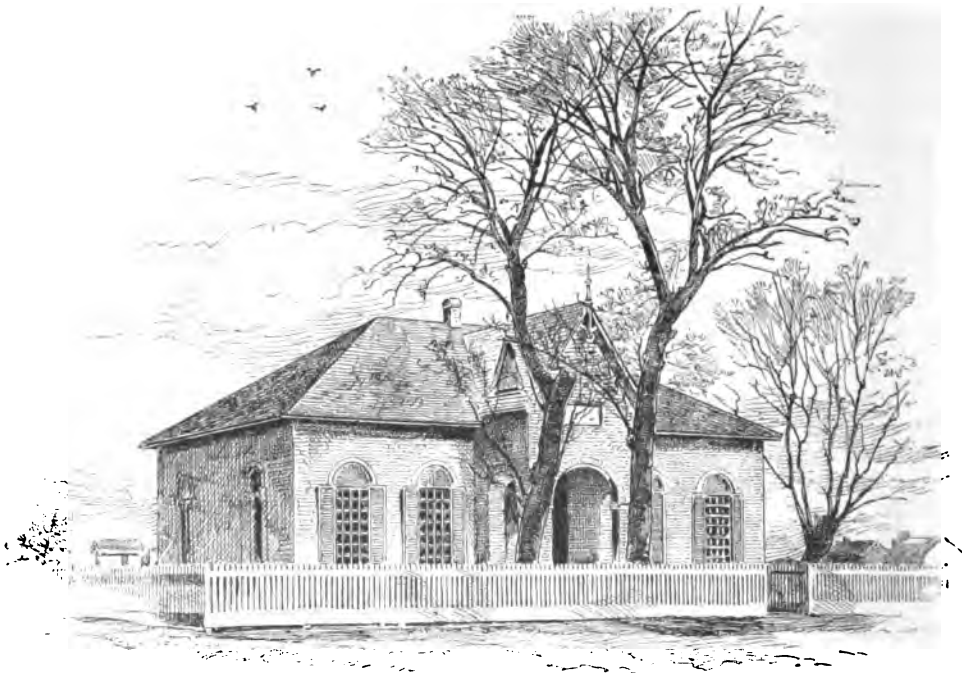
John Marshall and Mary Willis Ambler were married April 3, 1783, the bride being under seventeen, the groom twenty-eight years of age.

No fairer idyl of wedded bliss was ever penned by poet than the every-day story lived by this husband and wife for fifty years save two. However negligent in attire and uncouth in appearance John Marshall might be as young man and old; however stern in debate and uncompromising in judgment as a public servant,—to the child-wife who, after the premature birth of her first infant, never had a day of perfect health, he was the tenderest, most chivalric of lovers. As her chronic invalid-

ism became more apparent, he redoubled his assiduity of attention. There are those yet living who recall how on each recurring 22d of February and 4th of July the Marshall chariot was brought around to the door in the early morning, and the Judge, after lifting the fragile woman into it, would step in himself and accompany her to the house of a country friend, there to pass the day, her nerves being too weak to endure the shock of the cannonading.

They had been married *forty-one years* when he wrote her the letter of which the following extract is now published for the first time. He was at that date, February 23, 1824, on official duty in Washington, and Mrs. Marshall in Richmond. The Chief-Justice had had a fall which injured his knee, and had kept the news from his wife. Finding from her letters that the papers had reported and exaggerated the accident, he writes to his "dearest Polly," making light of the hurt, and assuring her that he will be out in a few days. Then he continues :—

"All the ladies of the Secretaries have been to see me, some more than once, and have brought me more jelly than I can eat, and offered me a great many good things. I thank them and stick to my barley-broth.

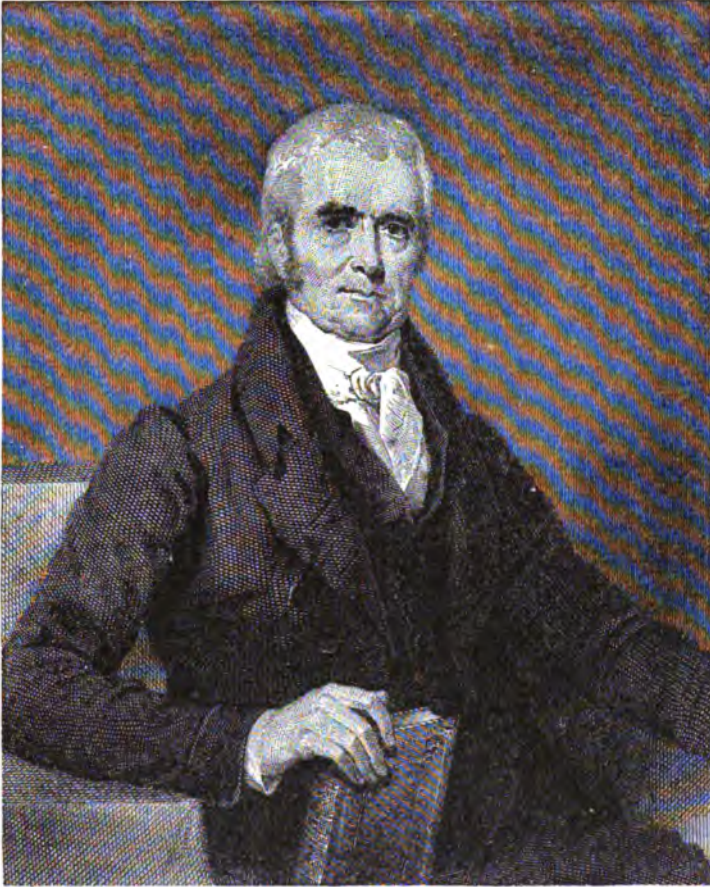


THE SITE OF THE OLD PALACE, WILLIAMSBURG, VA.

"Still I have plenty of time on my hands. How do you think I beguile it? I am almost tempted to leave you to guess until I write again. * * * * *

"You must know I begin with the ball

was courting you ; my trip to 'The Cottage'" (the Ambler's home in Hanover, where the marriage took place) "and the thousand little incidents deeply affecting in turn." (here the paper is torn) "cool-



Painted by Henry Inman.

Eng. by A. J. Howard.

J. Marshall

at York and with the dinner on the fish at your house the next day. I then return to my visit to York ; our splendid assembly at the Palace in Williamsburg ; my visit to Richmond, where I acted 'Pa' for a fortnight ; my return to the field and the very welcome reception you gave me on my arrival from Dover ; our little tiffs and makings up ; my feelings when Major Dick*

* Major Richard Anderson, father of Gen. Robert Anderson, of Fort Sumter renown.

ness which contrib * * * * * for a time to the happiness or misery of my life."

We turn the yellow, cracked sheet over, to read again, with the emotion of one who finds hid treasure in an unpromising field, the prose-poem of the lover who was almost a septuagenarian when he wrote it. The grace, tenderness and playful gallantry of that which was meant for his wife's eyes only are inimitable, and

preach a lesson to world-worn, love-sated hearts no commentary can deepen.

Another unpublished letter dated March 9, 1825, tells his faithful Polly of Mr. Adams's (John Quincy) inauguration.

"I administered the oath to the President in the presence of an immense concourse of people, in my new suit of domestic manufacture. He, too, was dressed in the same manner, 'though his cloth was made at a different establishment. The cloth is very fine and smooth."

The day before she died, Mrs. Marshall tied about her husband's neck a ribbon to which was attached a locket containing some of her hair. He wore it always afterward, by day and night, never allowing another hand to touch it. By his directions, it was the last thing taken from his body after his death, which took place in July, 1835.

An extract from a paper found folded up with his will, a written tribute to his wife, solemn, sweet, and infinitely touching, may fitly close a romance of real life that tempts us to cavil at what sounds like the faint praise of the resolutions of the Virginia Bar, offered by Benjamin Watkins Leigh, in announcing the decease of the Chief-Justice.

Therein are eulogized his "unaffected simplicity of manner; the spotless purity of his morals; his social, gentle, cheerful disposition; his habitual self-denial and boundless generosity." He is declared to have been "exemplary in the relation of son, brother, husband, and father."

"Exemplary" is hardly the adjective we would choose after reading what was written in his locked study on

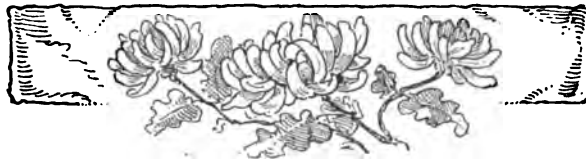
the first anniversary of his "Polly's" departure :

"December 25, 1832.

"This day of joy and festivity to the whole Christian world is, to my sad heart, the anniversary of the keenest affliction which humanity can sustain. While all around is gladness, my mind dwells on the silent tomb, and cherishes the remembrance of the beloved object it contains.

"On the 25th of December, 1831, it was the will of Heaven to take to itself the companion who had sweetened the choicest part of my life, had rendered toil a pleasure, had partaken of all my feelings, and was enthroned in the inmost recesses of my heart. Never can I cease to feel the loss and deplore it. Grief for her is too sacred ever to be profaned on this day, which shall be, during my existence, devoted to her memory. * * * * *

"I saw her the week she had attained the age of fourteen, and was greatly pleased with her. Girls then came into company much earlier than at present. As my attentions, 'though without any avowed purpose, nor so open or direct as to alarm, soon became evident and assiduous, her heart received an impression which could never be effaced. Having felt no prior attachment, she became, at sixteen, a most devoted wife. All my faults, and they were too many, could never weaken this sentiment. It formed a part of her existence. Her judgment was so sound and so deep that I have often relied upon it in situations of some perplexity. I do not recollect once to have regretted the adoption of her opinion. I *have* sometimes regretted its rejection." *Marion Harland.*



HOUSEHOLD DECORATION. No. II.

THE SITTING-ROOM.



THE first requisites of the sitting-room, those of hospitality, cheerfulness and comfort once satisfied, there remains the necessity of making it tasteful.

To produce these effects the sitting-room should be neither dark nor light, neither showy nor dull. To this end, and in avoidance of a distressing mixture of colors, for the ruling tint we fix upon a soft Pompeian red, a little lighter than the cherry wood-work of the room. If it be real cherry, so much the better, if not, pine may be permanently stained in the following manner:—To one-third of a quart of raw linseed-oil add twice that quantity of turpentine, and to every gallon of the mixture stir in one gill of liquid dryer; to this add burnt Sienna enough to produce the depth of tone required, which may be found by trying a little on a board. After staining, go over it with ordinary furniture varnish if a polish be desired. If not, add a coat of wax and turpentine made by dissolving one quarter of a pound of the former in one quart of the latter, to which add one quart of furniture varnish. The mixture is very inflammable, and great caution should be exercised in dissolving the wax.

The walls ought to be a trifle lighter than the wood, a tint which any painter can furnish, a solid color, warm but not too warm, extending from the skirting to the cherry molding that, twenty inches from the ceiling, separates it from the frieze. The latter is a paler tint of the same color and the ceiling still paler, hardly more than a roseate cream. In gradation the frieze ought to be three shades deeper than the ceiling and the wall six shades deeper than the frieze.

Upon the ceiling, six inches from the cornice, paint the first of three parallel stripes of the wall color, which are to be accentuated by very narrow edges, scarcely more than lines, of a still deeper red. Each finished stripe may be one and a half or two inches wide and two or three inches, not more, from its neighbor. For a quiet taste no other decoration is necessary.

If, however, more be desired, stencil the ceiling with intersecting narrow gold rings three inches in diameter. They should be from three to five inches apart. No other gilding is admissible except in picture-frames, which, with pictures themselves, are admirably brought out by this solid back-ground, be they either engravings, oil-paintings, or water-colors. The right tone of Pompeian red is not gaudy, although it contains enough yellow to be cheerful under artificial light, which in the sitting-room, ought always to be furnished by lamps.

In a many-windowed room brilliant with a south-eastern exposure, some tastes may prefer a more quiet range of color. In this case a wall of gray-blue or even that dull hue called cadet blue, contrasts well with cherry wood-work, while the frieze and ceiling may be such as have been described.

In either case, where the walls have been already hung, or for other reasons, paper is more desirable than paint, it is best to use that simply stamped with two tints of red or gray-blue with light Moorish interlacing figures on a deeper ground, with no admixture of other colors. Solid ingrain or felt is satisfactory in many respects, but in a room so continually in use they show too palpably every scratch or finger-mark, and, too, unless hung with great nicety, the joinings are disagreeably visible. Dark paper, dingy mixed colors, or that containing more than a suspicion of gilt, will prove tiresome and depressing. Blue is anything but cheerful in a living-room and very exacting in the way of furniture. The most prominent feature, the divan or sofa, should be as broad and capacious as the good-cheer of the household. Why not have it flow into and fill up one of those awkward corners which are usually waste spaces or untidy receptacles? It is easy to construct, with a narrow strip of cherry for the rounded front, low turned or carved legs on casters, webbing or canvas across the seat to sustain a hair mattress of generous thickness, and the untufted back likewise stuffed with hair. There should be two or three immense square pillows covered like the divan with soft all-wool upholstery material of wood-color and ecru and smaller fancy

pillows covered with old-gold and peacock-blue India silk, one of each solid color. Such a divan, illustrated in Fig. 1, has but one drawback. It is too comfortable. Bagsloped pillows are preferred by some, in which case the covering may be wood-colored satin, with a lining at the top showing light terra-cotta red, and the embroideries in amber and dull blue.

A corner cupboard is likewise both useful and ornamental; in the lower portion are shelves to hold work, toys, and school-books—the thousand and one things which should be set out of sight yet near at hand. The upper part is a fitting receptacle for objects of vertu not needed in the parlor, or for books. In the former case the sides of the cupboard may be lined with maroon plush. It can be built into the walls of a room during the construction of the house, or afterward with little additional expense.

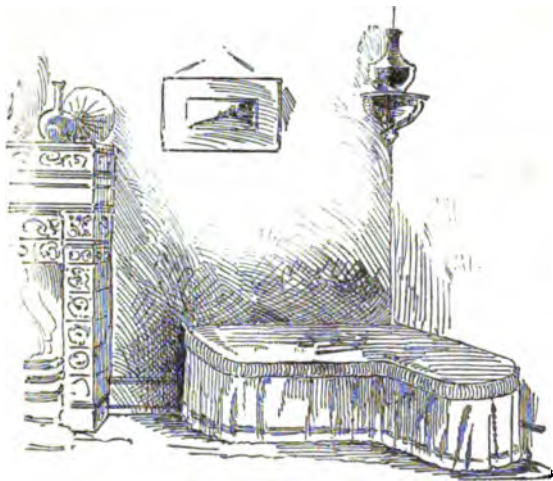


FIG. 1.

If the sitting-room be of sufficient size, a cosy corner may be managed with little help from the carpenter. Four feet out from the corner, either way, and in a line with the top of the windows, fasten a curtain-pole with rings, to which attach light drapery harmonizing with the colors of the room. Madras silk is desirable, something which does not wholly exclude light and air. Within this is a small desk containing all the appurtenances of letter-writing, with a calendar hanging beside it, and a large chair and a footstool in front. It may not be necessary to draw the hangings; they are suggestive of the fact that here is a spot sacred to whomsoever wishes to

withdraw "far from the madding crowd" into absolute privacy and repose. Here are to be written those frequent business notes and letters which are sent upon the spur of the moment. It is excellent practice to learn to abstract one's self while within earshot of the merry laughter and spicy conversation of the rest of the family, and one which should be cultivated. Not less is it well for all to learn to respect the privacy of whomsoever is thus withdrawn. This is needed in a house destitute of a library.

Serving the same purpose is a bamboo screen, or rather a light frame-work to be filled in with panels at pleasure. If the two outer spaces are fitted with dull light red of the same color as the walls, but a much lighter tint, and the middle space with old gold, the effect will be delightful to the eye. The material, soft India silk, is gathered at the top and bottom and attached by wires to the standard. The advantage of such a screen is its removability, together with desk and chair, to the neighborhood of a window or the grate;

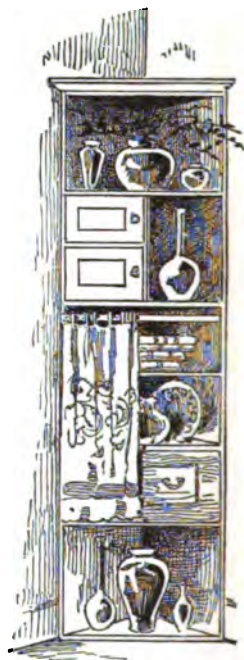


FIG. 2.

according to the season. It may be folded also, so as to make a square enclosure, or be taken away altogether.

For window-draperies nothing can be more suitable, in such a room, than Madras in horizontal stripes of pale red and yellow. Frequent airings are necessary, and heavy draperies are in the way; they catch dust and obstruct the daily breeze which every morning ought to sweep away the vitiated atmosphere.

Darker and heavier ought to be the door-hangings. Flax velours having the effect of silk plush may be had in ecru and Pompeian red, and requires no other ornamentation. It is exceedingly durable, comes at

two dollars the yard, and is fifty inches wide.

A new style of jute has been brought into market this fall, to be used for curtains and portières, which is much more pliable and graceful than the old-time fabric. It is woven in geometrical figures with striped edges and a dado a yard in depth. Each strip is long enough to fold over at the top, which is trimmed with showy tassels. It costs \$7.50 per length and promises to be very useful. Patterns coming in old red and ecru would be suitable for a sitting-room with a solid-tinted wall. If, however, the wall shows a figure, even on a self-colored ground, the eye needs the repose of a plain fabric.

For this purpose nothing more satisfactory can be found than felt, which may be had at one dollar per yard, though there are newer and cheaper stuffs, pleasing at first, but soon growing cheap-looking and stringy. Either a wood-color or a dull red, the former if the walls are red, the latter if they are blue-gray, appliquéd in a bold, broad style, with conventionalized pomegranates of old gold felt couched on a band of plush, will be very effective. In a lofty room a narrower band six inches from the top of the portière is an appropriate finish.

For the rest let there be one capacious arm-chair to suit the portliest visitor; cover it with one of those Wilton oblongs which come in dull blues, reds and ecrus that harmonize with everything, and last a generation or two. They are made up without tufting or showing the wood. There may be another high-back chair covered with material like that on the divan, and chairs of brown bamboo. These include two rockers cushioned with maroon or wood-colored plush, and one of white wicker with a cushion of amber. Father's chair, one of his own selection, will have a head-rest and a footstool of just the right size and height, covered with wood-colored cloth, but the former without dangling bows or a frivolous tidi to vex the weary body that needs no distraction. Let the slumber-roll be wrought with poppies, indicative of that peace which ought to be found here of all the world, but let it be

fastened with stout, dark cord, in such a manner as to neither slip nor untie.

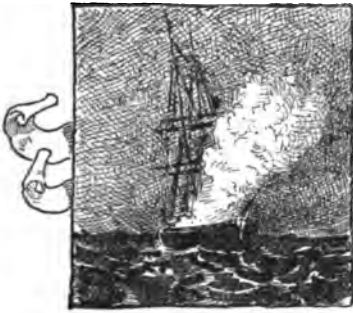
In the carpet are to be reproduced the colors of the room, though in deeper tones. It is a mistake to have the floor entirely covered. One large and several smaller Oriental rugs is the first choice, in which case old red should be the predominant color, with figures in dull blue, amber, and mixed tints.

But Oriental rugs are beyond the reach of many, and those of American manufacture are annually growing less harsh and more pleasing to a cultivated taste. Where carpeting is used it ought by all means to be made rug-fashion, by which all the bays and inlets of windows, recesses, and doors are avoided. These irregularities are merely dust receptacles, wasteful of material and productive of malediction at the season of yearly cleaning. An oblong carpet, finished with suitable bordering and large enough to reach within eighteen inches of the walls, can be shaken every month or so. It can also be changed end for end or used in other rooms to advantage, a great recommendation on the score of economy. Such a carpet-rug allows neither excuse for dusty sides and corners, nor for the nimble moth which triumphantly disporteth himself with all his countless progeny along the fluffy edges of the closely-fitted carpet.

Objections are often made to rugs on the ground that the flooring is poor and uneven, or that wood bordering needs daily attention to prevent untidiness. A succeeding paper will show how to obviate the former difficulty. As for the second, what shall be said of a house-keeper who makes no objection to dirt if it be only invisible, or who thinks it wholesome to breathe air from carpets which have only a yearly beating,—if even so often as that,—and from which a deleterious though impalpable dust must arise after every footfall?

If carpets, however, be insisted upon, the most artistic style is that where a solid color, blue or gray brussels, called "filling," which can be had at a dollar the yard, affords a back-ground for rugs containing deep tones of the chief colors used in the room.

Hester M. Poole.



Mary Wakefield

Against the painted hell of Angelo
I set this living picture of despair :
A burning ship, strong men distraught with woe,

Rough seamen's oaths, which meant not oaths, but prayer ;
White pleading faces, little children's cries,
And women's arms flung upward to the skies !

Along the burning deck a woman sped
While the red fiends close and closer pressed
Until their hot breath scorched her baby's head,
Hiding itself within her throbbing breast ;
When, shrinking backward from the flames mad kiss,
She dropped into the water's black abyss !

Poor mother ! Was it granted her to see,
Ere sight was veiled by the engulfing wave,
The noble girl whose arms so lustily
Wrested from her the babe she could not save ;
And dared, in a baptismal scene so wild,
To stand as sponsor to this orphaned child ?

And this was Mary Wakefield. Dauntless girl,
Who, with a child across her shoulder thrown,
Set out to wage with death against the whirl
Of those mad waves, hand-fettered and alone !
A deed that gave her right to stand erect
With seraphim, nor show them disrespect !

With one firm hand she held against the tide
The sobbing child. The other tightly grasped
A fender, swinging from the steamer's side,
By a stout cable to the railing clasped ;
She drew the heavy beam on inch by inch
Toward the nearest flame, nor did she flinch

Though the hot tongues came hissing at her brow.
With patient toil she guided on the rope
To where the flame could bite at it ; and now
She has the joyful answer to her hope !
It burns asunder, and the heavy beam
Drops down before her into the black stream !

Upon this strange steed's back she then set down
The little child. And pushing on before
And holding in her teeth the baby's gown,
She struck out bravely for the distant shore,
A league away, with well-aimed, steady strides,
While on its dripping steed the baby rides !

As rose and fell the girl's white oars, the rain
Thrummed its dull monotone. The thunders rolled
Their heavy drums. The wind swept a refrain.
Some distant bells the hour of midnight told,
And now and then the lightning's vivid thread
Through the thick darkness wove a seam of red !

Strong men went shuddering down to death that night,
 Whose arms were like to knitted strands of steel,
 While this slight girl waged an unequal fight
 For two—making no loud appeal
 To God, but praying mutely with her arms,
 Seeking the while to sooth the child's alarms!

"Hush, little one! Home is not far away,
 And I am here holding you by your gown,
 Just as old Rover holds you when at play;
 And with my strong arms plashing up and down,
 I make your queer horse gallop to the shore,
 And baby shall be cold and wet no more!"

Then, with a tenderness almost divine,
 She tried to thrust a merry nursery song
 Through her shut teeth—and while each panting line
 Smote on her jaded breath like smarting thong,
 I think God ringed her with an unseen crown,
 And every face in heaven bent softly down!

And thus she won the shore. There on the sands
 A seaman lay, half naked, cold and faint,
 Unfastening her gown with shivering hands,
 She laid it on him. Then this gentle saint
 Lifted the sleeping baby to her breast,
 And toiled, half-fainting, to a place of rest!

May Riley Smith.



CHEAP LIVING IN CITIES. No. IV.

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WE have seen that in allowing fifteen cents a pound for meat we are by no means limited to the coarsest parts. On the contrary we have a fair proportion of fine joints, such as leg and shoulder of mutton; turkey and chickens at certain seasons, and all parts of pork, and if the yearning for the prime rib-roast is unsubduable by the necessity for economy, then that also may occasionally be bought by taking meat at seven or eight cents a pound for part of the week.

Meat at eight cents a pound that shall be fit for anything but soup will not find believers in many of my readers. The German and French housewives know how much better some of the loose-fibered parts with a little fat between are for certain purposes—far better than the close-grained, expensive sorts of meat. And I who write declare that for an Irish stew or a haricot of mutton, I prefer the scrag of mutton to any other part, even were the prices equal. The scrag and upper part of the neck are also delicious as boiled mutton, sweeter and more tender than the leg. I see some readers smile. Will they faith-

fully try an experiment with me? That is, provided they like boiled and stewed mutton.

It has been said that mutton should be kept as long as possible, but this only applies to meat intended for roasting or broiling. The sharp heat of oven or fire carbonizes the outer surface and gives it a savory coating, while any taint from keeping disappears in the fierce heat. For boiling, a leg of mutton should be kept several days in cool weather, but no odor must be perceptible on the skin, or it will affect the broth, and from a leg of mutton the liquor is too valuable to be thrown away. Scrag of mutton must not be kept more than a couple of days in a cold place. It taints more easily than any other part. I hope a few faithful if unbelieving readers will try the following three dishes, for the making of which I assure them I prefer as a matter of taste, not economy, to use neck of mutton.

IRISH STEW.

This good dish should always be made of uncooked mutton, because meat once cooked has not gravy enough in it to make a well-flavored stew, *with potatoes* in it, however good it may be warmed up in other ways.

Take then two pounds of scrag of mutton. Cut in pieces between the joints like chops. Peel three medium-sized onions. Put an iron sauce-pan on the range. Cut the onions into it. Put the cover on, and the onions will fry in their own juice. Stir them and watch that they do not burn. Then lay in the meat, and a pint and a quarter of hot water. Let the sauce-pan come to the boil, and upon further action will depend whether your stew is to be a success or not. Watch it every minute or so till you find the spot on the range where it will just simmer, no more. By simmering I mean a slight motion or sizzling at one side of the sauce-pan. Add a teaspoonful of salt, a half saltspoonful of pepper, and let the meat cook two hours well covered. At the end of that time have ready as many potatoes as required. Skim all the fat from the gravy. Cut up two potatoes in thin slices. These are to break and thicken the gravy. Then lay the others over the meat. If large, cut them. Do not mind if the gravy is not enough to cover the potatoes. It would be only broth were it to do that. They are cooked by the steam. Irish stew

must always be closely covered while cooking. If the meat is slowly stewed it will be so tender it can be eaten with a fork, yet not because it is "done to rags."

BOILED NECK OF MUTTON.

Select about three pounds of a thick meaty scrag and upper part of neck. Put it on to boil with two quarts of boiling water, a large onion, a turnip, and a carrot, all cut up small. Let the meat gently boil an hour and a half, adding a teaspoonful of salt the first half hour. Remember the water must only just move in the pot, or the meat will be tough, and it must move steadily or it will be soaked but not cooked. To watch after it comes to the boil till you find just the spot where it will keep up this slow movement is the secret of boiling meat tender. But remember also that in two hours changes take place in the condition of the fire, so an occasional look is necessary to see that it neither stops cooking, nor approaches quick boiling.

When done, take up the meat, have some nice parsley or caper sauce prepared to serve with it; unless parsley is disliked, it is more suitable than caper.

TO USE THE BROTH.

Skim the broth clear of fat; boil it rapidly till there is about one quart, enough for four people. If liked, a little rice may be dropped in when the salt is added to the meat. If a large quantity of broth is required, instead of boiling it down, which makes it very strong and rich, beat two eggs in the soup tureen and pour the hot broth into it, stirring all the time. A little only should be poured in at first to avoid curdling the eggs.

PARSLEY SAUCE.

Chop very fine a tablespoonful of parsley leaves. Melt in a saucepan a dessertspoonful of butter and the same of flour, let them cook together a minute, then pour to them quickly a scant half-pint of hot milk. Stir till thick, then let it boil a couple of minutes and add the parsley, salt, and pepper (a saltspoonful of salt and a quarter one of pepper); the last thing before serving, squeeze in a teaspoonful of lemon juice or of vinegar.

If milk is scarce, use half a pint of the broth strained to make the sauce.

REAL SCOTCH HOTCH POTCH.

Take two pounds of scrag of mutton cut up. Put it on to stew with a pint and a half of water. Cook gently, as directed for Irish stew, for an hour and a half, and then cut up small a carrot, turnip, and onion, add them, with a teaspoonful of salt and a scant quarter ounce of pepper, put in also half a can of peas, mix with the liquor of them a dessertspoonful of flour to thicken. Half an hour before serving, add the remainder of the peas.

Carefully skim off all fat after the meat is taken up, and if the gravy seems too plentiful, boil it down rapidly a few minutes.

There is one thing our house-keeper will observe. That is, that in each of these dinners there will be more than enough for the family of four we suppose she caters for.

There will be enough left over for a relish for breakfast, or a large number may dine from it, and the cost of each dinner is well within the price allowed. This is how a managing woman will relieve the baldness of our bill of fare. She must not go beyond the total, but she is not forced to pay as much as fifteen cents a pound for her meat, and yet may have nice savory meals, far better than steak and potatoes, to which so many sit contentedly down.

If one follows exactly the directions given in the foregoing recipes, and does not find the meat as good as if the best chops had been used, I should like to hear of it. I do not mean that every one will like these dishes; many can eat nothing but roast, broiled, and boiled meat, and such people would not like a stew simply because it is made of cheap meat.

The peas called for in the last recipe should be the large marrowfats generally to be bought from ten to twelve cents a can. The higher-priced peas, being younger and smaller, are not so mealy and therefore not so good for stewing. In place of peas, rice may be stewed with the mutton and is excellent, only genuine Hotch Potch must have peas.

Now we will try three dishes from cheap parts of beef.

ITALIAN STEAK.

Take a pound and a half of chuck steak. This will be about twelve cents a pound. Cut a large onion in thin slices, put a tablespoonful of vinegar in a sauce-pan with the

meat, scatter the onion over it, cover closely and put the sauce-pan at the back of the stove where it will gently simmer for two hours. (No water must be added when the meat is set to cook.) Then turn the steak over, sprinkling it with a scant teaspoonful of salt and a little pepper; let the steak cook another hour, and then take it up on a hot dish, put a dessertspoonful of flour into the sauce-pan, stirring it well till it is brown; pour in a cup of boiling water; take care to remove all the gravy that may have dried round the sauce-pan. Pour it over the meat. This gravy will not taste of the vinegar. The dish may be varied by the addition of a carrot, sliced, or if highly-flavored sauce is liked, two cloves, a bayleaf, and a saltspoonful of marjoram leaves may be put in with the vinegar. If a glass of claret takes the place of the vinegar, this becomes a really elegant dish.

SEA PIE.

Take a pound and a half of either chuck or rump steak, cut it in pieces about two inches square, slice into a sauce-pan a large onion, a small carrot, and a turnip, a teaspoonful of salt and a *small* teaspoonful of sugar, lay the meat over all and then pour in a pint of water. *Cover closely* and stew gently two hours. Make a paste with a full tea-cup of finely-chopped beef suet, three level tea-cups of flour, a scant teaspoonful of baking powder, and salt, all mixed together, then wetted into a *stiff* dough; roll out to fit the top of the sauce-pan and lay it over the stew; put it forward so that it comes quickly to the boiling point, or the paste will be heavy, but once this is reached put it back where it will only cook gently another hour.

Cut the cover pie-fashion to serve it, lay the meat in pieces over it, the vegetables round, then see that the gravy is quite free from grease, and pour it over all.

POT ROAST.

Take for this three pounds of the tops of the ribs. This is the part taken off the top of the prime roasting-ribs to make them shorter, and is usually corned by the butcher; it is sold at seven and eight cents a pound, is not too fat, unless from very heavy beef; if it is so, take the cross-rib or some other inexpensive part, but choose by preference a piece that has some fat running through it, rather than solid lean.

Put the meat, after flouring it slightly, into a pot, set it over a quick fire and brown it for about half an hour, turning it often. Then put a cup of boiling water, in which is a dessertspoonful of vinegar, in the pot, cover closely and set where the meat will very gently stew two hours; when half-done season with pepper and salt. Take up and serve just as you would roast beef, making gravy in the same way.

I must here emphasize one point. In serving any of these made dishes, there must be absolutely no grease with the gravy. I have known people shudder at the thought of stew simply because they had never seen it without a surface of oil. Others always regard stews as greasy and unwholesome, and will not believe they can be otherwise.

I have met with many cooks who say, when told to skim the gravy, that it can only be done by letting it get cold. This is nonsense. It is much easier to do it that way, but easy enough while the meat is hot in the following way: Take out the meat and lay it in a dish, the vegetables may also be lifted out with a skimmer, taking care not to leave any grease with them. Keep both hot. Now, put a half tea-cup of cold water into the gravy to

allow for boiling down, then put the saucepan where it will boil rapidly; as it does so the grease will float to the side and form a skin; skim this off carefully two or three times, or until no more rises. This method will clear the greasiest stock in a few minutes, and is very little trouble. However, if it seems more easy to skim patiently by the usual mode, let the same pan stand after the meat is out, on a cool part of the range to settle, then put in a tablespoonful of ice-water, which will slightly chill the fat for you and make it easier to remove, but removed it must be.

The fat that comes off all stews and soups makes excellent dripping if properly prepared, but it requires a little different treatment from fat that has no taste of vegetables. When you have enough to make it worth while, put the skimings into a larger saucepan than required, and with it a quart of water; let the fat boil with the water till the latter has all boiled away; when cold, melt it again in boiling water and add a little salt. Let it get cold and it will serve for frying of all kinds.

Always scrape the under side of a cake of clarified dripping, both to free it from water and to remove the impurities that may cling there.

Catherine Owen.



BILLY LYNDE'S GREAT-AUNT.



EVERYBODY liked Billy Lynde, including Billy himself, and yet not one could ever tell exactly why. Perhaps Jack Dart came nearest to it when he said that Lynde was the only man he

knew who "never rubbed him the wrong way."

Billy's great-uncle, old Ebenezer Lynde, a retired merchant who had risen from office-boy to senior member of the largest importing house in New York city, who considered a young man as lost to every sense of propriety and honor unless he clung to

a steady business with undeviating zeal, and whose Republicanism was of so rigid and uncompromising a stripe that he would have voted for Jefferson Davis had that gentleman secured the regular nomination from one of John J. O'Brien's private conventions—even Ebenezer Lynde regarded Billy with deep affection, notwithstanding the fact that his worthy nephew could never be persuaded to do anything but affect literature in a desultory way, and, worse than all, had posed as an advanced Mugwump in the last Presidential election.

Then, too, it was rumored that Miss Bessie Fancher, around whom a dozen men had hovered hopelessly, regarded Billy with a tenderness that rose superior to Marechal Niels and *marrons-glacés*—which was fortunate for him, since, like most literary and semi-literary men, he was impetuous to the last degree.

Let me make myself perfectly clear on the subject of Billy's character, lest you should deem him a cloudless summer of perfections. I have said that everybody liked him, and I can say even more. His intimate friends almost loved him; that is, as nearly as men can love each other. Handsome, good-natured, always agreeable, the best of company, his face was welcome everywhere; and he had the pleasant knack of making those he met feel at once as though they had known him for years. Ten minutes after their introduction the "Mr." was dropped forever; and at the second meeting it was invariably "Billy." To be sure, when it came to the qualities that command respect, true admiration, or a feeling of thorough reliance, Billy would have been found wanting; and I doubt whether the palm would not have gone to Jack Dart himself, with all his brusqueness and sarcasm. Where Billy made friends with every one, Jack was a man of strong likes and dislikes, which he took no trouble whatever to conceal. Jack was strong to a fault, while our beloved Billy often exhibited what in any one else would have been despised as weakness, or even effeminacy.

One clear evening in the winter of 1885, Mr. Ralph Whitney might have been seen bending his steps toward Billy's apartments. Whitney's literary taste was reputed to be excellent, and, in the present instance, he had been the recipient of a pressing message to "come around at once" and pronounce his opinion on a story, the latest of Billy's literary efforts,

and which it was easy to see the author himself regarded with no little complacency.

Walking quickly to counteract the chilliness of the night, the critic's attention was attracted to a man who had kept the same distance ahead of him for several blocks. In the thick-set figure closely buttoned in an overcoat, he fancied he saw something familiar. Quickening his pace, he was soon alongside, and a glance under the tight-drawn derby disclosed the identity of Jack Dart.

"Why, hello! old man!" exclaimed Whitney. "I thought you never went out evenings. Where in ever are you bound for to-night?"

"You tell me first," answered Dart, quickly.

"I? why, I am going the usual way—to Billy's."

"So am I."

Jack was in one of his short moods; so his companion, proceeding to humor him, dropped the conversation, and the two walked on in silence side by side. Finally Dart turned quickly and said:

"Have you heard of Mr. Lynde's death?"

"What! you surely cannot mean Billy's great-uncle!"

"Yes, I can, if I want to, and I do."

"Well," said Whitney, deliberately, "then I suppose our friend William will drop into something very comfortable."

"Don't know."

"But the old man swore by him. Billy couldn't have offended him if he'd tried."

"What do you think of Mrs. L.?" queried Jack.

Now, Mrs. Ebenezer Lynde, *née* Miss Susan D. Gridley, was not a prepossessing woman. She was tall, raw-boned and angular, and had officiated as Mr. Lynde's house-keeper for several years. Suddenly, and to the surprise of every one, he had married her. What wiles the middle-aged house-keeper had brought to bear upon the hard-headed man of business could only be a subject of conjecture.

Now Ralph Whitney certainly did *not* like Mrs. L., nor did Jack; and they both, moreover, were perfectly acquainted with each other's sentiments on the subject. Whitney aptly surmised, therefore, that the last question was put, not so much for a direct answer, as to turn his thoughts into the channel in which his companion's were running.

Before he had thoroughly digested all

this—for when he thought hard he thought slowly—they were at Billy's door, and were soon ushered into his apartments.

The host was found a victim of deep-seated melancholy. He had thrown himself into a great arm-chair before the fire, with his head bent upon his chest and his heels resting at full length upon the carpet. His face was woe-begone to the last degree, and it was very evident that his sorrow for his uncle's death was sincere.

The room itself was a scene of confusion. The table, floor, and furniture were littered indiscriminately with closely-written sheets of manuscript, scrap-books, cigarette stumps, letters, and articles of clothing.

"Come, old man," said Dart. "Come, brace up! We all know how much you thought of your uncle; but then, after all, you didn't see him oftener than once in two months, and the relationship isn't so close as it might be."

"You got my telegram?" asked Billy, gloomily.

"Yes," said Dart, "and here I am."

"And I got your note," Whitney broke in, "and here I am."

"That's so," said Billy, absently. "I did write you to come around, didn't I? but this news broke me up, and I had forgotten all about it. He was a mighty square old gentleman, wasn't he, boys?"

"We hope so," said Dart. "I suppose, Billy, if it hadn't been for the house-keeper, he'd have left you all his property; upwards of half a million, wasn't it?"

"Oh! come, fellows," said Billy. "The old woman isn't so bad. She always treated me first-rate—told me she wanted me to come to the house just as often as I used to before she married my uncle, and all that sort of thing."

"You didn't go, all the same, though," interrupted Dart.

"No-o;" said Billy, hesitatingly. "I've been too busy."

Even regard for the circumstances could not restrain the laughter of the visitors at this audacious statement from a man who practically did nothing but amuse himself.

"That's all right," he said with an injured air, as the laughter subsided.

"I beg your pardon!" exclaimed Dart, who was the first to recover his self-control. "By-the-bye, Billy! is Mr. Lynde's property real estate or personal?"

"Personal. It was one of his notions never to own real estate. Governments were good enough for him."

"Did he make a will?" asked Whitney, who, in spite of a very limited practice, knew enough law to feel certain that in default of such a document, Mrs. Lynde would take everything. Billy was the nearest blood-relative, and Billy was only a grand-nephew.

"Oh! I guess so," answered Billy. "He always said that whatever happened, I wouldn't be left out."

Jack Dart said nothing, but smoked vigorously. He seemed to be carefully studying the fly-specks on the ceiling. Suddenly he looked down, took the cigar from his mouth, and asked:

"When are you going to get married, Billy?"

"Why—well—I don't know, Jack; that is, I suppose some time in the spring."

"To whom, pray?" asked Whitney; while Dart smiled, and Billy, shooting an indignant glance at his questioner, answered sharply:

"Why, Miss Fancher!"

"Oh! don't get provoked," remonstrated Dart, "you can't expect common every-day mortals to keep track of all your lady-loves. Ralph's question was perfectly natural. I myself felt some doubt as to whether Fan and Annie and Lilian and Jennie and Belle had quite lost their several holds on your heart."

Billy frowned as darkly as was possible for him, and answered, with some hauteur:

"You fellows seem to think that I don't know what love is, but I want you to understand that this affair with Bessie means business!"

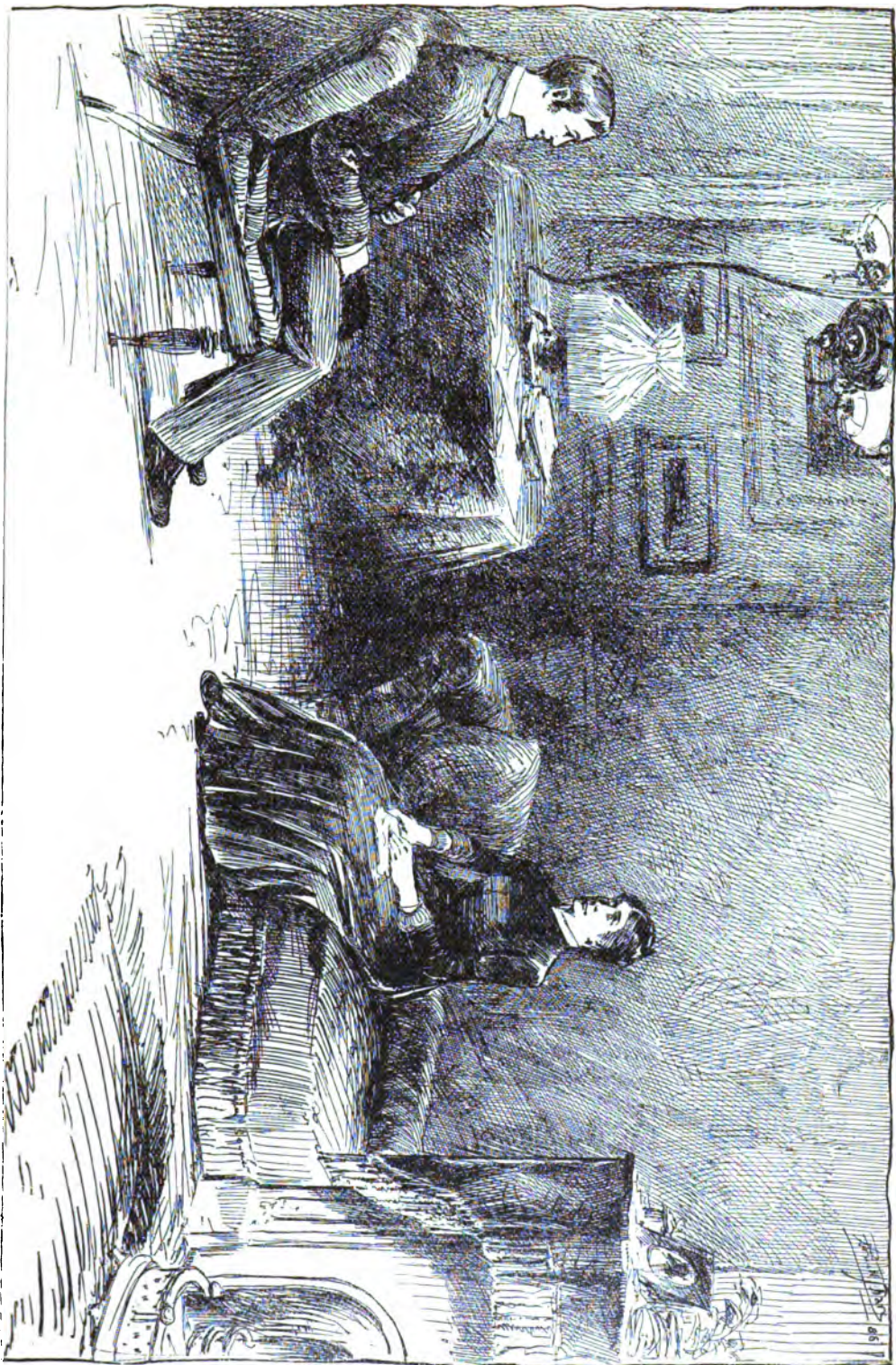
"Don't misunderstand me, Billy," said Dart soothingly, "we know that you are all love. There's not a man of my acquaintance except your attractive self, who could possibly experience fourteen distinct, deep, and profound passions for fourteen different women in a twelve-month."

Billy seemed pacified at this statement, which he evidently chose to regard as a compliment, and he went on more calmly with:

"If I don't know about love, I'd like to know who does. I've had more solid experience than any one of you."

"So you have," said Dart, looking very solemn; "and so you expect to get married this spring?"

"Yes, why shouldn't I? I've only been waiting for money, and now I suppose that's all right. The funeral has been set



"NONE WHATSOEVER!" SHE ANSWERED HASTILY.

for the day after to-morrow. You'll be there, Jack, won't you?"

This sudden change of ground, and the lugubrious tone in which the last words were uttered, would have quite taken a stranger's breath away. His visitors, however, were too well acquainted with Billy's peculiarities to feel surprise, and Jack Dart answered quietly:

"Of course."

* * * * *

There was an atmosphere of gloom about Number 817 East 22d Street. The sombre black streamer hung listlessly from the bell-handle, and, together with the tightly-closed shutters, told the story of mortality.

The servants moved about silent, with faces cloaked in perfunctory gloom. A short time before they had been flying hither and thither, urged by the commands of a sharp, metallic voice; for the widow's grief, in truth, had not been so overpowering as to prevent her from taking active command of all the preparations for the funeral.

Now, the great house was silent. Mrs. Lynde was in the library of her late husband and seated before his writing desk, the top of which was littered with a confused heap of papers and documents of various shades of antiquity, from the clean white mortgage fresh from the Register, to the yellow parchment of twenty years ago. The drawers had evidently been opened and their contents emptied, one by one, upon the pile, and yet the sour black expression on Mrs. Lynde's face showed that the particular paper for which she sought was not forthcoming. She pushed the pile from her with an exclamation of impatience.

"I declare to goodness!" she muttered. "I do wish Ebenezer had had some idea of arrangin' things so that a body could find suthin'. Of course he could lay his hands on it himself, but I'd like to know if a man expects to live allers. He might a considered that somebody's got to go over his dokuments after he's dead and gone."

So, grumbling to herself, she again commenced to rummage among the papers, and this time with more system. Each one was picked up, examined, and then deposited upon the floor beside her chair, while she kept repeating in an undertone:

"I jest know he kept it here."

She had gone half through the pile,

when she exclaimed triumphantly, "There! I jest knowed it," and, readjusting her gold-rimmed spectacles, she spread the paper open on the desk and began to read aloud:

"'I, Ebenezer Lynde, being of sound mind'—what in patience do they put all that stuff in for? Let me see.—'I hereby revoke all other wills by me made and executed. I give and bequeath to my executor and executrix hereinafter named, all my property of any kind and description wheresoever found, to be by them duly divided into two equal portions'—Well! 'and I direct them, my said executor and executrix, to thereupon deliver one of the said portions to my beloved wife, Susan D. Lynde'—Beloved! umph! "and the other portion to my grand-nephew, William Lynde; it being my will and intention to divide all my said property equally between my said wife and my said grand-nephew.'—Well, well, who'd 'a' thought Ebenezer Lynde was such an old hypocrite! 'I name and appoint the said William Lynde and the said Susan D. Lynde to be the executor and executrix of this my last will and testament.'"—Here Mrs. Lynde slapped the paper vigorously down upon the desk, and with the grim lines in her grim face drawn still deeper, she commenced:

"To think of Ebenezer Lynde a-makin' that good-for-nothin' scapegrace the equal of me, his own wife, who's cared for and nussed him, and borne with all his unreasonable humors and notions for these fifteen months! The ungrateful!" And she stamped her foot on the thick Persian rug that covered the floor. Then she leaned back in the chair, and her little beady eyes regarded the offending will with a glare of defiance.

"If I only—" she said, and then an idea seemed to strike her.

Ringin' the bell, she stepped quickly out into the hall, and, as the servant appeared, said:

"Jane, when the people begin to come, I wish you'd ask Mr. Dart to step up into the sittin' room for a minute. I wanter speak to him."

It was shortly after this that the undertaker took possession of the door, and the friends and acquaintances of the dead man began to arrive, to take a last farewell of one whom in life, despite his humors and peculiarities, they could not choose but honor and respect.

Mr. John L. Dart was among the first,

and a slight expression of surprise passed across his face when he was informed that the widow desired to speak to him at once.

"Some arrangement about the funeral that's been overlooked," mused Dart, as he stepped up stairs and knocked softly at the door of the sitting-room.

A muffled, "Come in," as if uttered through the folds of a handkerchief, was the answer; and Dart turned the knob and entered.

The room was carefully darkened, and the widow sat on a sofa with her back to what little light there was; while she held her handkerchief to her face, and her frame appeared to be shaken from time to time with convulsive sobs.

Dart felt uncomfortable. Several apparently appropriate remarks occurred to him, but he ended by saying:

"I believe you wished to see me, Mrs. Lynde."

For a moment the sobs redoubled, and Dart shifted his position nervously. Then the widow took a long breath and said in a broken voice:

"Yes, Mr. Dart, I did want to see you so much. It's few enough we can depend on in times like this, and I know my poor, dear husband allers depended on your brother, Mr. Dart, for everything in the lawin' line; and now bein' as how Richard Dart and poor Lynde's both gone, and seein' you've got your brother's practice, and I knowed you understood a thing or two, I jes' thought in the midst of my trials and sufferens that God's seen fit to send, I'd ask you a question that maybe you wouldn't mind answerin' for the sake of him as is gone."

During this disjointed statement, Dart sat in silent surprise, and when she had ended, he said:

"What is it you would like to ask? My opinions, such as they are, are always at your service."

"Oh, thank you, Mr. Dart; you're so modest like; but what I was sayin' was this—and I hope you won't think it strange, me askin' such questions at this time, but suppose Mr. Lynde didn't leave no will, what'd become of all his money and things?"

Dart almost whistled. Then he collected himself.

"He owned no real-estate, I believe," he said; "that is, no houses or land, you know."

"None whatsoever!" she answered,

hastily. "He only rented the very house that sheltered us—he was that strange."

"In that case," said Dart, slowly, "if Mr. Lynde left no will, and had no nearer blood-relative than his grand-nephew, all his property will go to his widow."

"Are ye *sure* of that?" she asked, with just a touch of suspicion in her voice.

"That is the New York Statutes. Doubtless there is a copy in Mr. Lynde's library. You will find the Statute of Distribution in the third volume, I think; but there's no question about the law."

"Oh! thank you, thank you so much, Mr. Dart!" The widow uttered this in somewhat less-carefully broken tones than before. "It's so good of you to tell me this. I only wanted to know in case when they looked over Mr. Lynde's papers they shouldn't find no will. He was so thoughtless in his later days, he was, indeed, Mr. Dart;" and again she began to sob heavily.

Dart waited a few moments, and then rose to go.

"If that is all, Mrs. Lynde," he said, "I will not intrude myself further upon your grief. I trust you will bear up under it."

"Oh, Mr. Dart, I've got to try. We've all got to try and pray for strength; but it's hard, powerful hard for a poor woman like me to be left alone in the world, and losin' such a man—such a man—Mr. Dart. Good-bye. I'm sure you've been very kind."

As the door closed behind Dart's retiring figure, a sudden change took place in the widow's demeanor. The handkerchief was tossed upon the table, and she rose from the sofa, hurriedly feeling in her pocket. In an instant she had drawn out the paper she had taken from the desk in the library—the will of her late husband. Strange to say, there was not a trace of tears in her hard, gray eyes, and her manner was firm and untroubled. She took a match from the mantel and struck it viciously. Then, holding the will over the fireplace, she lighted one corner, and with a grim smile watched the flames creep gradually up towards her hand.

Slowly the document consumed away, and, as the fire grew warmer on her fingers, she dropped the charred and blackened fragment on the bed of coals, where it fluttered for an instant in the draught, and then, caught by a strong gust, whirled up the chimney.

Mrs. Lynde smoothed her crape and her gray puffs, regained her handkerchief, with which she rubbed her eyes several times, and passed out to where the more immediate mourners were awaiting the commencement of the service.

As she closed the door behind her, a grim smile passed over her face. She tossed her head and muttered:

"I guess there won't be no interlopers takin' the property out of the family now!"

* * * * *

I don't think Lynde was nearly as much disappointed as any one else would have been when, instead of finding himself comfortably provided for for life, he saw his pauperism practically become chronic. He was too light-hearted and careless to trouble himself much about such a bagatelle.

There were a few expressions of surprise (none of resentment) at the old man's apparent failure to provide for him, as he had frequently expressed an intention of doing, ending with a "Well, I guess Bessie and I will have to wait now until *her* uncle dies."

Jack Dart had seemed very absent-minded for several days after the funeral of Mr. Ebenezer Lynde. His only remark on the subject of the property had been to the effect that perhaps since Mr. Lynde had retired from business he hadn't found time to make a will—a suggestion the satirical humor of which was entirely lost upon Billy, who took it perfectly seriously, and appeared to regard the excuse as valid.

* * * * *

It was now the morning of January 4th, —. Mr. William Lynde was evidently annoyed about something. He entered the office of Mr. John L. Dart with a nervous, distracted air, and, finding the door of the inner room closed, commenced a conversation with the shock-headed youth who officiated as office boy.

"Is Mr. Dart in?" began Billy.

"Yessir, busy," was the absent-minded answer given, with a wistful glance in the direction of the hall, whence came sounds indicating that several of his craft had assembled from neighboring offices to listen to a discussion between two of their number on the relative merits of sundry popular pugilists, with illustrations of their favorite methods of attack and defence.

"Who's with him?" continued Billy.

"Don't know."

"Been there long?"

"No-o."

"Well!" said Billy in a confidential tone, and exhibiting a telegram for the boy's perusal; "I don't see why Dart wants to send for me in such a hurry and make me drop everything. He doesn't seem to consider that I've got to earn a living for myself now. Here I had an engagement with Miss Fancher this morning and had to break it, and now *he's* busy." Billy was gradually working himself up to quite a state of indignation, but it was all lost upon his confidant, whose whole attention was devoted to the hall, where sounds indicated that the demonstrations bade fair to develop into actual hostilities.

"Say! Mister," he finally burst out with sudden energy, "will yer keep office for me a minute? I've got ter go—" the rest of the sentence was lost, together with the boy, who, without waiting for an answer, had vanished in the direction of the growing attraction without.

For a while Billy sat studying the ground-glass door of the inner office upon which appeared the words, "Richard F. Dart, Private." Five minutes passed, during which Mr. Lynde consulted his watch four times, sharpened two pencils, and changed his chair once. Then the inner door opened suddenly, and Dart's head appeared.

"Why, Billy!" he exclaimed, "you here? Why didn't that infernal boy tell me? Come in."

"I give it up. He said you had some one in there."

"Oh! well," answered Dart, with a quiet meaning, "perhaps he was too busy;—but sit down, old man; I expect Mrs. Lynde here every moment, and I sent for you to come as well. The interview may be of interest to you."

"I don't want to see *her*!" blurted Billy, reaching for his hat; but Dart quietly placed that article out of his reach and said:

"Yes, you do."

At that moment a lady in black, with a long crape veil, appeared in the doorway.

"Ah! good-morning, Mrs. Lynde!" exclaimed Dart, rising from his chair and stepping forward to greet his visitor. "I have been expecting you. Won't you come in and sit down?"

A rather stiff bow—meant to be dignified, but only stiff—was the answer, as the

lady walked into the inner office and took the offered chair.

"You said as how, Mr. Dart, you wanted to see me about my poor, dear husband's business," she began, eyeing Billy with a look that seemed to say: "Well, what are you sitting here for?"

Billy started to excuse himself and make good his escape, but Dart again interfered.

"Excuse me, Mr. Lynde," he said, "I believe you are interested in this matter;" and then, turning to the widow, he went on: "I must apologize, Madame, for bringing you down here instead of calling on you. To tell the truth I feel so much more at home talking in my own office with all my papers to refer to, that I trust you'll excuse it."

"Law, yes! I don't mind. I jes' druv down in the barouche—you know horses need exercise, Mr. Dart. It's one of the responsibilities of havin' money."

The widow seemed more at ease, although she still eyed Billy with evident disapproval.

"Pardon the question, Mrs. Lynde," said Dart, with a slight trace of uneasiness in his manner; "but would you mind telling me what your financial circumstances were when you married Mr. Lynde—what they are now, outside of his estate?"

"Why, what a question! Well, I don't mind a-tellin' you that Susan D. Gridley was a hard-workin', careful, savin' woman, and she warn't no pauper like some people, Mr. Dart,"—this with with another glare at her fidgeting grand-nephew.

Dart looked relieved.

"Then, Mrs. Lynde," he said seriously, "the news I may have for you will not be so unpleasant as I feared." He turned to the safe and, drawing thence a package of papers, handed them to his visitor.

She took the package very much as she would a dynamite cartridge.

"What's them?" she asked.

"Some papers," said Dart carelessly, "which your husband must have left with my brother for safe-keeping. I haven't felt at liberty to open them."

Mrs. Lynde commenced to feel for her pocket.

"Perhaps you'd better look at them here," suggested Dart. "Did you notice the endorsement of the first paper? It appears to be the will which you were unable to find."

Billy stopped fidgeting and became all

attention, while a peculiar look came into Mrs. Lynde's eyes.

"I guess not," she said, with an almost imperceptible tone of triumph in her voice, and, tossing the package to Dart, added:

"There's the papers, Mr. Dart; you can read them if you want to; I ain't got my specs here."

Dart took the parcel and cut the tape with which it was tied together. The other papers dropped upon the floor while he opened that which appeared to be the will and ran his eyes down the contents.

"Well, I guess you're wrong, ain't you?" suggested the widow.

Dart's hand trembled.

"On the contrary, Madame," he said slowly, "this is the will of Mr. Ebenezer Lynde, dated just two years ago; before his marriage, I believe."

"Lemme see it," she exclaimed, rising hastily.

Dart held the paper towards her.

"It's very short," he said. "Mr. Ebenezer Lynde leaves all his property to his grand-nephew, William Lynde."

Billy's eyes fairly bulged with astonishment. Mrs. Lynde sat down again with a dazed expression. Her hard, gray eyes even forgot to snap. Dart said nothing, but sat regarding her with the will in his hand. At last she seemed to recover speech, and burst out in a shrill, piercing voice:

"Do you mean to be a-tellin' me that Ebenezer Lynde never left nothin' to me, his lawful wife?"

"You forget, Madame," said Dart soothingly, "that at the time of making this will Mr. Lynde was unmarried, and his nearest relative was his grand-nephew. I am rather surprised, though," he went on musingly, "that he has made no later will modifying this one."

"Well, and what if he did, then?" snapped the widow, brightening up a little.

"Why, if he did," answered Dart, "this document would have been cancelled by such an act; but I understand you to say there is no other. You have sworn to that in your petition to be appointed administratrix."

"Well, there was one, anyhow, and it *did* what you lawyers call 'revoke' this 'ere one; so, there!"

Dart turned quickly upon her.

"Where is it?" he asked.

"I burnt it up," was the dogged answer.

"That will be a rather serious matter for you," he said slowly.

"Oh, law, no," she went on, gathering courage, now that her position was taken. "I can remember every word of it, and I guess that'll make that there dokymment no good. It *said* it revoked all other wills and sich."

"My dear Mrs. Lynde," said Dart, weighing every word as it fell, "I do not think that you fully comprehend the position in which your acts have placed you. Doubtless you can destroy the effect of the will in my hands by proving the fact you have just stated. At the same time I feel called upon to warn you that by taking such a step you will convict yourself of a misdemeanor in destroying your husband's will, and also of perjury in swearing before the Surrogate that he died intestate. Do you fancy a long term of imprisonment?"

Again the triumph faded from Mrs. Lynde's face, and her complexion grew ashy. She had sufficient cunning to perceive that she was fairly snared in the network of her own wiles.

"But—but—Mr. Dart," she began in a tremulous voice and after a short pause: "You ain't a-goin' to be tellin' this to anybody and gettin' a poor woman into trouble with all their laws and lawyers, are ye?"

"Certainly not," said Dart quickly. "As far as I am concerned, I know nothing about the matter. I am by no means satisfied that there ever was a will other than this, and I shall act accordingly. I shall place it in the hands of Mr. William Lynde and advise him to apply for its probate. Unless you choose to convict yourself, you are perfectly safe."

"And that there boy gets all the property?"

"That is the reading of the will. Frankly, Mrs. Lynde, you say you have saved enough to live on. Take my advice and don't try to get any more; for whether or not Mr. Lynde did make another will, your

attempt to prove that he did and that you destroyed it will be likely to have very unpleasant results for yourself."

Mrs. Lynde rose hurriedly.

"I didn't come here to get no advice from a whipper-snapper like you," she exclaimed in a high key. "I hope as how God'll punish you for oppressin' the widow! You know what the Good Book says about the widow and the orphan, John Dart; but I guess you lawyers don't take much heed of that."

She started towards the door. At that moment Billy began to recover from the paralysis of amazement with which he had been stricken.

"Hold on, auntie," he commenced.

She turned on him fiercely.

"And you, too," she said; "you ought to be ashamed of yourself—a-sha-med of yourself, William Lynde!"

She was fast becoming hysterical in her rage and chagrin; but a more violent scene was saved by her suddenly rushing from the room, slamming the door so viciously behind her as to crack the glass.

Jack Dart sat watching the point of her vanishing with a quiet smile on his face.

"I'd have had to have the name on that glass changed anyhow," he said, slowly.

"I say, Jack," exclaimed Billy, "the old woman wasn't always so bad. Is there anything against my letting her have a good slice of the mun, anyhow?"

"You can do as you please," said Dart, dryly. "I wouldn't—but talk it over with Miss Fancher."

* * * * *

No opposition was offered to the probate of the will of Ebenezer Lynde, deceased. The widow had proved herself a prophetess:

"There was no interlopers takin' the property out of the family."

Duffield Osborne.





EDITED BY CHRISTINE TERHUNE HERRICK.

THE TWELVE-DOLLAR CLUB.

*"To feed were best at home:
From thence, the sauce to meat is ceremony."*



ULTRA æstheticism has reached its climax in "table culture." The day of silk covers which every guest beheld with wondering awe not un-mixed with dread; diminutive napkins whose very delicacy of tint and fabric forbids their use; costly flowers, rare orchids whose value, like gems, can only be mentioned with bated breath;—all these have had their hour, and let us hope when they make their exit, with them will go the chicken cutlet, whose paper frill and richly-painted plate scarce atone for its meagreness and lukewarm condition.

It is not the purpose of this paper to go into a history of the observance of feasting; but a single glance backward will satisfy us that it is a time-honored custom. The ancient Greeks and Romans, as well as the Jews and Christians, held holiday feasts, the latter ostensibly for religious purposes. As their calendar of saints lengthened, the commemorative feasts increased and changed character, until the fourth century gives us a repellent picture of festivals instituted on a pagan model, perverted to the most extravagant purposes. Our modern banquets resemble the Roman style more than any other in the tedious succession of dishes and the lavish profusion of wine, omitting the coarseness thereof,—though can we claim any great fastidiousness in this regard when our assemblies show a lack of self-control that certainly the noblest Roman could not have excelled, though his cup were two-handed and his toast,—*"To Jupiter, good*

and great, to Venus, to Bacchus?" Has tradition handed down any descriptions equal to those in the daily papers succeeding the dinner given in Washington at the Chinese Legation, where rudest barbarism had full sway? When we reflect upon the consequences of this free dispensation of wine upon our weaker brother, should we not stay our hand? A few years ago in Newport there was given a magnificent dinner, at which just such profusion prevailed, and a certain celebrated Monsignor told me that he had never in the old country, or the new, witnessed its equal, there being fifteen kinds of wine offered to the guests at one sitting.

It is into this atmosphere of extravagant luxury that our young daughters are ushered, and where they are treated like young princesses until the reins of government are put into their own hands. Papa, whose large rental has easily provided all luxuries and commanded a full sway of everything most desirable, furnishes—maybe gives—both house and furniture, and then retires, expecting the young husband to do his part henceforth. Fred, (let me call him,) finds himself master for the first time of a snug home, and monarch of all he surveys, including Marie, who, alike helpless and all too confiding, entirely agrees with dear Fred that this is the time, when all is pretty and fresh, to return the many courtesies that have been offered to her as débutante and bride, to him as bachelor and delightful companion at table.

So they open their house, dinner succeeds dinner, perfect in appointment, followed by a lunch served by a first-class caterer, and then one morning they confront each other

at breakfast with grave faces, for at each plate is deposited a pile of bills from costumer, florist, and caterer.

"What is to be done?" says Fred, drawing his brows together and speaking in vexed tones at which poor Marie's heart sinks ominously. "Are we never to have any company? Why, every one I know entertains his friends; but, by Jove! if it always costs them so much, I wonder how they can keep it up. I cannot do it for one; a year's salary, at this rate, would be swallowed in a few mouthfuls."

Is this picture exaggerated? Do we not, many of us at least, feel an instinctive alarm as our caterer, in his urbane way, suggests one little trifle after another, and yet are we not equally helpless to resist, or imagine that we are, seeing that Mrs. H. and Mrs. J. have entertained us at their elegant tables, and we feel ashamed to offer them less? For the woman of ample means, a long bill at the caterer's and florist's is simply in keeping with her manner of living. That she should give all responsibility and trouble into the hands of a competent manager is only fair, seeing it is by such patronage as hers that that class of people make their living; but I address myself to the young housekeeper whose income is limited and not in proportion to the elegant tastes which are hers by birth and education. Is she no longer to enjoy the pleasure of having a few friends dine with her, because she may not emulate those who are older and richer? When we see this question in print we are apt to denounce the idea as extremely vulgar, but let us look around among our acquaintances and see if it be not sadly true. Either our young friend must come out in a very swell affair, and do it handsomely "just to keep even with and discharge her obligations," or she must cease inviting her friends to her house, and so justly achieve a reputation for meanness. If the former course is adopted, she is probably burdened for months after with a sense of extravagance, for a lunch such as I have alluded to in the beginning of this paper costs about thirty-six dollars—three dollars per head—while a dinner may range from seventy-five dollars into the hundreds. I submit here a *menu*, furnished me by a leading caterer, whom I can recommend for his careful selection. In this estimate—thirty-six dollars—you will see there is no provision for wine, and is it not in better taste to omit it at a ladies' luncheon?

Blue Points on Half Shell.

Purée of Celery.

Rock Fish au gratin (in shells).

Suprême of Chicken (with Truffles).

Hot Boned Turkey.

Peas and Potato Balls.

Terrapin and Celery.

Roman Punch (in Iced Goblets).

Pheasants and Water Cress.

Currant Jelly.

Saratoga Chips.

Dressed Celery.

Cream Cheese and Wafers.

Omelette Soufflée.

Ice Cream and Fancy Cake.

Meringues.

Glacé Fruit.

Coffee.

As I said before, this is an easy and handsome way of entertaining for those who can command the genie of fortune; but it is to the young and inexperienced I turn, those dear children over whom my heart yearns, and for whom the music of the wedding bells will cease all too soon and the jangle and toil of domestic life begin, because the strain on their tender shoulders is so very great and their young hearts are so easily hurt.

Said a dear girl to me: "Oh, Mrs. H! I did not know life was so hard," and her sweet eyes filled with tears. "Mamma always said I was very capable, and you know I graduated, '*cum summa laude*,' yet here I am, after one dinner in my house, completely used up. My head aches from the anxiety I endured, the house looks as if a cyclone had passed over it, my carpets are spotted with cream and stuff, and, worst of all, Bridget, upon whom I relied, says 'she'll never live in a kitchen where two saucy niggers are ordering around as they did yesterday!' And, all I can save for a month to come won't make up for the bill."

In the argument for housekeeping *versus* the exemption from care in hotel or boarding-house life, the triumphant rebuttal has always been, "but how about your friends? Asking them to take a seat

at a hotel table is simply dining them at your expense." Is there not some truth in this? They are not really partaking of our hospitality, for that is the outcome of our home-life, part of ourselves, as it were, in which all our surroundings must share the atmosphere of our Lares and Penates which constitutes the sacredness of home into which we may take even the strange and desolate, and mayhap entertain an angel unawares.

Most of us live when in the bosom of our families, simply, but I hope comfortably, for as much to be deplored is the sometime custom of shrouding the furniture in sepulchral wrappings and utilizing broken cups and teapots for everyday use. Supposing that this latter observance has now passed away, why may we not invite any chance visitor into our family circle and by the cordiality of our welcome make up for any little discrepancy in our bill of fare?

Contrast this welcome with the feeling that we have all at some time experienced when, on making an inopportune call at meal-time, either one of the younger children has been deputed to entertain us whilst our host or hostess choked down the few last mouthfuls, or else we have sat, chilly and forlorn, listening to the subdued clatter of knives and forks, the odors of viands filling us with a sense of vacuum and exclusion alike painful to old and young.

We all know that to make a thing perfectly acceptable and to insure its adoption, both fashion and social custom must set their seal upon it. We have a rather wholesome fear of anything that may seem cheap and consequently bizarre in our neighbors' eyes, and few would dare take the initiatory step of introducing a less expensive and simpler manner of entertainment. It was to prove that one's friends could be catered for in a dainty and economical manner that twelve ladies, several of them leaders of the social world of Philadelphia, met together and devised the subject of this paper, namely, a twelve-dollar dinner. Not only did they devise, but they demonstrated the fact, and have, for three seasons, enjoyed the pleasure of giving charming dinners without any foreign aid, for if such is called in they deduct it from the sum stipulated. These twelve dollars cover *every item* except salt and pepper and

that sort of small things which cannot be accounted for.

I append two of the *menus* kindly furnished by one of these ladies, and I cannot but feel that they have eased the burden of many less experienced sisters who, I hope, will emulate their success.

MENU.

Huitres sur l'ecaille.....	.62
Soupe aux fèves noires.....	.45
Poisson à la crème80
Suprême de volaille.....	.48
Pommes de terre. Epinard.....	.50
Sorbet.....	1.50
Côtelettes de ris de veau.....	3.00
Salade.....	.52
Méringues.....	1.00
Oranges.....	.30
Olives, noix confitures.....	.93
Bordeaux.....	1.00
Café.....	.15
Corbeille de fleurs.....	.75

12.00

No. 2.

Oysters and lemons.....	.65
Soup.....	.25
Fish croquettes.....	.63
Chops.....	.84
Pheasants.....	1.02
Celery.....	.36
Peas.....	.40
Sweetbread pâtés.....	1.80
Chocolate cake.....	.33
Nuts.....	.16
Olives.....	.10
Hamburg cream.....	.20
Coffee.....	.15
Ice cream.....	1.20
Crackers.....	.12
Cheese.....	.20
Oil.....	.30
Clysmic water.....	.56
Tomatoes.....	.10
Christmas boxes.....	1.37
Holly.....	.30
Cake.....	.68
Fruit.....	.27

11.99

Felicia Holt.

HOUSEHOLD SERVICE.

IN these days of domestic problems, none is more perplexing than the shifting relations of mistress and maid, especially the maid of all work.

The writer is old enough to remember the more stable conditions of thirty years ago in a large New-England town, where she recalls long service in the same families, ranging from eight to twenty-five years in individual instances of which she was cognizant. For the most part this was in large families too, where numerous children were neither unfashionable nor unwelcome, where the so-called "modern improvements" were unknown, where the greater part of the six working days was full from morning till night, and the mother's share frequently ended still later over a basket of mending.

Yet the Sunday was notably a day of rest to the household, for the housewifely training so universal at that time planned for a well-ordered house, a cleanly-scoured kitchen and pantries, and an ample store of freshly-cooked edibles when Saturday night came. As a result, after a somewhat later breakfast than usual, parents and children went off in an orderly procession to church on Sunday morning, and in most instances, to the second service also in the afternoon. Some parents, content with the morning observance, allowed the children a quiet walk to the quaint old burying-ground or about the fields on the edge of the town, often with the trusty maid; or again to make a call upon relatives or friends, usually in company with the father, which gave the mother a little restful quiet for an hour or two.

The rigid New-England spirit had changed sufficiently to allow books of travel or general information to the more bookishly inclined boys and girls who preferred to stay at home and enjoy them. A large quarto life of Christ with fine illustrations, and Chambers' well-known "Information for the People" and "Cyclopedia," are delightful remembrances of the writer's youthful Sunday afternoons in a home where reading was individual rather than general. The family met at six for a simple supper, and "the girl" had her evening among her friends, to be in at nine o'clock for a good night's rest and renewed strength for the invariably large Monday washing.

On that and the following (ironing) day, the elder daughters and the mother assumed the greater part of the general household cares, and it was customary for the daughters to assist the mother in turn with the finer cooking, like pastry and cake, while each child had an allotted share of light work during the week according to sex or capacity, leaving through this division of labor, the burden more equally distributed and allowing more or less leisure, extending even to the kitchen.

This gave the servant an assurance that she was considered, and with the daily consciousness that the household cares were divided, she went on contentedly with her work, interested in all that pertained to the family joys or sorrows, often remaining so long with a family that her interests were inseparable from those of her employers. The "hired girl" or "help" in the families which the writer has in mind, was usually Irish, of a very different character from the average modern article so much over-dressed and so full of pretension. She was, too often for the patience of her mistress, a "green" girl, but strong, faithful, and willing, not aspiring to any social equality, grateful for kindness and sufficiently appreciative of the efforts to instruct her in household matters to remain many years and repay her employers with the skill gained under their tuition.

In one family of six children, four of these were successively cared for by the same warm-hearted Irish maid, who only left to be married, and named her eldest child, by permission, after that one of the daughters of the house who had been her first charge. Three other servants at different times staid on an average of nine years, return to Ireland and marriage being the cause of separation in two instances.

In other households, both American and colored domestics made long tarries, some remaining during their life. "Aunt Betsy," the honored long-time servitor of a Quaker household, was the delight of numerous grandchildren, and the sight of her gay head-handkerchief as her portly form appeared with some of her crisp, toothsome "wonders" for the children, was always hailed with exuberant demonstrations; while the daughter of a poor sailor lost at sea was the faithful helper for forty years

in the same house, and her last days were made most comfortable by the children and grandchildren of the mistress whom she always considered as a sort of mother. Indeed the third generation knew her in her old age by no other name than "Cousin Hannah."

How unlike the relations of to-day! With much higher wages, with every possible convenience for doing the work of a household, with lavish command of pantry stores, and a generous share of the luxuries of the table, the permanence of present service is largely dependent on caprice, on mercenary interests, on occasional mutual dependence and inter-dependence, and in rare instances, on special fitness of family and of servant. Gratitude for favors seems an almost unknown quantity, consideration of employer's interests and a watchful economy in the kitchen quite unstudied, and worn, anxious-looking housekeepers and mothers long for a general emancipation from the present order of things and a new race of thrifty, painstaking servants whose honesty and faithful service will make the heart sing for joy, and give a permanence to household relations so longed for throughout the land.

The writer does not include the wealthy, who can command a variety of skilled service and whose ample purse does not feel the innumerable small wastes or pilferings that make such an aggregate at the end of the year, or those who can pay a superior housekeeper to supervise, and check, and control the staff of servants under her charge,—or those fortunate families on the Pacific Coast who delight in the quiet, skilled, and reliable service of first-class "China boys." She is thinking of the large proportion of families in moderate, or more than comfortable circumstances whose dependence is upon one servant, or at most two, with a seamstress from without occasionally, and perhaps the dressmaking compassed at home by the aid of the latter, or put out altogether.

In this busy nineteenth century, with its steady march of progress, its innumerable inventions and activities, its advance in literature, science and art, and its great opportunities,—the quickened life of humanity, with pulse responsive to these new demands and conditions, creates a restlessness and makes a drain on nervous and mental forces that are seriously felt by the more delicate and finely organized physique of woman. In the endeavor to compete with one's neighbors in social attain-

ments, including dress and fashion, or on the higher plane of intellectual and cultured achievement, in order to find time for reading and study, music, and art, and the best ideals of every sort; in order to participate in philanthropic and educational movements, and to be working, as well as nominal church members, women can no longer devote all their time and thought to the unending details of the modern home with its enlarged machinery and increased perplexities.

Said a good New-England wife and mother of fine mental gifts, forever kept from their best expression by untoward surroundings, "I am so glad I shall not live far into the next century. I am breathless trying to keep up even moderately with this."

It would seem that, if ever capable, reliable service were needed, it is now, and it is largely due to a notorious lack of such service and the above-mentioned demands on time and strength, that the old home life is being merged to so alarming an extent in that of flats, boarding-houses, and hotels, and that the increasing number of childless families is becoming a prominent social science question, and a subject of anxious discussion and consideration among thoughtful and far-seeing people.

Is it not possible to re-establish the home partly on its old basis, partly on the new? By simpler living, simpler dressing, a more equal division of the interests without with the interests within, a more sensible training of the girls, aye, and boys too, in requiring the daily performance of certain light household duties. This, while it lightens the labors of the often severely-taxed one or two servants, makes the later young man or woman practically independent of the insolent presumption of the kitchen goddess, when aware of the helpless ignorance of a timid mistress, or of the non-interference of an easy master to whom the resources of club or hotel are readily accessible when the domestic machinery moves unsteadily. How many men and women pledged to love and cherish each other, have drifted apart through lack of just such training! Next, are needed more united effort on the part of housekeepers to combine against the real abuses of kitchen and household service, a fixed determination to take no applicant without a reliable reference which shall be looked up, even at the expense of considerable time and trouble if need be; bravery to refuse a "rekko-

mind," where there is serious fault or incompetency; self-control to make necessary reproof in a firm but kindly manner, free from any suspicion of temper; honor as regards tampering with another's servants by offering higher wages or other inducements. Last, but not least, a thoughtful consideration of, and regard for, the comfort of the toiling, oftentimes overworked occupant of overheated kitchens, who cannot, like the mistress, go away by herself and lie down with a headache or temporary feeling of extreme weariness or physical disturbance, and who frequently complains, with reason, of the hard kitchen chair, the small, inconvenient and scantily-furnished sleeping-room, hot

in summer, and cold and unwarmed in winter, the smoky kerosene lamp, and the lack of friendly interest, or the frequent fault-finding without deserved commendation.

Several important points in connection with a full consideration of this much-discussed subject, have necessarily been omitted, and others only touched upon, because of the natural limits of this article, but the writer sincerely hopes that the last section of it will seriously commend itself to the thoughtful consideration of other housekeeping wives and mothers, for only in wise combination and united counsel, will this problem be simplified or solved.

Elizabeth Inman.



THE LITTLE FOXES THAT STEAL TIME.



THE busiest people have the most time." Perhaps one might say rather that those who accomplish most work seem to have most leisure. One may be busy, yet get very little done, very much to his own surprise.

One young woman puzzled over the fact that although apparently she had very little to do, it took all her time to do it, and she never knew what it was to have half a day's real leisure, while her next neighbor, with far more calls on her time, seemed to be always ready for anything. She was never too busy to join a walking party or take a drive, or to read a book; in fact, she read a great deal.

"And I," said this puzzled young woman, telling the facts to an elderly friend, "just get time to skim the magazines, and although I don't say I can't take a drive, if I do I must leave something undone. I haven't real leisure for it."

The friend who heard the lament said, "My dear, you are not alone in your experience. I was myself in just your state, dissatisfied to see my days go by doing just a few things that others seemed to get through in half the time, yet always tired when night came with doing the little. I was determined to find out the cause, and having a visitor, begged her to tell me if she could see that I wasted time. I ought to have known better than ask the question; what friend dares be quite sincere when to be so is to find fault?"

"However, my friend gave me an inkling of the truth when she said: 'I notice you waste a great many steps in putting things away. You seldom do it with one movement; you walk half across the kitchen to put something on the table, when one step more, sometimes two or three less, would put it in its final resting place.'

"I observed after this, and found that I could save myself a good deal of fatigue and some time by cultivating the habit of avoiding two movements to do one thing.

"But this I knew was not the whole secret, and in order to find out exactly what I did with my time, I thought I would keep an account-book, only, instead of dollars and cents, the record should be of hours and minutes. I noted down the exact time I began or left off each task. That told me the tale. Of course, the time between ending one task and beginning the next was lost, and I found that sometimes ten minutes, sometimes half an hour would elapse; and adding up these odd minutes I found that some days the time so lost really was longer than the time employed.

"On looking back over my days, I saw that I would allow myself to be attracted after I had finished a piece of work, by a few words in a newspaper, pick it up and read it standing; or, looking through the window, I would watch anything that caught my eye, go out and tie up a flower or gather a bouquet. It was not always just wasted time, but one of the things I envied women was an occasional hour to work among the flowers. If I snatched

the time to do it out of time and place, it gave me no pleasure. It only added to my driven feeling.

"I kept my little book a month; by that time, I had learned to guard against the 'little foxes' that had stolen my leisure. Henceforth I went from one thing to another until my morning's work was done, not hurrying, only steadily dove-tailing one thing in with another, and no one with the same amount of work had more time than I."

Her listener saw daylight; she too had a habit of drinking in the beauties of outdoor life out of time and season, of snatching bits of reading, then rushing to make up for lost time, in consequence. When asked to spend an afternoon in the woods the memory of some piece of sewing which she left undone to go spoilt her pleasure.

She laughed a little.

"Thank you so much for giving me your experience. I see now I have simply dawdled over my work."

Catherine Owen.



CHOICE RECIPES.

SCALLOPED SHRIMPS.

1 can shrimps. 1 cupful milk.

1 tablespoonful butter.

2 teaspoonfuls corn-starch.

Pinch cayenne pepper. Salt to taste.

Put the milk over the fire in a double boiler. When hot, stir into it the butter and corn-starch. Stir until thick. Add the shrimps minced fine, the salt and pepper. Pour into scallop shells, and sprinkle with fine crumbs, and dot with bits of butter. Brown in oven, and serve, hot, in the shells.

VEAL AND MACARONI PÂTÉ.

Chop two cupfuls cold boiled macaroni fine. Mix with it a beaten egg, and line a buttered mold—a plain one—with the macaroni. Inside this, place the remains of cold veal, chopped small, well seasoned, and moistened with gravy. Spread the macaroni over the top of the meat, cover the mold tightly, plunge it in a pot of boiling water and boil an hour and a half. Turn out in a platter, and pour gravy or drawn butter over it.

CURRIED EGGS.

6 eggs, boiled hard.
 1 tablespoonful butter.
 1 tablespoonful flour.
 1 cup good gravy, or soup stock.
 Salt and pepper to taste.
 1 teaspoonful curry powder.

Cook the butter and flour together until they bubble, stir in the gravy, and, when this is heated, the pepper, salt and curry powder. Lay in the boiled eggs, quartered, simmer two minutes, and serve.

EGGS À LA CRÊME.

6 eggs.
 $\frac{1}{2}$ pint cream.
 Salt and pepper to taste.

Heat the cream to boiling in a shallow pudding-dish, break the eggs into it, and bake covered in a moderate oven ten minutes, or until the eggs are "set." Dust over with pepper and salt and send to table.

ORANGE JAM.

12 oranges, cut in very thin slices, and seeded. Add to them six pints cold water, leaving it standing all night. Then add six pounds of sugar, and boil till it thickens into jam.

TO SPICE A ROUND OF BEEF, 25 LBS.

4 dessertspoonfuls pepper.
 4 " " allspice.
 2 " " cloves.
 2 " " saltpetre.
 12 " " salt.

Make into a paste with molasses. Place the round in a large dish, and rub the mixture in well for twenty minutes. Turn the beef *in the dish*, every day for three weeks. To cook it, make a good gravy of beef, put it, with the spiced beef and a quart of water into the oven, and stew some hours, turning it now and then.

A NORFOLK, VA., RECIPE FOR CUCUMBER PICKLE.

2 oz. celery seed.
 2 " turmeric.
 2 " white mustard seed.
 2 " ground mustard.
 2 " mace.
 2 " ground black pepper.

6 pods red pepper.
 2 qts. onions, cut up.
 8 lbs. brown sugar.

Cover all with cider vinegar, and let it come to a boil. This is to make two gallons of cucumber pickle, and the cucumbers are to be cut up and cooked with the ingredients, after being well soaked to get rid of the salt water in which they have been kept. This is *delicious* pickle, and is ready for immediate use.

OYSTER SOUP.

1 quart oysters with their liquor.
 1 quart milk.

$\frac{1}{2}$ pound butter, rubbed into 3 tablespoonfuls of flour, and boiling water added to make 1 pint of drawn butter.

Put oysters and milk into a porcelain kettle; when boiling, add the drawn butter, a little salt and pepper; boil a few minutes and serve.

CORRESPONDENCE.

ROACHES.

To Marion Harland:

Again I turn to you for aid as I have done so often before, and I trust not in vain. For some time I have been troubled with roaches, or water-bugs, about the sink in my kitchen; I have used a number of remedies, and again and again I have hoped I was rid of them, only to have them reappear after a few weeks or months. Can you tell me how I can effectually rid myself of them? I think now that I have never been really rid of them, but have only succeeded in keeping them down.

E. M. R.

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

Answer:

It is doubtful if there is any remedy that will *permanently* banish water-bugs. The same conditions that caused them in the first place are not removed, and as long as these exist the pests will return. All the housekeeper can hope to do is to "keep them down," as you have done. One of the best means for this is the use of borax and white sugar. These should be mixed and sprinkled on the floor at night. The roaches eat them and find the borax fatal. One authority declares that cucumber peel scattered about the kitchen and

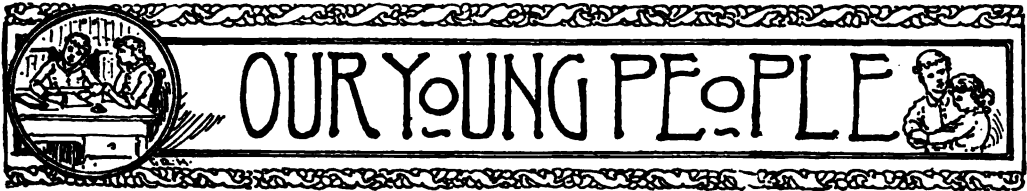
pantry will kill all bugs that eat it, and that roaches like the taste of the peel well enough to commit involuntary suicide in great numbers.

Such a slaughter as this will give the housewife immunity from this nuisance for a time, at least, and when the visitors begin to reappear, she must promptly resume

the work of destruction. By this course she will avoid being overrun by the roaches, and she must not be discouraged if a stray one occasionally shows himself.

Perhaps some of our contributors or subscribers can give a recipe for a thorough extermination of the pests.

EDITOR OF THE HOME-MAKER.



WHAT ONE GIRL DID.



A SMALL library in the house of a friend where I visited last summer was fitted up so tastefully that I ventured to ask who had done it, and was told

that the youngest

daughter had taken it in hand, and was responsible, not only for the entire arrangement of the room, but for the manufacture of two of the bookcases, the lattice work over the upper part of the windows and in the upper space in the doorway, and the window seats as well.

When she had told me how she had managed and how little money she had used, I asked her to give particulars that I could give the readers of THE HOME-MAKER the benefit of her experience.

"First," she said, "there was the room, rather long and narrow, with a bow window on one side, a wide doorway on the other, and a small alcove which had once been a closet at one end.

"I stained the floor, or rather painted it with wood paint made after the following recipe.

"One pint of boiled oil, two pints of turpentine, one quarter of a pound of burnt umber, one quarter of a pound of

yellow ochre. I mixed them well together and put on the paint with a painters' brush, let it dry for a day, then sized it, and when this was dry gave it a good coat of varnish. I only used the paint for a border, buying a square of self-colored carpet, very dark green, for the centre. The walls I had kalsomined a deep terracotta which contrasts well with the floor-covering. I did not attempt a dado, and my frieze I bought at the paper store.

"My bow window came next. As I had decided on this long ago I had no trouble in arranging it. My sister and I made a lattice for the upper half of the window, of Manilla rope, quite a large size, tying it with the same knot used in making hammocks. It was heavy work and rather hard on our fingers, but the effect was so good that we felt quite repaid for our labor. I made frames of scantling to fit the window and tacked the lattice work into them. Then I colored them with walnut stain and gave them a good coat of varnish. When thoroughly dry we fastened them into the window. I assure you that to make the frames fit the window and the lattice fit the frames was no easy job, for I am no carpenter, but I managed to do it and do it pretty well too." And she looked at her work with very pardonable pride.

"The family all laughed at me," continued this energetic little person, "when I pounded my fingers and covered my hands and face with paint, kalsomine and varnish, for somehow at first I managed to cover myself with everything but glory; however I didn't mind their good-natured jeers and kept on my way, determined to do or die.

"But to complete the window: for the sash curtains I used China silk with a yellow ground over which scrambled a running vine of dark blue: the fullness of these I gathered over small brass rods which I bought for a few cents a foot.

"I got the carpenter to make some wide seats for the window, as I was afraid the curve would be too much for me; these we covered with pieces of carpet like that on the floor. I had the covers put on with hinges, and we find the boxes most convenient for keeping father's slippers, newspapers and our work-baskets, which we sometimes want to put out of sight.



"My bookcases came next. I wanted one for the alcove and a smaller one for the other side of the room. Some workmen who had been at the house a short time before had left a few pieces of lumber and scantling in the yard: these I gathered to-

gether with saw, hammer, and nails, and the result is I have two very good bookcases. If I had not had the lumber I think I could have managed to make some tolerably good cases out of drygoods boxes, at least I should have tried. I painted the cases with ebony paint, using the same for those two large chairs and my desk. I used the gold paint for narrow lines to give a little bit of relief. The curtains for the bookcases are of china silk like that used for the windows; they are hung with small brass rings on a slender brass rod.

"The larger case nearly fills the alcove and holds all my largest and best books: on the smooth, flat top—for I didn't attempt any adornment—I put the large owl which I brought from the Berkshire Hills several summers ago, and the Mexican water-jar which my brother brought from the Pacific coast. As I did not want a portière for the alcove, I draped the doorway with some India stuff, tacking it lightly here and there so that I could easily take it down and shake the dust out from time to time, for draperies are the greatest dust-catchers in the world.

"I took away the double doors between this room and the dining room; across the top of the space I put an eighteen-inch rope lattice, like that at the window; below on a pole which just fitted the doorway I hung a pair of dark curtains which only cost seven dollars.

"That door over there" pointing to one opening on the farther side of the room, "was the worst feature I had to deal with, for it was of no possible use and had no business there. After much planning I covered it with a piece of plain maroon velveteen, stretching it from top to bottom without fullness and fastening it securely. Before I did this, though, I fastened a small shelf across the top of the door, where I put several pieces of my precious china, for you must know it might be written of me as it was of Horace Walpole:

"'China's the passion of his soul:
A cup, a plate, a dish, a bowl,
Can kindle wishes in his breast,
Inflame with joy, or break his rest.'

"Over the velveteen, across the top and down the sides, I draped a pair of thin Syrian curtains, sewing on tapes as much as possible to prevent the use of tacks or nails. Half way down I fastened a small bracket, above this I tacked some engravings with-

out frames, the maroon velveteen making an excellent background. Here at the base I put a large jar, filled with long grasses, cat-tails or bulrushes, when I can get them; when I can't, I spread a large Japanese fan to its fullest extent. This gratifies my love of color and fills the space, so that now that door, instead of being an eyesore, is one of the prettiest bits of decoration in the room. Indeed I consider it one of the greatest triumphs of art over ugliness."

On the speaker's desk stood a bowl of French faience, filled with Jacqueminot roses; feathery ferns grew in another jar in the room, and the whole effect was artistic beyond my power of description. The tone was pleasing and restful, the colors

harmonizing beautifully, and it was plain to be seen that comfort had not been sacrificed to appearances. The result far exceeded the most sanguine expectations of the creator herself.

"The family all liked this room so well," said my young friend, "that father has promised to put the parlors into my hands next year; and then, as I shall have more money to use—I have made him believe in my ability to do—I will show you something quite worth while."

I assured her I should believe her if she said she were going to bring the moon down for decorative purposes and finished my visit heartily wishing, "Heaven had made me such a—daughter."

Laura B. Starr.



PENCIL AND PAPER GAMES.

HIT-OR-MISS LOGOMACHY.

THIS is best played by a dozen or more people.

Appoint a leader who opens a book at random, and selecting the last letter of the top or bottom line on the right-hand page, gives it to the company. Each person is already provided with a sheet of paper and a pencil, and in three silent minutes, writes down as many proper names of persons, places, or countries beginning with the letter given, as he or she can recall in that time. The three minutes up, the leader calls for the lists, the writers reading them aloud in turn. Each listens attentively, and strikes from his or her list any name duplicated by another member of the party.

A second letter is chosen, haphazard as before, and the same course pursued. At the end of the fifth round, or of the tenth, as the players may choose to have it, the person holding the largest number of unduplicated names is declared the winner of the game and receives a prize.

A booby prize may also be awarded to the holder of the lowest number.

RHYMING MEDLEY.

A HALF sheet of paper is given to each person present, and a neatly-pointed pencil. Those with rubber tops are preferable to those without, as erasures are apt to occur in the work of the novice.

Each person in the circle of players makes mental selection of a line of poetry, writes it at the top of the page, covers it with a narrow, close fold of the paper, and passes it to his next right-hand neighbor, whispering to him as he does so, the last word of the quotation. Each recipient of paper and word must, with as little delay as practicable, write a line to rhyme with that given him, and another with a different termination, which he confides to the next below him.

For instance, Miss A. writes :

"The curfew tolls the knell of parting day," and whispers to Mr. B. on her right:
 "The last word is *day*."

His impromptu match-line is, perhaps,
 "I fain would fly, and yet can't get away."

Below this, for his right-hand rhymers, he writes:

"Die of a rose in aromatic pain," and says, *sotto voce*, in giving it—always folded down—

"Something to rhyme with *pain*."

When the folded papers have twice gone the round of the circle, each is opened and read aloud by the then holder. An odd, and usually amusing medley is the result of quotation and improvisation.

NEXT TO NOTHING.

THIS is rather a riddle than a game, and is best played by breaking up the company into pairs. The partners selected by one another or the leader may, however, if the number present warrants the claim, insist upon choosing two others as assistants.

Miss C. and Mr. D. each write something upon the paper furnished and exchange with one another. Miss C. calls upon Mr. E. to help decipher what she receives. Mr. D. asks Miss F. to aid him. The paper inscribed by Miss C. stands thus:

"....."

Old Song.

Mr. D.'s paper bears these marks:

"....."

Shakespeare.

After a moment's study, Mr. D. asks the fair riddler and donor of his next-to-a-blank

to designate all the *e*'s in the quotation. He might call for any other vowels if he chose, but as *e* is that in most frequent use, the best clue is generally to place this properly. The person called upon must supply the desired vowel, upon pain of a forfeit should he refuse.

This given, Mr. D. has:

"... .e... ..e... ..e ..e ..e.e.

Perhaps he catches at the rest. If not, he may ask for still another vowel—we will say *a*—and gets this:

"... .ea.ea.. a.e ..e ..e.e. ...

If exceptionally slow of perception, he may ask—humbly—for it is his last chance of elucidation, for one vowel more, and luckily hits upon *y*. Had he chosen *i* or *u*, the reading would have been less clear.

"... .ea.y .ea.. a.e ..e ..e.e.y"

If he does not instantly read the riddle, his fair coadjutor does, and writes it out in full:

"How dear to my heart are the scenes
 of my childhood!"

Miss C. and Mr. F., by somewhat the same process, have worked out at their table the line designated by Mr. D.:

"Fair nymph, in your orisons be all my
 sins remembered."

The quotations, so gingerly indicated, must be from familiar sources and the authors' names be given. These, and the dote of a vowel at a time, are all the helps vouchsafed by the writers of the enigmas to the would-be interpreters.

Mother Goose, popular ballads, and Shakespeare are fertile sources of supply.



PICTURE-FRAMES.

FOR an art-loving friend a charming gift is a picture. The reproductions of noted works now come at prices within everyone's reach, and some skill and taste can be applied to making decorative frames for them. The setting is not everything, but the beauty and suitability of a frame enhances a picture.

For a marine view nothing is prettier than a plain pine frame, roughened by sticking an awl in a very little way, and turning it. This should be done all over the surface. Instead of a mat put around the inner edge of the frame a piece of braided twine, using strands enough to make a flat braid three-quarters of an inch wide. Over the two upper corners of the frame a piece of fine twine netting is stretched, making a three-cornered cover on each. Upon each lower corner is glued a small star-fish. After all these decorations are secured, they, with the frame, should receive a coat of silver paint, adding a second coat if necessary.

A frame for picture or small mirror can be made of plain pine strips covered with tightly-stretched fish-net with a clothes-line on inner and outer edge, the whole frame to be bronzed or gilded according to taste.

The folding photograph cases, that have taken the place of the hideous old-time albums that we have tolerated so long, you may easily make for yourself.

They are wonderfully pleasant and attractive to have about, filled with portraits of your friends, or with collections of counterfeit presentments of celebrities of the church, stage or turf, as your proclivities may suggest. They become not only a diversion but a means of grace, in that they employ idle minds and hands. As a dear old lady said to me the other day while I was looking over her collection. "They are so nice to entertain men who can't talk much." How to make them? Oh, yes; get first your heavy card-board for a foundation, cut the requisite number of openings for the photographs, cut another piece of card-board the same size for the back, cover both with silk, chintz, or what you will, glue the front to the back, with strong glue, cutting the card-board

where you want the hinges to come, leave spaces to slip in the photographs, and the thing is done.

DO not say a rough word when a smooth one will serve your purpose as well. Before indulging in retort, or sly thrust, or "crusher"—whatever the provocation—ask yourself, "Would I wish this unsaid if I were never to behold his living face again?" Common sense ought to have proved to us by this time that oil is a better lubricator of household machinery than vinegar or caustic.

RESPECT your associates too much to patronize them. Respect yourself too honestly to endure patronage, much less to seek it. Bow in spirit to your superior in mind or character. Cringe before nothing which the Father of all has made, be it angel or millionaire. This is true independence. Less is meanness; more is arrogance.

IF you can make a rough handle smooth and almost comely by ingenious management of daily labor, it is better than the prescribed methods of drudgery, which is slavery. One test-token of the Master's work on earth was that rough places should be made plain—smooth, if you like—and the wilderness blossom as the rose. The burden you lift may be but a pebble; the planting in the desert but a blade of grass; the rough place levelled but a molehill. It is all fulfillment of His will. This is standing—not grovelling—in your lot. Those who cavil at our efforts to dignify commonness find no warrant for so doing in nature or in revelation.

PEOPLE who have nothing to do but hinder busy people from work live in every country, town and neighborhood. They claim, like Death, all seasons for their own. They are as hard to abate and almost as common as mosquitoes, and cannot be poisoned as we do cockroaches.

THE MAIZE-ROOM AGAIN.

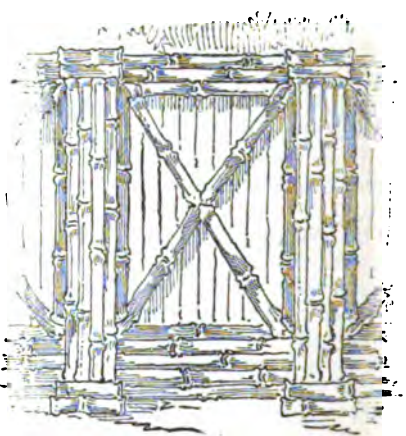
EDITOR OF HOME-MAKER: We have been busy for three weeks fitting up an attic-room in the way suggested by your article, "A Maize-Room," in November HOME-MAKER, and have been quite successful, *we* think. The cornice of ears of corn is, as you say, "the prettiest thing of all." We were so lucky as to find a number of red, and some blue ears, and the effect is pleasant. One thing you did not speak of, and that is the "goodly smell" of the room when finished. It is a clean, sweet odor, and noticed by everybody. We filled the four corners of the low-ceiled chamber with half-columns (I believe you call them "pilasters" in architecture), fastened securely to the wall. Not having a cut of the Jefferson columns to "work up to," we had to invent our ornament. Enclosed please find a drawing made by our family art student of one, as we thought it ought to look. And, if not too much trouble, would you kindly some time give us a cut of the real national shaft?

John and Helen J——.

PRAIRIE HOME, KANSAS.

Answer:

The above communication gives THE HOME-MAKER sincere pleasure. It is hoped that other young people will be encouraged thereby to write to this department. With equal pleasure the art-director inserts a copy of the very creditable home-made pilaster, and one of the Jefferson corn-stalk column.



CORN-STALK COLUMN.

TALKS ABOUT PHOTOGRAPHY.

THIRD TALK.

DEVELOPING THE NEGATIVE.



WHEN the plate in the camera has been exposed in a manner such as the conditions seem to warrant, we turn our best attention to the exacting operation of development. This is the

traditional "mussy" stage of photography, over whose progress the unsympathetic members of the household will be more or less suspicious. The disappearance of choice pie pans from the kitchen inevitably raises questions of propriety which the ardent amateur will be called upon to answer. A like disappearance of shawls and what-

not for the dark room has also been known to excite unfavorable comment from the owners thereof. However, the household will, in time, get used to it all, even if its members do not catch the complaint themselves.

To develop the negative the amateur must consign himself to a dark cell. His light must be of a tragic red. If a dark room has been built in the attic or cellar, a red glass window, with a lamp or gas flame on the outer side will supply this light in the most convenient way. If the dark room is improvised in some pantry, clothes-closet, or bath-room, a ruby glass lantern will be necessary, unless some door will bear the disfigurement of a ruby glass window about three feet from the floor. It is better to use artificial light, since the illumination through a ruby window communicating with the open air will be too variable to give satisfaction. Besides, an artificial light is available day or night, and the evening is a safer time for developing. In the evening the fussy exclusion of every glint of white light is avoided. Drawn blinds are usually precaution enough, unless an electric light, for instance, blazes in front of the window. The ruby lanterns sold in the shops are to be looked upon with the utmost distrust. Good lanterns are made, but, in many of the cheaper varieties, the glass when of the right thickness is often of a kind to "fog" the plates during development.

There is an easy test of the safety of a lantern. Take a plate-holder containing an unused plate. Draw the slide half-way and place the holder about one foot from the lantern, with the light turned as for development. At the end of fifteen minutes, the placing of the plate in the developer will reveal the extent to which the light has influenced the exposed part of the plate.

In plates of the highest sensibility the action of the red light on the film, if slight, would not indicate any deficiency in the lantern, for any light will affect a highly-sensitive plate, and these plates should always be developed with the tray covered during the intervals between inspections of the image. But upon plates of moderate sensibility a proper light should, in the course of fifteen minutes, have no, or an extremely slight, effect. To guard against accident by "fogging," surround your ruby lantern by a screen or chimney of yellow paper about the size and shape of a Chinese

lantern. Two sheets of ruby glass and one of yellow will transmit a very safe light.

The trays and bottles of the dark room should all be kept scrupulously clean, and everything should be in a definite place where it may be quickly and certainly reached in the semi-darkness. At least one of the developing trays should be barely large enough to hold one of the plates to be developed, for the reason that a tray of this kind will use the least developer. It will not pay to be stingy with the developer, but enough is—enough. I sometimes develop four or more negatives at once in a tray large enough for that purpose, but this is only in cases where all the negatives were made under the same circumstances, and where they are likely to work very evenly alike. Persuade yourself to give your whole attention, time, and skill to each plate in turn, precisely as if you had only one plate to develop. Do not be influenced by the fact that you had made up your mind to finish so many plates before the dinner bell, or before going to bed, as the case may be.

Now, for the developing itself. I have not space to explain the chemical action by which development reveals the image on the plate. Indeed, the best scientific knowledge in this direction is still far from exact. It is enough to say that light has a certain effect upon the latent nitrate of silver in the film of the plate, and that the action of the developer is to deposit this changed silver upon the film; the subsequent operation of "fixing" clears off the silver upon which light has not acted, thus leaving black forms corresponding to the white forms of the image as it came through the lens.

Each package of plates is accompanied by a printed formula for developing, and, as each manufacturer is naturally looking for the best product from his plates, these formulas are usually best adapted for the particular plates they accompany. However, it does not follow that another developer will not act fully as well, or even better.

The truth is that there is little difference between standard developing formulas, and when the amateur has undertaken one form he had better stick to it. Changing about from one developer to another is a very bad practice.

There are three kinds of developer now in common use. These are the "pyro" developer, the "iron" developer, and the "hydrochinon" developer.

PYRO DEVELOPER.

The pyro developer is most extensively used, and is generally held to have the greatest capacity in cases of improper exposure. A good formula is the following, by Cramer:

No. 1.—PYRO SOLUTION.

Distilled or pure ice-water..... 6 oz.
Sulphuric acid..... 15 min.
Sulphite of sodium crystals..... 1 dr.
After this is dissolved add
Pyrogallic acid..... 1 oz.

No. 2.—ALKALINE SOLUTION.

Sulphite of sodium crystals..... 4 oz.
Carbonate of sodium crystals (sal
soda)..... 1 oz.
Carbonate of potassium..... $\frac{1}{4}$ oz.
Water..... 64 oz.

For ordinary use when the weather is cool, make up the developer in this way: First—4 ounces of No. 2. Second—(always add this second)—2 drams of No. 1. In warm weather use only 2 ounces of No. 2 with 2 ounces of water and the same amount of pyro. All the solutions should be kept very cool in summer. The proportions of No. 1 and No. 2 will require to be altered if the exposure has been improper. If the exposure has been insufficient, 1 dram of No. 1 will be enough with 4 ounces of No. 2. In using these proportions for under-exposure, dilute the developer by adding 6 or 8 ounces of water—or in this proportion, according to the quantity necessary for the plate. For over-exposure—in which case the image will appear very rapidly on the plate, together with a tendency to grayness over the entire film—dilute the developer, add a little more than the normal quantity of pyro and a few drops of a restraining solution (to be kept in stock) made up of bromide of potassium, 1 ounce; water, 10 ounces.

These directions are vague enough. Only experience can really give the amateur that command of knowledge necessary to success. The fact is that, if the plate has been properly exposed, development is easy. If it has not had the proper exposure, and especially if it has had too much, failure is difficult to escape.

IRON DEVELOPER.

Iron developer does not, like the pyro, stain the fingers, and for this and other reasons is a very good developer for beginners. With the following simple formula I have made some of my best negatives:

No. 1.—Saturated solution of neutral oxalate of potash. Make up about 18 or 20 ounces.

No. 2.—Saturated solution of sulphate of iron. Make up about 8 ounces and add 8 drops of sulphuric acid. (Handle sulphuric acid and other poisons with the greatest care.)

No. 3.—Saturated solution of oxalic acid. Make up 3 or 4 ounces.

For a proper exposure use these proportions and make up in this order: No. 3, 2 drams; No. 1, $2\frac{1}{2}$ ounces; No. 2, $\frac{1}{2}$ ounce. Add to this an ounce of water. For under-exposure add 1 dram more of iron with 2 ounces more of water. Never use a larger proportion of iron to potash than 1 to 4, or the iron will precipitate and perhaps irrevocably damage the negative by depositing a scum upon it. For over-exposure add to the normal developer 2 ounces of No. 1, a few drops of the bromide solution, and perhaps an ounce of water. This developer, like the pyro, can be used on more than one plate, but is not capable of such long use as the pyro. Both work more intensely after a first use. Always use fresh developer for an under-exposed plate.

HYDROCHINON DEVELOPER.

Hydrochinon has recently come into extensive use and promises to become one of the most important of developing agents. The fact that it ranks with pyro in its searching qualities, while at the same time it is as clean and even more simple than iron, is a great recommendation. Perhaps its chief merit is that it can be used repeatedly for a large number of plates, and in its normal proportions, can be kept, if necessary, in a single solution. Thus, while it is expensive in the first cost, it is probably the cheapest of developers in the end. A good formula is the following:

No. 1.

Sulphite of soda..... 480 grains
Hydrochinon..... 96 "
Water..... 8 oz



THE SKIPPER'S WIFE.

From a Photograph by Eliza Putnam Heaton.



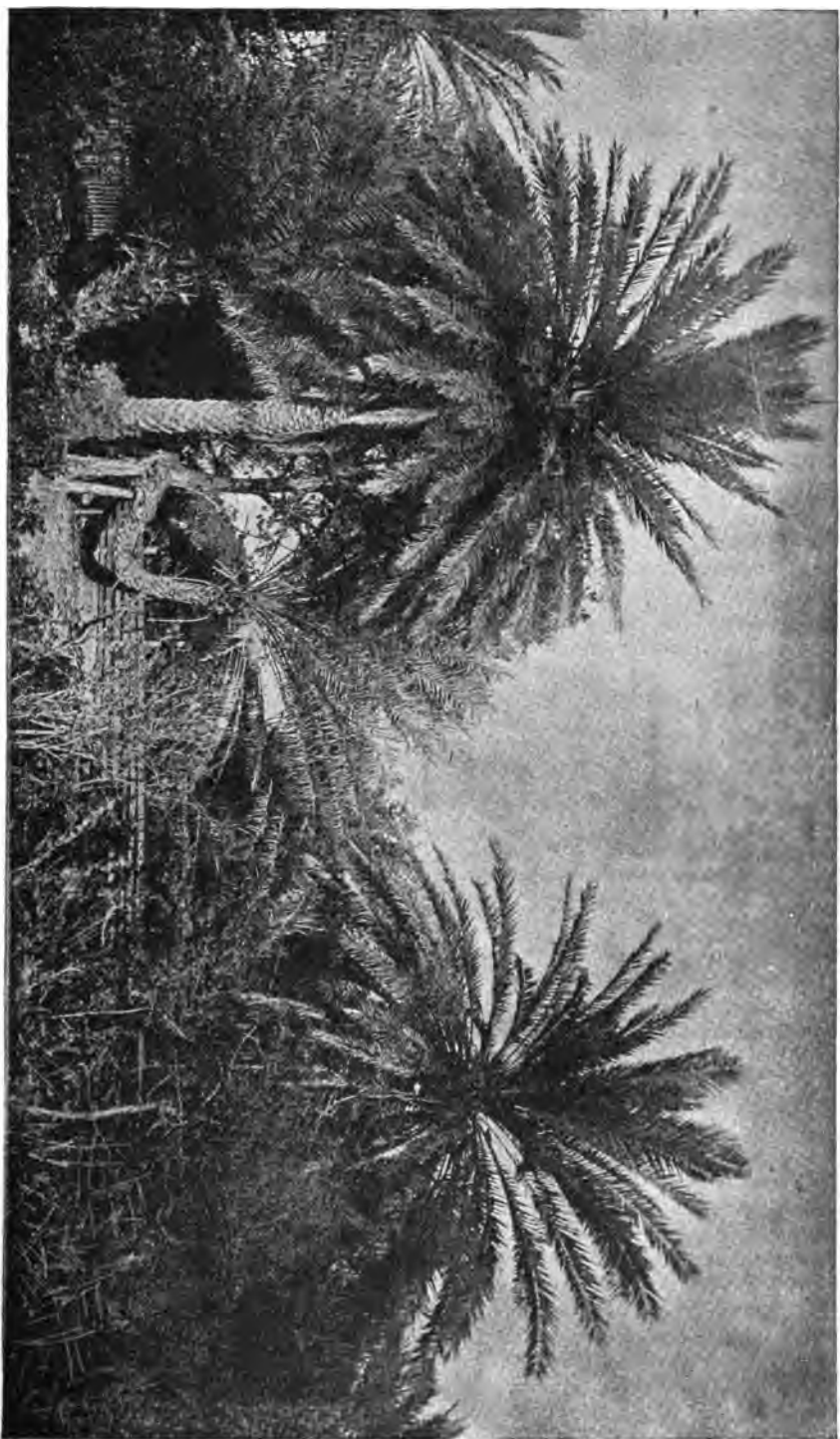
CHRISTMAS MORNING.

From a Photograph by Alexander Black.



PEMBERTON FERRY, FLORIDA.

Amateur Photography. By J. P. Reymond.



DATE PALMS, KEY WEST, FLORIDA.
Amateur Photography. By J. P. Raymond.

No. 2.

Carbonate of soda.....480 grains
Water..... 8 oz.

Make up for use of No. 2, 2 drams; No. 1, 4 drams; water, 2 ounces. The rules governing the use of pyro will apply to the use of hydrochinon. The developer begins its work slowly, but, if given time, will do all that can be asked of it. Of the modifications of this and other developers in the case of improper exposure, there is not space to speak. However, it is probable that no printed advice would really serve the operator whose plate has not received the proper exposure. That experience may count for the utmost, note carefully the measures employed in each case in connection with their effect, the kind of plate and the circumstances of exposure. In photography it is the *exceptions* that have to be carefully watched. The specialist in any branch of scientific work, being familiar with the greatest number of exceptions,

is most conservative in his judgments. It is only the quack who knows a certain cure.

After the plate has been developed, it must be carefully washed under a gently-running tap or in a dish of water ready for such use. Being freed from traces of the developer, it is immersed in a fixing solution, made up of hyposulphite of soda, 1 ounce; water, ten ounces; powdered alum, $\frac{1}{4}$ ounce. Here it should remain for five or six minutes after an inspection of the back of the plate shows that the creamy color has disappeared. Then the plate should be washed in running, or frequently changed, water, for about three-quarters of an hour. In summer, when the film shows a tendency to frill, place the plate, after developing and washing, and before fixing, in a preliminary alum solution made up of alum, 1 ounce; water, 10 ounces, for about five minutes.

In the next "talk" we shall consider different methods of printing from the negative.

Alexander Black.



HOME-MAKER ART CLASS.

IN nearly every family there is one member who is endowed by nature with a taste for drawing. The attention of such is directed to the art-study given each month by "THE HOME-MAKER." The pupil is invited to copy it carefully and to send his work when finished to "ART DIRECTOR OF THE HOME-MAKER, 24 WEST 23D STREET, NEW YORK CITY."

A Committee of distinguished artists will

each month examine all studies thus sent in; revise them and return to the addresses supplied by the pupils. Stamps to cover the returned inclosure should be forwarded with the drawing.

The Committee consists of MESSRS. THOMAS MORAN, CHARLES VOLKMAR, FRANK M. GREGORY, H. PRUETT SHARE, and GEO. R. HALM.

This offer is made to subscribers only.



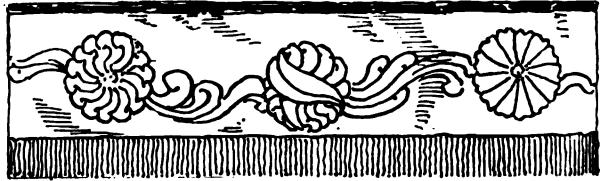
JAPANESE MONS.

Home-Maker Art Class.

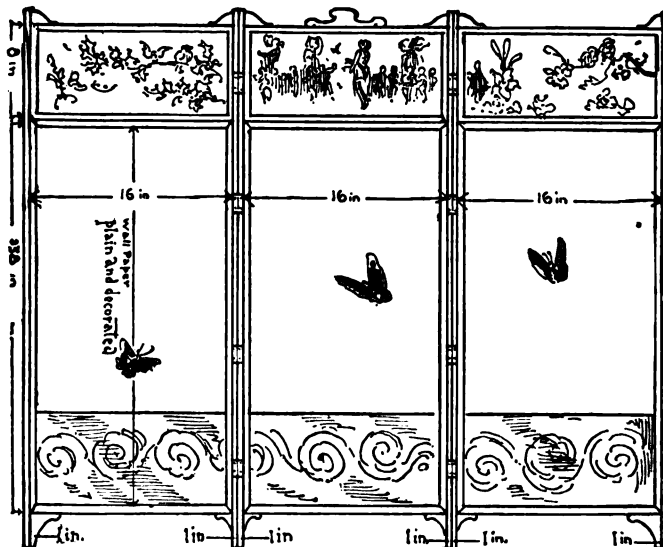


ONE of the institutions of feudalism in Europe and Japan was heraldry. The application of heraldic devices for ornamentation in these countries must have been the same, for the Europeans and Japanese alike ornamented their buildings, clothing and objects of value with their crests or *mons*.

The Japanese crest or *mon* lends itself more readily to decorative purposes than those of Europe, for the reason that the former were all geometrical figures reduced to one element or form: the circle, out of which were evolved two other forms, the square and the triangle, was therefore easy to draw and to apply.



The *mons* given here are full of suggestions to all designers. They are good *motifs* for wall and ceiling decoration, wood carvings, plaques and embroidery. Very pleasing effects can be produced by embroidering any of these *mons* on plush or silk for lambrequins and *portières*. Two suggestions are given to show the effect.



WORKING DRAWING FOR SCREEN.



EDITED BY MARY C. HUNGERFORD.

SOME GERMAN IDEAS.

TISCHLAUFER—LAMPENTELLER—STAND COVERS, ETC.—CROCHETED LACE WITH
INSERTING—CUSHIONS—ADVICE COLUMN.



MOST German women, in their own country, are such indefatigable workers that their invention grows, and many of our prettiest fancy work ideas are gained from them. Among their pretty devices for improving the aspect of a dinner-table is the

TISCHLAUFER,

or, as we call it, the table-scarf, a long strip of embroidered material extending the entire length of the table through the centre. In some cases the scarf is a piece of white or pale-tinted satin, eighteen inches wide, with an edge of white lace and a vine worked in white silk, or a braiding pattern done with slender silver cord. But satin is far from being a serviceable material for table use, and scarfs which will wash bear a stronger recommendation to a housewife's favor. Handsome ones are made of linen damask, woven without a pattern, and finished with a border of drawn work above an inch-wide hem. This goes also across the ends, which should not be fringed. More elaborate scarfs have in addition a pattern of large fern brakes, which appear to have been laid lightly down, with no stiffness in their arrangement. These fronds should be done with green embroidery silk, in a stitch resembling that used for working daisies, except that it is shorter, and the short stitch which holds the top of the petal is loose enough to let the loop it holds spread open.

LAMPENTELLER,

is the German name of an article of both decoration and use, it being what was before the days of gaslit houses known as a lamp-mat. In those days lamps were prone to leak and injure the table-cloth, so a mat was a necessity; even now that reading-lamps are nearly perfect, it is a pretty addition to a library table. The German mat I have in mind is a circle as large as a dinner-plate, covered with dark green velvet, and with a border of large, deep red tulips. These are made by bending wire into the shape of a tulip petal and strengthening it with a slender central wire. Wool is wound in and out of the wires, covering them entirely and filling the spaces. Dark red wool is used at the base of the petal, with a lighter shade joined on toward the top. When four are wound they are joined at the bottom and set into a small calyx shaped with wire and wound with green wool; to this is added a very short stem, which is also wool-wound.

Other lamp-mats are of satin with moss fringe overlying lace for an edge, or with a vine decoration worked in silk with bunches of grapes made of pearl beads. More substantial mats are made of felt over a foundation of pasteboard, with an edge of oblong pieces scalloped with bright-colored silk and filled with a small geometric figure worked in outline.

A square of chamois leather will make a very pretty lamp-mat by drawing, with a stencil if the maker lack artistic ability, a border of pansies on two opposite sides. These are colored in natural shades, and

the outside edges are cut out. The other two sides of the mat have three or four lines of color and gilt drawn at the edge, which is cut into a fringe about two and a half inches deep. Touches of gilt are added to the pansies, and a small square of quilted material large enough for the lamp to stand on is tacked to the middle of the mat on the wrong side.

STAND COVERS, ETC.

A BEAUTIFUL scarf or stand cover is covered with an arabesque executed in outline stitch with floss silk in three shades of old blue. The ends are raveled for seven inches and braided into strands which are finished with small blue silk tassels.

A very elegant cover which may be used for a stand or to put on the centre of a dinner-table is made of a square of buff satin jean on which is marked a pattern to be worked with white rope silk. The inch-wide hem around the square is headed by a narrow Greek-key pattern done with the silk in chain stitch. Instead of buff, the material may be white if preferred.

Another scarf or cover of buff jean has three bands of real Russian lace insertion laid across at equal distances from each other. The material between the strips is decorated with a vine pattern chain-stitched or outlined with white flax. The material is cut out under the lace, and an edging of Russian lace is sewed without fullness across each end.

CROCHETED LACE WITH INSERTING COMBINED.

THE inserting part is made by crocheting a chain of thirty-three.

1st row:—One treble into first stitch, two chain, skip two stitches, one treble into the next, one chain, skip one stitch, one treble into the next, one chain, skip one stitch, one treble into each of four next stitches, six chain, skip three stitches, one double into the next, six chain, skip three stitches, one treble into each of four next stitches, two chain, skip two stitches, one treble into the next, one chain, skip one stitch, one treble into the next, two chain, skip two stitches, one treble into the next, five chain, turn.

2d row:—One treble into first treble, one chain, one treble into next treble, two chain, skip two stitches, one treble into each of next eight stitches, five chain, skip five stitches, one treble into eight next stitches, one chain, skip one stitch, one treble into the next, two chain, one treble into next treble, two chain, one treble into next treble, five chain, turn.

3d row:—Like first row, working the double after the six chain into middle of five chain.

4th row:—One treble into first treble, one chain, one treble into next treble, two chain, one treble into each of two next trebles, four chain, one double into fourth of six chain, five chain, one double into fourth of next six chain, four chain, skip two trebles, one treble into each of two next, one chain, skip one stitch, one treble into the next, one chain, skip one stitch, one treble into the next, two chain, one treble into next treble, five chain.

Repeat from first row till long enough, then work the edge as follows:—

1st row:—Make four doubles under each five chains (of inserting) and three under each treble at the edge of the foundation.

2d row:—One treble into each stitch.

3d row:—One treble into a stitch, five chain, skip five stitches, one treble into the next seven chain, skip five stitches. Repeat.

4th row:—Two trebles separated by two chain into the middle of five chain, four chain, four trebles into the four middle stitches of seven chain, four chain. Repeat.

5th row:—Two trebles separated by two chain under the chain, three chain, skip three stitches, one treble into eight next successive stitches, three chain. Repeat.

6th row:—Like fifth row.

7th row:—Two trebles separated by two chain under two chain, five chain, six trebles over light trebles of preceding row, five chain. Repeat.

8th row:—Two trebles separated by three chain under two chain, six chain, five trebles over six trebles of preceding row, six chain. Repeat.

9th row:—Two trebles separated by three chain under three chain, light chain, three trebles over five trebles of preceding row, light chain. Repeat.

10th row:—Two trebles separated by three chain under three chain, nine chain, one treble into the centre of five trebles, nine chain. Repeat.

On the other side of the inserting work one row, like first row of edge.

CUSHIONS.

A PORTABLE pillow to take in a carriage, or throw upon a lounge, is stuffed with down and covered with soft, dark-blue, lustreless silk with a large scroll pattern upon both sides, done with cream white rope silk couched with blue twist the shade of the ground. The effect is almost that of a string of wax beads following the outline of the pattern. Fastened to two opposite corners of the cushion is a broad blue ribbon to carry it by.

Cut work is very popular for sofa pillows. The pillow is first covered with satin plush or velvet, and a smaller square of gray linen cut work is laid over it. The linen is stamped as for braiding and the lines button-holed with silk of the same shade. The material between the figuring is then cut away and the linen between the outlines covered with French knots or briar stitch. Felt and morocco are both used for cut work to be laid over satin, but linen, particularly when filled in as spoken of with ornamental stitches, is much prettier than either. For dinner-table decoration a square of white linen cut work, done with white linen or silk, and laid over light yellow satin, is very handsome.

Mary C. Hungerford.

ADVICE COLUMN.

MRS. ASHER wishes to know of any use, for other purpose than its original one, of the wicker stand of a baby basket, the latter having been used by preference without the stand. It can be painted white with enamel paint and used for a work stand, a deep bag of India silk with a cotton sateen lining being fastened by small brass rings to the hoop at the top. The bottom of the bag should be gathered

upon a circle of silk-covered pasteboard much smaller than the mouth of the bag. All around the bag inside, just below the top, small gathered pockets may be sewed on in several places and tied with narrow ribbons. A wide ribbon matching them in color can be tied around the lower part of the stand.

BABY BELL will find such suggestions for picture-frames as she wishes for in the November number of *THE HOME-MAKER*.

M. R. C., CARTHAGE, IND., says, after some gratifying commendations of *THE HOME-MAKER*, that the third row in directions for silk knitted lace, in October No., should read: "Knit eight plain, purl two together. Make one, one plain *, make one, one plain, make one, narrow *. Repeat between stars three times." The mistake was in putting the stars in the wrong place.

MRS. DEAN writes that she has a large number of very beautiful small East India shells, and would like to know how to cover a table with them in the English style. I am unable to tell her what that style is, but in a museum in one of the French towns, there is a large centre table with the top covered with an arrangement of small and large shells. The small ones make the ground and the larger ones are laid in a sort of star pattern raying out from the centre. All around the outside of the table was an edge of smooth, highly-polished, oval shells. To cover a table in this way the surface would have to be overlaid with putty, and the shells imbedded in it.

E. F. B.—Madras muslin laid over a pale shade of silesia would, as you suggest, make very pretty curtains to suspend to a canopy at the head of a bed. Your idea of moving the bed out from the curtains at night is commendably sanitary.

Address any inquiry for answer in this department to

Mrs. M. C. Hungerford.

STAMFORD, CONN.





A CHAPTER OF COUNSEL.

THERE is probably no time in a woman's life when she feels so overwhelmingly her ignorance, her inexperience, and her responsibility as in preparing for her first baby. She is shy and reticent in asking for the advice and help she so longs for, and often the pride and hope and mother-love are dimmed by dark forebodings and groundless fears. Even the little wardrobe seems full of unexpected difficulties, so contradictory are the opinions of her friends and so meagre the actual information she is able to glean.

The other morning I went into a friend's sewing-room to find her in despair over that apparently simple problem—a child's first slip. She is a bright, lovely woman, to whose happiness that of motherhood was the crowning joy, but as I entered she threw down her work, with her eyes full of tears.

"Oh, take that hateful little dress away!" she sobbed, "I've been working on it all this week and I'm sure no baby could ever wear it. I suppose I am very stupid, but the truth is that I do not know what I want, nor how to make even the simplest things. I did want my baby's clothes to be dainty and nice, but now I shall go to town and buy them by the dozen."

"Yes," I said, "only to have the baby's temper spoiled by the starched cambric and irritating ruffles, and your own sorely tried by ill-made button-holes and poor finishing. Let the blessed infant have at least one dress which some day she may show with tender pride to her children as her mother's work."

As this was by no means the first time I had found myself called upon to administer not only consolation but common sense, I wondered if a simple code of directions might not be useful. At least there was excuse enough for the framing of one, which, being compiled from repeated experience, may be relied upon.

To begin with, at least sixty napkins will be needed, and as this is the only uninteresting part of the work it should be undertaken first. Buy six pieces of diaper, two pieces twenty inches wide, and four pieces of the twenty-four-inch width. Wash and iron before cutting. Cut them to make a square when folded. They should be hemmed by hand, as a machine hem is harsh and inelastic. In addition, twenty-five small napkins will be necessary—eighteen inches square, made of old soft damask doubled and seamed around three edges like a bag, then turned and finished with an over-and-over seam.

Then come the three tiny shirts, knit of shrunk saxony, without sleeves; these may later be lengthened and used as bands. Three pinning blankets may be made of soft flannel in one piece a yard square, box-plaited at one end into a band for the waist, six by twenty inches. These are open all the way down the front and are only used for the convenience of frequent changing during the first few weeks. The plain slips which go with these, made of good cotton, may be bought ready-made for twenty-five cents apiece, and, as the baby is so swathed in blankets at first as to be nothing more than a bundle, these are all that could be desired. Six should be sufficient, and these will serve as night-gowns when the wearer has emerged into the dignity of dresses. This should be at the time when he is quite acclimated—say, at the end of six weeks or two months. His pinning blankets will still be useful at night, but through the day he should wear instead an under-slip with sleeves, made of all-wool stockinet, which, according to its weight and the season, may supersede or be worn with the shirt. For the first few weeks the nurse will probably use bands of flannel torn off the proper length—neither hemmed nor embroidered; but after these the knit woollen band is all-sufficient. It should

have shoulder-straps and a flannel tag to which the napkin may be pinned.

A healthy child in our climate needs, as clothing from his second to his seventh month, simply the napkins, the knit band, the all-wool slip, and the dress, which, if it consists of fine lawn, may be supplemented by a sleeveless petticoat of white cotton. These underslips are made in the simplest "princess" fashion, the woollen ones being finished at the neck and wrists with silk binding or tiny scallops button-holed with silk. If a box plait is laid from the neck to the waist-line it will allow for growth, and the same slips may be used with the first short clothes. Although the best make of stockinet is expensive, it is so warm, durable and in every way satisfactory that I do not hesitate to recommend it. Ordinary flannel may be used, but would scarcely be warm enough unless an extra sleeveless slip were added.

Dresses made of plain or checked nainsook, with neck and waist edgings of lace, are simple and pretty. The sleeve, if made full and gathered into a feather-stitched wrist-band will be much more comfortable than the closely-fitting one which, when a little out-grown, causes the baby's fat arm to resemble a dropsical broom-handle. The neck-band, when finished, should be $10\frac{1}{2}$ inches in length.

All superfluous embroidery, tucks, and drawn work are to be deprecated, as adding nothing to the baby's attractiveness, and taxing the patience of both mother and laundress. A good supply of plain, easily-laundered dresses, with perhaps one or two more elaborate ones, will be found more satisfactory than the heavily-trimmed, poorly-stitched frocks in the shops.

All babies do not need bibs, but it is well to have a dozen made of the scraps of checked muslin left from the dresses, lined with cotton flannel and edged with Smyrna lace.

The multitude of socks which the first baby is sure of having, may be used or not as fancy or necessity dictate. They may usually be dispensed with altogether, and should never be worn at night.

In addition to these articles, a wrapper of colored flannel, two pretty flannel sacques, a long cloak, a small, warm cap, and a pair of long carriage socks for baby's outings complete the list. Two or three knitted blankets will be useful, and the nurse will probably appreciate an old, soft shawl which is not too elegant and dainty to be washed.

There should also be provided a box of old cotton, linen, and flannel pieces, a syringe, a hot-water bag, two flannel bath-aprons, and the toilet basket, containing a pile of old linen handkerchiefs, a box of vaseline, a cake of castile soap, a powder box, a pair of blunt-pointed scissors, a piece of linen bobbin, a good supply of nursery pins, large and small, and finally, the baby's first suit.

To be sure, these are only the "must haves," and the list may be considerably increased, especially when it is not convenient to have the washing frequently done. But with the foregoing articles in an easily-accessible place there is no need of further anxiety; and rest assured that the baby whose arrival is eagerly longed for is a very different individual from him who has been harassed by his mother's nervousness and who is forever handicapped by the fact that his existence was an unwelcome accident to which his immediate family became finally resigned. *U. L.*

"LITTLE PITCHERS."

I SHOULD like to ask what THE HOME-MAKER thinks about little children coming to the table, and so hearing, as must be the case, miscellaneous conversations? With many this may seem to be a decided advantage; the child learns patience, self-control, and it is to be hoped, good manners, although it is a difficult thing to keep a young child from becoming self-conscious in the midst of an appreciative home circle.

But, at the best, does he not hear facts stated which leave a false and often harmful impression? At most tables stories are related, arguments (often fervid ones) are carried on, and sarcastic remarks or jokes are made, which all understand except the baby, who comprehends just enough to have conveyed the wrong idea into the little retentive mind.

Of course, on the other hand, great good may be gained if a little explanation is given—but in most families there is no time to do this, so that it is not until we hear some startling quotation which "mamma said" or "papa said" that we realize the full meaning of the word "misunderstood."

It is asking a great deal to have the conversation of a large or small family restricted for the youngest members, yet there is so

much to be said on each side of this question that it becomes quite puzzling.

NEW YORK CITY.

L. A. F.

Answer:

The question is a hard one to answer. One is not willing to permit a child to eat his meals only in the society of a nurse who is unable to give him needed instructions as to his table manners, etc. In addition to this, the habits of self-restraint and of waiting upon the convenience of others, that a child must learn who eats with the rest of the family are of incalculable benefit to him.

Still, there is force in the remark that it is hard to subject older people to the constraint a child's presence frequently imposes. Perhaps the best method of settling the matter is by a compromise, permitting the children to eat with their parents at breakfast, and making the lunch-time of the elders the little ones' dinner-hour. An early nursery tea may then be given the children, and at the late dinner the older members of the household may be unhampered in the enjoyment of free speech.

In this fashion the way may be gradually paved for the time when the juniors will have so far outgrown leading strings that it will be impossible, following our American mode, to keep them longer in the nursery.

Editor.

NURSERY JOTTINGS.

OUR Baby seldom takes medicine with a good grace. At first he may be betrayed into swallowing the dose, through ignorance of its character. But a few experiences of this kind will teach him to dread the cup and spoon. To avoid a struggle, with its painful accompaniment of holding the child's nose or pressing his windpipe until his inability to breathe obliges him to swallow the nauseous draught, the mother should have resource to a little strategy. By giving him a pinch of grated sweet chocolate just before the medicine is administered and following the dose by another portion of the chocolate, the taste of the intervening mixture is almost entirely disguised. The anticipation of a reward to follow obedience on such an occasion will generally make a child submit cheerfully to the infliction of physic. It is hardly necessary to say that the chocolate should not be given to a baby under a year old, without the approval of the physician.

THERE seems to be a growing tendency to make the skin do more work in nourishing the body, and thus to lessen the labor imposed upon the digestive organs. Without going into the question of giving such remedies as quinine, morphine, etc., by absorption, one may touch upon the benefits a delicate child may derive from means that stimulate the action of the skin. Rubbing and massage are among the best of these, and where accompanied by an application of whisky and sweet oil, in equal parts, the little patient receives a double advantage from the treatment. The parts that absorb the oil most readily are the softer portions of the body, the groin, the armpits, the inside of the elbow, the stomach and bowels. The rubbing is, if properly conducted, soothing and grateful to the child and is certainly far preferable as a means of giving the oil, than pouring it down the infant's throat.

FOR mothers who have no fixed principles against rocking babies to sleep, a hammock cradle is cheaper and more convenient than any other style of bed for the baby. A rather small hammock should be selected that may be hung from hooks screwed into window-casings or doorposts. A thin hair mattress should be laid in the hammock, and on this, with a hair pillow under his head, the child may sleep comfortably. He will be cooler in summer than in a crib, and in winter warm coverings will keep him from chilliness. When he is up in the morning, the hammock, mattress and all may be rolled up and tucked into a corner until it is needed for the day nap.

THE economy of space gained by such an arrangement as the above may be a minor consideration to the happy residents in large houses where big chambers render it unnecessary to devote careful thought to making the most of every spare foot of floor-room. But to the dwellers in flats such luxury is unknown. The saving of space taken by the cradle is appreciated by the mother who can swing the baby's hammock so that it hangs above her own bed, high enough to give the sleeper underneath liberty to turn with ease, and yet near enough to enable the mother, without rising, to give it a touch that lulls the little occupant back to slumber.

Dear Home-Maker :

I HAVE just been visiting my sister-in-law, and while there I determined to write and ask your opinion upon one item of her nursery government. She has two lively children, one five, the other three. Both are bright and pretty, and we are fond of having them in the sitting-room with us when we are busy with our sewing, or in the parlor in the afternoon, when we are waiting for their father to return from his office. But such a business as it is to get either room into a state to allow the admission of those infants! All the bric-à-brac and handsome gift-books have to be transferred from the tables to some high shelf, the lamps must be placed on brackets out of the reach of small hands, the tidies and chair or table scarfs taken off, and the whole apartment prepared for action. You never saw anything look as absurd as that place does when it is in readiness for the children's entrance. Why, I have actually seen the brass fire irons set on top of the mantel, so that they should not have the polish injured by those youngsters' fingers.

Now here is the question I want to ask.

Is all this necessary? Can't children be taught to let things alone? Must they either be kept in the nursery or else require such a wholesale clearing of decks whenever they visit any other part of the house? I feel interested in all this, because my own baby,—just ten months old now, and a perfect dear,—will soon have to be taught these things. I didn't like to ask my sister-in-law whether some other method might not be preferable to hers, partly because I was afraid I might seem rude, but chiefly because she is my sister-in-law,—if you understand what I mean by that. I know she doesn't think me half good enough for her brother, and I'm not, but all the same I do want to train our baby properly, and without her advice, if possible. So I turn to you.

M. S. P.

CHICAGO, ILL.

Answer :

The custom of putting everything out of a child's way is ill-judged. It may save one the trouble of correcting the child at the time, but it only postpones the evil day. Unless a mother is confident that she can go through the world placing all allurements to evil beyond her children's reach, she is wiser to accustom them from the beginning to resisting temptation. Your sister-in-law is doubtless a most estimable woman, but

if she continues her present modes of training through her children's youth, she will turn them out into the world unfit to make any stand against bad tendencies.

In bringing up your "perfect dear," pursue a different plan. Teach him that certain things are not to be touched by baby fingers, and that when you say "*no!*" it means "*no!*" The lesson may cost baby a few tears and mamma a headache, but it pays. Apart from the present saving of trouble in taking care of the child, you will have taught him a lesson in self-control that will stand him in good stead all his life.

Editor.

SO laborious is it for parents now-a-days to obtain satisfactory results in the education of their children in dietetics, that many do not attempt the struggle. Occasionally the physician and father and mother do obtain the active co-operation of a growing lad or girl, but too frequently doctor and parents are looked upon as cranky, or as old fogies.

The time has come when this teaching should be given in the schools, and the school that does not furnish it should not be patronized—for "good digestion waits on appetite and health on both." And without health, book-learning is a feeble acquirement.

But something is needed beyond mere instruction in physiology and hygiene. Parents should see to it that meals are on time, that the food is varied from day to day and meal to meal, and that it is properly cooked and served. Dessert would better not follow each dinner, but be served perhaps only twice a week, and children should look upon it as a luxury, only to supplement a hearty meal, and not to take the place of it. *Jerome Walker, M. D.*

"THAT early discipline which makes the prompt performance of duty a habit in childhood, is indeed the quickest relief to parental anxieties, and the firmest foundation for the fortunes of one's children."

WHILE the hammock bed is of undoubted value for young infants, its term of usefulness can hardly extend beyond the period when the baby is large enough to pull himself to his feet. Then, something more

stable is needed than the swinging cradle. A treacherous lurch might give the child a fall that would have lasting and terrible consequences.

CHECKS and disasters lurk in the baby's pathway at all times, but especially when he first learns to walk. His progress across the floor of the ordinary drawing-room is fraught with perils. Rugs and skins form traps for his unwary feet, ottomans lie in wait to trip him up, the very texture of the heavy carpet impedes his movements. That is a lucky child who does not end his apprenticeship to walking without a choice collection of bruises and scars that would do credit to a war-worn veteran. The fond mother must resign herself to seeing her darling running about with a swelled lip, a blackened eye, and a lumpy forehead. All she can do is to relieve his discomfort and disfigurement as far as possible by having always at hand a collection of bits of linen of

convenient size and a bottle of Pond's Extract or Witch-Hazel. Prompt application of this remedy to the wounded spot will often not only allay the present pain, but prevent subsequent swelling and discoloration.

IN accordance with the promise of the Editors to notice in these columns from time to time such novelties as might prove useful to the readers of THE HOME-MAKER, pleasure is felt in recommending two articles of nursery furniture. The first, a baby's bath of the usual shape, has the advantage over the ordinary tin tub of being made in one piece. Seams in which rust or soap may accumulate are thus avoided, and the material, agate iron ware, is easily cleansed. The second, a nursery stand, provides a rack for a bowl with a shelf underneath upon which to place soap, powder-box, sponge, etc.

Christine Terhune Herrick.



EDITED BY GRACE PECKHAM, M. D.

THE LANGUAGE OF THE STOMACH.



IR. H. THOMPSON, in a very striking and interesting paper, which was originally published in the *Nineteenth Century* and since issued in book form in London, and in this country by Cupples and Hurd, says: "As commonly employed, the word 'indigestion' denotes not a disease, but an admonition. *It is the language of the stomach*, and is mostly an unknown tongue to those who are addressed." However much we may agree

with what the author says in regard to indigestion, which is most excellent, and which we will quote for the benefit of our readers, that it is the only language of the stomach we cannot admit. The English-speaking stomach has a good vocabulary of its own, which to be sure sometimes degenerates into slang, as when for instance, it clamors to the small boy for green apples, or is fed with what Josh Billings would call "biled crow." The language of the stomach is the first that the infant learns. Long before the tongue can utter consonants or the lips can phonate, the

infant hears the appeals of the stomach and makes life miserable for all within hearing, until his interpretations are understood and gratified. In fact the infant translates everything into the stomach language and tries, in putting all he can reach into his mouth, to send it on its way to that garrulous and over-talkative organ. Its conversation with its owner in childhood is most frequent and interesting, and it is not until adult age is reached that, grumbling and discontented, it drops into the dyspeptic language, which Sir H. Thompson would lead us to believe is its unknown tongue, and means, as this gentleman interprets it, "that the individual has not yet found his appropriate diet; that he takes food unsuited for him, or too much of it." He adds that which we are all so slow to learn, "that food is only wholesome which is so to the individual, and no food can be wholesome to any given number of persons. The wholesomeness of a food consists solely in its adaptability to the individual, and this relation is governed mainly by the influences of his age, activity, surroundings, temperament and peculiarities."

We would say then that it would be well for us to learn and understand our grumbling stomach, and pay respectful attention to its language and individuality.

THE EFFECTS OF FEAR.

WHAT is popularly known as "a timid disposition," causes its owner untold misery. Fear is the unfortunate inheritance of many. It is a double misfortune for a girl, for the chances are that, as she grows older, her fears will multiply in number and intensity; and it is considered one of the attributes of womanliness to be fearful, and consequently no effort is made to withstand it. The boy who "is afraid" is subject to great contumely. He learns at first to conceal his fear, and after awhile to conquer it.

A curious condition is that of fear. Its action upon the human organism is most striking. It takes the power of motion from the muscles, the capability of speaking from the tongue. It can stop the pulsations of the heart; it blanches the cheek, and, in a single night, can make the hair white; or, indeed, it can suspend the action of the whole mechanism, and take away life itself. It is not, however, of this acute and

overwhelming fear that we write, but rather of that state of chronic fear, with its congeners, dread and apprehension, which takes away much of the vitality, and which hangs like a pall over the lives of many. It has its manifestations in various directions. Its roots strike deeply during childhood, fostered by hobgoblin stories told by nurses and servants, and the scares perpetrated by older children on the younger, who think nothing is so glorious as to frighten a timid child in all sorts of ingenious ways, till the poor little thing becomes afraid of the dark, afraid of being alone, afraid of people, afraid of noise, and he spends his life in one continual round of nervous apprehension, which prevents the proper development of his faculties, and of his body as well. He is a prey to all sorts of *phobias*. People tell before such children dreadful stories of disease, and, in consequence, the children suffer terribly from imagining that they are the victims of all sorts of absurd things. To cite an instance of this, one little fellow we know is frantic if he or any member of his family has the slightest ailment lest the person will die.

Contagious diseases give rise to the most wide-spread fear. Physicians are, as a general thing, exempt from this fear, and it is marvellous how they escape infection when performing their duty in the time of an epidemic. Fear, by depressing the vital powers, and thereby the power of resistance, renders a person so much more likely to fall a victim to disease. The story which has been so often repeated, which represents half the people in an epidemic dying from the disease, and the other half from fear of the disease, has its foundation in fact.

The unhappy people who are in fear of an accident are innumerable. To some a drive for pleasure is an impossibility, since, from the moment they start to the moment of return, they are filled with an overwhelming apprehension that the horse will run away, or the carriage be run into. A young lady of our acquaintance suffers terrible tortures when in driving she must cross a railroad track. She expects an engine with a full train of cars to bear down upon her and demolish the horse, carriage, herself, and every one with her in one grand cataclysm. She becomes as tragic as a Lady Macbeth, appeals to the driver, listens, expostulates, her heart beating, her eyes dilating, her cheeks alter-

nately reddening and paling until the iron rails are crossed, then she breathes a sigh of relief, and subsides, having expended more vital energy and nerve force than many a man who marches into battle and faces the enemy's guns.

This is a kind of fear which, if indulged in, will grow upon one, and become a mild form of mania. As soon as children begin to show it they should be reasoned with, and the folly of it demonstrated to them. As has been said before, it will surely be knocked out of the boy by the ridicule of his schoolmates and by the fact that bravery is insisted upon as an attribute of a man; but, unchecked in a girl, it grows with her maidenhood, increases with her years, until she becomes such a prey to fear that she suffers intensely and makes others suffer with her. Such a woman is always searching for a concealed robber, is always in an alarm lest the house will burn up. She is always waiting and watching for some dreadful calamity, "tempting Providence," as the old lady said, "to send it to her."

The accidents which can happen to a human being are innumerable, and just so long is the list of these untoward events for which many people wait in gloomy fear, hugging it as a kind of fetic of which no amount of argument or reasoning can deprive them.

Some have a morbid fear of certain places. A dark room, a cellar, or a garret, it may be. The foundation of such a fear is laid in childhood, probably by some story, or some experience of being shut up in a dark place. An unreasoning terror gradually obtains sway until, as in one instance which came to our notice, a young woman was scarcely able to sleep in a room with the door closed; if she knew it was locked, it was an utter impossibility. This same person could not pass through a railroad tunnel without undergoing frightful agonies of apprehension. The long tunnel through which the trains reach New York from the North, prevented her for many years from going to that city. There are many instances of people who are, in a like manner, afraid of open places, such as the fields or a large hall.

The thunderstorm also is a great terrifier, and many families huddle together during its progress in a condition of abject fear.

In many of these cases the underlying fear of all is the fear of death. The love of life is one of the strongest instincts im-

planted in the human breast, and, as its converse, we find this fear of death. With many it is an ever-present, haunting shadow, but it is a shadow to those who are in health or at least with a comparative degree of strength, for, when the hour of death really comes, it is the experience of physicians that almost without exception the dying close their eyes upon this world if not joyfully, without regret or a murmur.

The disastrous effects of all this unnecessary fear are deep and far-reaching. The mother transmits it to her child. In no one thing is heredity so well marked. Unhappy is the child who spends hours in the misery of fear. Later in life it robs one of enjoyment, and throws a blight over those who see the agony even if they do not participate in it. It affects the nervous system and weakens the heart.

The remedy is education. Education of the mind and the will. Face down your fears. Bring yourself to look calmly at them. Have you not often seen a young colt in process of training so that it can be said of him, "he is afraid of nothing?" He must look at that monster of terrors, the iron horse, again and again, until he becomes convinced that, after all, under most conditions he is harmless.

TOO OLD.

IN every human being we have the successive phases of growth, maturity, and decadence of the powers of the body. Older writers divided the different ages of man after the following manner: Infancy, including the first five years of life; youth, from five to twenty-five; adult age, extending from twenty-five to thirty-five; middle life to fifty; old age to the sixtieth year, after which the individual entered upon extreme old age. From this physiological division of life into its various eras has arisen a tendency to an arbitrary regulation of the affairs of life, which tends to lessen the sum total of work accomplished and results in detriment to the individual. It is within the memory of not a few of us when public opinion put a cap and spectacles on a woman and knitting in her hands, and retired her to a corner by the fireside as soon as she had won the honorable title of "grandmother." The change that has taken place is abundantly illustrated in a recent novel, which makes

"Baby's Grandmother" a most interesting, captivating and charming heroine. There is however need for a still greater change in this respect. Many cripple their forces and reduce their physical powers by withdrawing from various forms of mental and physical activity with the oft-repeated excuse, "I am too old." The old proverb, "never too old to learn," should be taken literally. Mothers who have been kept from intellectual enjoyments because of the care of large families should, when the young birds have flown from the nest and left them with a lonely leisure, turn their thoughts to the acquaintance of languages, the study of art, history, science, or literature. It will seem strange to those who have not kept up the habit of study after leaving school to begin again, but after a little perseverance there will come a greater interest and delight than that experienced in the careless school-days, when study was only accomplished because everybody

else studied, and it was a matter of routine.

The life of the mind is not to be measured by years. Time is a false standard of measurement for it.

A grief which comes upon one in a moment will contain the crushing agony of centuries. One week for one person is crowded with experiences which would not come to another were he to live cycles of centuries. Ask the soul its record of events, find out its gamut of feeling, and you will know whether its possessor is in youth, adult life, middle aged, or old and decrepit. It is within the power of every one to keep the mind young and active; the law of evolution is applicable to it, but the law of dissolution will not so surely hold sway unless you continually say "too old, too old," and consent that—

"The soul shall have her earthly freight,
And custom lie upon it with a weight
Heavy as frost, and deep almost as life!"

ARM-CHAIR AND FOOTSTOOL

WHY NOT?



I HAVE a feeling as if I had had an especial invitation to come and sit down in the arm-chair of THE HOME-MAKER, and rest my feet on its footstool, a feeling as if I was to take off my things and stay to tea and that I was expected to do it: a *homey*, welcoming feeling that warmed my heart and made me come.

I was anxious to hear about the dear old man who lived in the land of Beulah, and to tell you of some I knew who lived there too. This old man, it is said, had always loved the flowers and birds, and at ninety-one he loved them still. And why not? This is the question I wish to ask. Why not?

Could his love for the things that in his childhood he had picked and admired die out? Was not his capacity as large now as then? He would tell you the sight of some flowers that were old-fashioned now would recall his dear mother's face, or the perfume of the lilac, the first love look of his boyhood's sweetheart, when he handed her a spray. From that office window, as he watched the flight of the blue-bird and heard its song, he could tell you he felt the same pang under his coat that he had beneath his jacket when he brought his first nest home, and could hear as plainly as then the chirping of the little birds and the mournful cry of their mother when she found their home was gone. And he could see, also, the sad look of his own mother, when she discovered what had been

done. No! ninety and one years is not enough, he would say, to bring forgetfulness to him; the intermediate time between childhood and old age is as a fleeting dream to him, but the recollection of his boyhood days would never fade. Could we then much wonder, if the dark river does dwindle to a summer brook, and the birds be heard singing on the other side? for the old man crosses its stream as a little child, and the purling waters disturb him not. The baby goes out alone, and the child comes home alone, and where are the ninety and one years between? What a swallowing up of time is that when a day shall be as a thousand years, and a thousand years as a day! How good that God can see, and the between is not forgotten. How carefully as precious stones are counted each unselfish deed, loving thought, and kindly word of the life that has come back to him!

In one of the homes for aged women there was one that told it all. I stood beside her bed, and took her slender, withered hand in mine. Time and Death had marked her for their own. She opened her eyes as I stood watching her, and seeing her lips move, I bent to hear what she would say.

"I want some one to love me, to kiss me once more, just once, I am so hungry for a little love." Poor old child! it was too late for earthly love, for the next moment she was with her God, and hungered no more.

We all need love and encouragement, but the aged need it most of all. I often think how fortunate we should consider ourselves if they are with us, so that we can profit by their lifelong experience. A reflected light shines upon us from the country they are so near, and we should watch ourselves that when they go home they take good news of us to God. Said a widowed mother to her child one day. "Helen, you have been so good to me! What would mother have done without you in this long sickness of hers? You have been my guiding star, and I will tell your father when I get Home how good you been to me." What a reward was that! Is it a wonder that her weeping child, when she soon had to kiss a dead face, felt that even then the dear old mother and long-absent father were holding sweet and loving converse over her?

I remember so well that it was one of my childhood's delights to go and see a dear

old lady just around the corner. No matter how early in the day I would start, there would be some one there before me. The old lady was tall and slender as any girl, and her face was delicate and sweet as a girl's, too. She always wore a well-fitting black dress, and about the throat and bust, a dainty embroidered handkerchief was pinned. She had a little corner in a room that was all her own, and by her side stood a large carved box, whose lid was hung on hinges, and whose contents were well known to us. Children as we were, she would always rise to her feet, and shake us by the hand, and ask if we were well; she did it to teach us manners, she said, and when assured upon that subject, she would seat herself again with her admiring subjects about her. We would sit quite still, knowing from past experiences what she soon would say.

"Well! did you come to see Grandma to-day, or Bridget and Mary Jane, and the old woman that I made yesterday?"

Of course we all assured her it was Grandma we came to see but,—“Oh, yes, but you would like to see them too. Well, so you shall!”

She would have to tease a little before she satisfied our curiosity and to fix her cap that she said “felt sideways,” and smooth the folds of her kerchief, or ask about our schools, till it was all we could do to sit still, and she would see it, for the little dimples would come out on her face, and her blue eyes would twinkle as she would say in a soothing, loving voice, “Well, so you shall!”

With a quaint way all her own, the lid would be carefully opened and from the box she would bring dolls of all descriptions that I wish all Grandmas knew how to make.

None were more than a foot long, and some much smaller, and they were perfectly made. There was a pattern that she cut them from, but the same pattern seemed to make a doll with an individuality all its own. They were made of white muslin. The faces she would outline with India ink, and the kind of face she accidentally produced decided its sex, nationality, or its station in society. But this particular day I am speaking of, she had three new specimens: as decided a Bridget as ever walked the Emerald Isle, a real Mary Jane from ever so far back in the country, and a little old woman. Bridget was dressed with a straw turban and feather, a shawl about her shoulders and knotted in the

back, a short woolen petticoat, and black canton-flannel shoes laced up in the front; we shouted with delight when we saw her.

Mary Jane had a green sun-bonnet, a red calico dress, and gaiters made from black alpaca; the old lady a black dress with a white crimped ruffle in the neck, a white cap, a black silk apron and low black shoes, all as good specimens of Grandma's work as we had ever seen. "Grandma," one of us was unlucky enough to say, "How beautifully you sew, and you so old, too." There was a dangerous snap in her eye as she quickly answered, "All the more reason I should sew well, isn't it? I've had time enough to learn." Her face was placid enough the moment after, but we all saw plainly enough where Grandma's weak point lay.

Up in the garret is a box in which, in looking it over a few days since, I found the Mary Jane of so long ago. I took it tenderly, yes, almost reverently in my hand, and as I held it I remembered what she had said when giving it to me, "Here, childie, is a reminder of Grandma," and so it has proved to be. In that garret that afternoon there was a presence, a pale sweet face, a slender frame with its well-fitting garments, and a voice low and sweet. I was again a child of ten sitting by a covered box with my companions around me, and I could hear the quaint and old-fashioned voice again speaking to me, "Well, did you come to see Bridget, or Mary Jane, or was it Grandma?" and somewhere in that attic roof I am sure I heard the same voice say, "Well, so you shall!"

Julie Hughes.

WHOSE FAULT IS IT?

EDITOR OF THE HOME MAKER—Dear Madame.—After a careful reading of your new magazine, one grandmother is constrained to offer you a word of congratulation on the success of your enterprise, and at the same time thank you for the very pleasant corner you have set apart for the "Arm-Chair and Footstool." Nothing is left to be desired in any department, but this appeals particularly to those who, though on the down-hill slope, still retain an active interest in the busy world about them. And it must ever stimulate those who have slipped unawares into that state of self-effacement so natural to many

a weak-fibred woman. May not the danger lie in this very naturalness? The transition is so easy it seems as if Nature meant that this should be the way in which tired workers should find rest as they should from physical labor, and so the reins of government are yielded to younger hands. Too often with the relinquished authority go the consideration and place of honor in the family. It ought not so to be, but it is in many cases, and mainly because the house-mother fails to keep abreast with the many and varied interests of her children. In other words, she allows herself to be stranded, and, it may be, is well content to sit in her corner with daily-lessening capacities, or occupy herself in mere household drudgeries while the children she has born, and laboriously brought to man's and woman's estate, pass on beyond her reach or sympathy. In a dumb, uncomplaining way she may be conscious of the widening distance between herself and her children, but there seems no way of betterment. They cannot be restrained by her limitations; she cannot follow their aspirations. So, in a pathetic acceptance of the inevitable, she tries to content herself with the dull routine of daily happenings and "small gossipings" of her narrow life as best she may. This is not a cheerful picture, but is it not largely her own doing? Surely if she had resolutely kept step with the younger feet during the formative years, herself growing with them intellectually, how changed would have been the conditions!

If young mothers only realized the importance of keeping up with their children in their pursuits how much would be gained for both!

Old age must come, but it need not be of necessity useless, unlovely, or unattractive. On the contrary it often is, and oftener should be, the reverse.

Pardon this lengthened word. I only meant to bid you God speed in your work.

Sincerely yours,

H. T.

CATSKILL, N. Y.

"WELL-SPRINGS OF PLEASURE."

DEAR MARION HARLAND: My well-thumbed, interlined copy of "Common Sense" has done noble service for years, and now place the book upon the shelf, for its owner is growing old.

Yes, we will leave the thought of what shall we eat, and what shall we drink, and the numberless other worries of a household to younger heads; we will take our place in the arm-chair by the cosy fireside, for we are growing old. The thought is always fraught with seriousness, not to say melancholy; youth is such a lovely, delightful thing. Old age is often so unlovely, so repellent. Since we cannot stop "the tide of Time," let us consider what alleviations we can bring, how keep the *heart* young in spite of advancing years. Is not one of the best ways to cultivate an active sympathy with the young, and to seek the love of little children? Every woman, even if childless, (ah! what a *world* of sorrow is in that word *childless*!) has some young friend, some little child whose lot she can make happier if only by a kindly word, a heartfelt interest in his youthful joys and sorrows; and such interest, such kindly words are repaid a thousand fold; they help to keep you young! For the fortunate grandpapas and grandmamas, oh! what a ceaseless fountain of delight! what a perennial spring for us is in the love of the little children! How the sunny heads and the bright eyes make sunshine for us in our darkest day; and the baby-voices have a music sweeter than the laughter of our own youth. Many are the blessings, countless indeed, that lend ease to our rugged downward road; but these are among the greatest, the warm-hearted affection of the young, the loving clasp of baby-hands. Those who have these blessings, doubtless thank God for them when they "count up their mercies;" those who have them not should strive to win them. Thus will the *heart* keep young, though the steps be feeble and the head be gray. We who "journey down Life's pathway to the portals of the tomb," we look beyond those portals to the Better Land—and there is One who took a little child and placed him in the midst and said: "Of such is the Kingdom of Heaven."

M. L. S.

A SUGGESTION FROM GRANDMA'S DAUGHTER.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE HOME-MAKER:

In the first number of your magazine you invite suggestions for work for our old folks. It is a sad fact that too often the

failing faculties that should call forth our tender consideration receive only indifference or impatience.

Still there are many who, if they knew how to go about it, would take real pleasure in putting into grandma's hands some pleasing occupation that would while away idle hours without taxing too seriously her failing sight or trembling fingers. It is for these that I would like to describe one pretty piece of work that can be made in the simplest possible way. I write from experience, as I have in my possession now a little carriage-rug which my mother made for my little three-months'-old daughter.

Stretch tightly upon a wooden frame (an old picture-frame will answer) a piece of unbleached muslin, about three-quarters of a yard square; then with a soft lead pencil divide it into one-quarter inch squares to within about two inches of the margin, leaving the centre, if desired, plain. In the space in the centre, *in double lines* half an inch apart, mark "BABY" (in print), or a star or any simple design in straight lines. In my rug the centre is "Dot," nicknamed from Dorothy.

Next purchase small quantities each of many colored worsteds, selecting two colors for the centre—as blue and a soft warm brown, or dark purple and orange. Cut the skeins into needlefuls and roll in paper to keep clean. Then give all to grandma.

Through each intersection of lines, which will be at the corners of the quarter-inch squares, draw the needle—the worsted double—to within a half inch of the ends, no knot. Then cut the worsted half an inch from where it comes through the muslin. Use all colors indiscriminately, a good rule being never to thread the needle with the same color twice in succession.

Fill the letters or star in the centre with one color, and then put one other color inside the letters and around them. The softness of the worsted and the blending of the colors, particularly if they are warm, rich ones, will give the rug the effect of some Eastern carpet. There is no need to tie the ends of the stitch after pulling it through, as, putting them so close together, it would be a task to catch the ends and pull them out. Worsteds are easy to thread, there is no regularity of color, and the stitch need not be either small or regular, so that I think the work would be wonderfully easy. And I can answer for

it that it is fascinating. As the space covered grows larger, the worker is charmed with the result, and is anxious to see it completed.

A border of plush which can be stitched on by machine, and a lining of flannel, will finish the rug neatly and prettily.

Trusting that this may be of use to some of your readers, I am,

Very truly yours,

Alice Stead Binney.

THE HOME-MAKER makes grateful mention of the fact that letters to "ARM-CHAIR AND FOOTSTOOL" are pouring into the office from every quarter. Thus far, all are so full of interest and so pertinent in suggestion, that the Editors must ask correspondents to wait patiently for the appearance of some which are altogether worthy of a place in these columns. The rule, "First come, first served," is the only just one in the circumstances.



HATS AND BONNETS.

Hats at present are either quite large or very small. There seems to be no medium. For a fresh young face the large Directoire hats are especially pretty. They have a low crown and a wide, flaring brim in front, growing narrow at the back. The brim is faced with shirred or plaited dark velvet, and is sometimes caught up on one side by a large bow of ribbon or a bright-colored wing. This hat is worn a little back from the forehead, and is attractive for a girl whose face admits of a coquettish head-covering of this description. For those desiring something on a smaller scale, there are many dainty little hats, none prettier than the closely-fitting poke or the jaunty English walking turban. The former may be covered with soft silk or velvet laid on in folds, the brim finished with a band of ostrich tips or shirred velvet. The felt walking hat is more severe in style, and the velvet or ribbon trimming should be put on in narrow bands.

It cannot too often be repeated that a woman of forty and anywhere beyond that mile-stone, should *not* wear a round hat. It only serves to accentuate the fact that she is no longer in the "rosebud garden of girls," and in addition to this it is in wretched taste and *never* in fashion. Bonnets are suitable for her, and she has a large variety to choose from. Those most used this

season are small and fit closely to the head. They may be covered with silk or velvet or with the cloth of which the costume is composed.

Nothing is prettier than a felt bonnet of the same color as the gown and cloak, and trimmed with a darker shade of velvet. A steel or gilt *aigrette* in the front of the bonnet brightens it, if too sombre in effect. One handsome costume is of a dark terra-cotta shade, trimmed with seal-skin, with a small bonnet of terra-cotta velvet. There is a very narrow band of seal around the edge of the bonnet, and in front of the crown an *aigrette* of seal-skin and tiny otter-skin tails.

CLOAKS.

Wraps and mantles this year are remarkably rich. For young women, jackets and long cloaks are most fashionable. The handsomest are made in the Directoire style. They are trimmed heavily with fur and have large pockets of the same. The beauty of these coats is increased by having them lined throughout with a lighter shade of satin.

Closely-fitting seal-skin jackets are still in great demand and are wonderfully becoming. Very large women, however, should not wear them, as the fur adds to the apparent size of the figure. For middle-aged and elderly women, long seal coats are *en règle*, and are always comfort-

able. The beauty of all garments this winter consists in the fact that they aim at heavy, warm effects, and consequently are far more suitable in cold weather than the light jackets and short fur capes worn a few seasons past. Furs are finer than ever and in immense variety.

GLOVES.

The best gloves for walking and shopping are the heavily-embroidered dog-skin. They are not only warmer than the ordinary kid, but wear far better and are not nearly so apt to soil and become abraded from contact with the inside of the muff. With the ordinary coat-sleeve the four-button wrist is generally long enough. These gloves come in russet, brown, golden-leaf, chin-

chilla-gray, and a new shade called blueberry.

For church, carriage, and theatre wear, the *mousquetaires* are fashionable in all shades of tan, from dark to very light brown, pearl-gray and delicate tints in mode and cameo. Never was there a greater variety in the glove-line than at this season, and the rule laid down by the fastidious Frenchwoman that every lady should be "*bien ganté*," may be easily followed by women in moderate circumstances, as pretty gloves may be bought at a lower price than for several years past.

Thanks for information in this department are due to LORD & TAYLOR, and MADAME BARNES.



POTTING PLANTS.

IN our window garden, New Year's Day, we may have a good many nice flowers in bloom, for instance: Roman hyacinths, paper white narcissus, petunias, nasturtiums, Chinese primroses, cyclamens, oxalis, carnations, scarlet geraniums, sweet alyssum, early-started freesias, some late plants of double-flowered feverfew, callas, pot marigolds, speciosa fuchsias, some late bouvardias, Paris daisies, bushy begonias, a few begonias and stevias, and some pots of sweet mignonette, fragrant violets, and winning pansies. To have these in good bloom in our windows in mid-winter, we need no greenhouse or special skill; they are easily managed and taken care of, and only require interest and love on the part of the owner to grow and bloom as beautifully and freely in the kitchen or sitting-room window as with the gardener in his greenhouse.

As almost all house plants are grown in pots, in winter especially, it becomes us to

know something about pots. The common flower-pot ordinarily used by florists is as good as any that has yet been devised. It varies in size from two to fourteen inches in diameter, and, if we so desire it, we may have them made for us smaller or larger than these sizes. The flower-pots made at the different potteries, although they look much alike, differ a little in size and form, and this is an inconvenience in repotting our plants. But at the last meeting of the Society of American Florists it was agreed that a sample of the pots deemed most suitable by the members of this society should be sent to all the flower-pot manufacturers in the country, with the request that the flower-pots they make after this shall conform in size and shape with this sample. The different sizes of pots are, say, an inch apart; for example, we have 2-inch, 3-inch, 4-inch, 5-inch, and so on. Some people like soft pots and insist that plants grow

better in them than they do in hard pots. This is true to a certain extent and under certain conditions, but I prefer a moderately hard pot, providing it has not been "burned" to a dark color or mis-

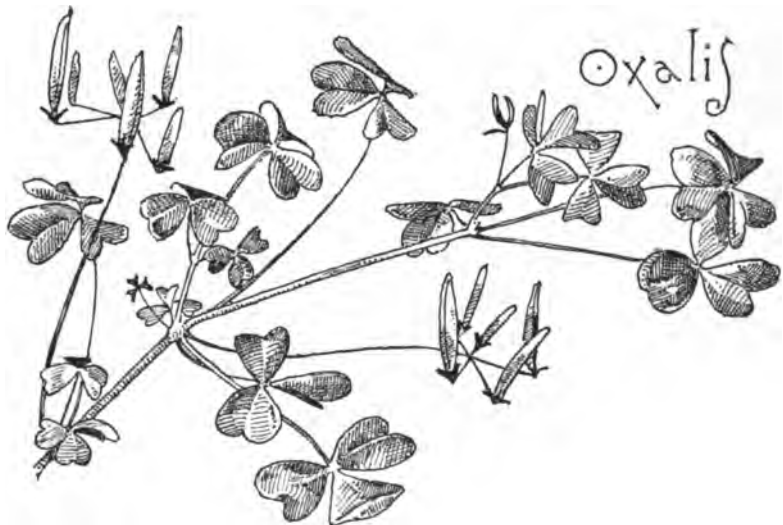


shapen form ; the soft pots are much more easily broken, especially after they get wet, than are hard ones, and I find that vigorous plants grow as well in hard as in soft pots. And in the case of house plants I prefer a moderately hard pot, because, as the youngest and best feeding roots of the plants reach to the outside of the ball of earth and run around it next to the pot, the dry atmosphere of our dwelling - rooms

has a more drying influence upon the soft pots, hence, parching and injurious effect upon the roots within it, than is the case with a hard pot. In a greenhouse, where the atmosphere may be made as moist as we wish, the soft pot has the advantage theoretically, but practically I fail to find it. But no matter what sort of pot you have, be particular that the aperture in the bottom is large enough to admit of perfect and ready drainage.

We often see some of the thriftiest plants in windows grown in old teapots, jam dishes, basins or pans, or maybe tinware, as old fruit cans. Now, if these vessels have a large hole in the bottom and are well drained with rubble, broken pots, charcoal, cinders, broken rotten stone or brickbats, there is no reason why plants shouldn't thrive in them ; and certainly they are just as good for plants as are the fancy glazed or painted ornamental pots and vases that are often employed for house plants.

But while the above are all very good for ordinary plants not needing large pots, it often happens that we have large oleanders, cactuses, century plants, orange trees and other big plants, whose roots need considerable space. Of course ordinary large-sized flower pots are excellent for these plants, but the liability of these pots to breakage induces us to get something just as good for the purpose and not so likely to be broken by rough usage, and this we find in tubs and boxes. The boxes we make to suit what plants we



mean to shift into them, are mostly of a 4-sided, square form, a little wider at top than at bottom and the bottom perforated in several places by a half inch or inch auger, for drainage. Spruce is of no use for this work. Hemlock answers fairly well for rough boxes, but pine is best for a neat job. Before using, paint the boxes inside and out, two coats, and let them get well dried; or paint the inside with cement. Tubs can be obtained at little expense and of many sizes. I get small liquor or other barrels of hardwood and with iron hoops, and saw them in two, and in this way get two good tubs from each barrel. Good or new barrels may cost too much, but we can often get soiled or damaged barrels cheap enough. If these barrels have contained oil, grease of any kind, or other objectionable substance, I wash them with hot water and soda, and when dry scorch the insides of the tubs with a fire of a few shavings, or some strawy material. For temporary plants, that is, for use for a year or less, I often use old butter firkins washed and charred, and in fact, almost anything that is cheap, handy, and about the size needed. It is merely a question of convenience, strength, and lasting; so far as the plants are concerned they will thrive just as well in an old nail-keg tub as in the choicest porcelain vessel. As the boxes or tubs, when filled, are likely to be too heavy for one person to move them about with ease, affix a pair of stout thick iron handles to each. They cost very little.

Having considered the questions of soil and pots, the potting of our plants will next concern us. When to pot or repot our plants depends upon circumstances. Where we have greenhouses we can repot them when they require it, and at any season of the year; but where we have only dwelling-house and window accommodation, it is well to observe a few general rules. We should endeavor to have all of our plants established in their pots before winter sets in so that we should not have any potting or repotting to do in winter. Stevias, carnations, geraniums, callas, and the like should all be in their permanent flowering-pots; cinerarias, if started before midsummer, may get their last shift in October; ferns should not be repotted till toward spring; hard wooded plants, as camellias, azaleas, and orange trees, should never be repotted except in spring or early summer; bulbous plants for flowering in winter and spring should

be potted in September or October, and then put into their flowering pots; summer-blooming bulbs and tubers, as amaryllises, caladiums, gloxinias, and tuberous begonias, should remain dry and at rest till toward spring, when they may be repotted, and so on. All plants flower better when they are well rooted than when meagrely rooted, hence we should strive, by potting early in the fall, to have our winter-blooming plants well-established in the pots before cold weather sets in. And it is a well known fact in the case of either indoor or outdoor plants which we wish to keep alive over winter, that the better they are rooted in the fall the more likely they are to survive the winter. In the case of young bedding plants that we lift in fall to keep over winter, we cannot expect them to be pot-bound in a week or two after potting, but by using for them the smallest-sized pots into which we can get their roots, we hasten their rooting and root-bound condition.

When does a plant need re-potting? That too depends upon the nature of the plant, and the circumstances under which it is grown. Young plants, say of geraniums, fuchsias, begonias and the like, are started in two or three-inch pots, and as soon as the pots are well-filled with roots the plants should be repotted into other pots, a size larger, and so on again until they are in five or six-inch pots, which are big enough for their last shift. In the case of old plants that have been growing for a year or more in the same pots, and whose roots are much pot-bound, merely shifting them on into another pot a size larger is often very bad practice; the better plan is to shorten back the stems, tear away some of the old roots, unfasten or wash away the most of the old soil, then repot into the same-sized or even smaller-sized pots, and keep the plants rather inactive for a few weeks till they begin to recuperate. If a plant is sick, avoid three things: Never repot it into a larger pot; never give it manure-water, or other stimulants, and do not water it copiously. But in order to help it, lessen the supply of water, and if this is not enough, turn it out of its present pot, shake away almost all of the soil from its roots, and repot into as small a pot as you can get the roots into.

In potting, always have your pots clean, especially inside, and perfectly dry. If the pots are dirty or wet inside when used, the roots of the plants will fasten them-

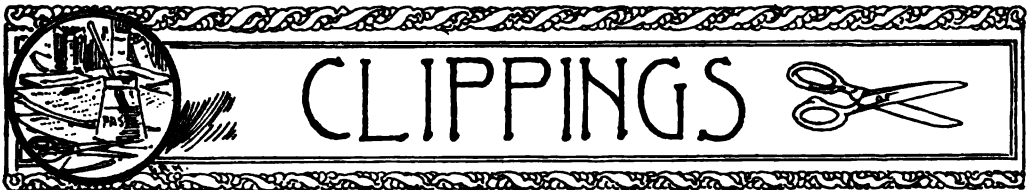
selves so tightly to the inside sides of the pots, that in repotting next time the roots will tear off, rather than turn out clean, and in this way injure the plants.

In potting, always drain the pots. Some broken pieces of brick bats, broken pots, charcoal, or other material of that sort placed in the bottom of the pot over the hole, and from a half inch to two or three inches in depth, according to the size of the pot being drained, and over this rubble scatter a little rough stuff in the way of half-rotted leaves, fine, dry chaffy manure, swamp or wood moss, dry and chopped fine, excelsior packing chopped fine, or other handy material; the object in view being to prevent the soil used in potting from mixing with the rubble used as drainage and clogging it. In greenhouses we do not drain our small pots, and in spring in the case of soft-wooded quick-growing

plants we don't drain anything, but this is because of our special facilities for making plants grow; with house plants, however, if it won't do any good it will never do any harm, and it is always a capital safeguard.

It is always much better to keep big plants in little pots than little plants in big pots, or, in other words, rigidly avoid over-potting. And in repotting plants, specially avoid big shifts, that is transferring a plant, say from a four-inch pot to a seven-inch one; better shift often and a little at a time. True, we have many plants, callas, nasturtiums, and the like, that might get along all right with big shifts; again we have others, Chinese primroses, cyclamens, and azaleas for example, to which a big shift would be almost sure death.

William Falconer.



WHO ever heard of decent people living without a "best room?" Our notable housekeeper makes hers "a very best," maintains a sharp look-out for moth and dust, and never sits down in it except when there is "company." Company is the fetich of her class. To propitiate it, brussels and brocatelle, varnish and veneer, chromos and curtains, horse-hair and hard-finish are set continually in order, as the pagan lays his offering of yams, rice, and fish in the possible path of the demon-deity. The room is darkened by closed blinds and lowered shades, and the corpse of dead comfort lies there in state from Christmas to Christmas.

Among the Byways.

THE unconscious impertinence of people is one of the most common yet curious of social anomalies. One acquaintance blandly volunteers the information that you are looking very badly to-day and palpably growing old; another, as pleasantly, that he does not admire the architecture and color of your new house; a third, that your boy has the reputation of being a scape-grace, while a fourth asks the amount of your income and if your business paid expenses last year. Those who thus outrage taste and feeling would be astonished were you to resent their friendly comments or queries, in which—and this truth is the strangest of all—there is neither malice nor mischief.

AFTER THE RAIN.

DRIPPING the hollyhocks beneath the wall,
 Their fires half quenched, a smoldering red;
 A shred of gold upon the grasses tall,
 A butterfly is hanging dead.

A sound of trickling waters, like a tune
 Set to sweet words; a wind that blows
 Wet boughs against a saffron sky; all June
 Caught in the breath of one white rose.

The Critic.

CLEON AND I.

CLEON hath ten thousand acres,
 Ne'er a one have I;
 Cleon dwelleth in a palace,
 In a cottage I;
 Cleon hath a dozen fortunes,
 Not a penny I;
 Yet the poorer of the twain is
 Cleon, and not I.

Cleon, true, possesseth acres,
 But the landscape I;
 Half the charms to me it yieldeth
 Money cannot buy.

Cleon harbors sloth and dullness,
 Freshening vigor I;
 He in velvet, I in fustian—
 Richer man am I.

Cleon is a slave to grandeur,
 Free as thought am I;
 Cleon fees a score of doctors,
 Need of none have I;
 Wealth surrounded, care environ'd
 Cleon fears to die;
 Death may come, he'll find me ready,
 Happier man am I.

Cleon sees no charms in Nature,
 In a daisy I;
 Cleon hears no anthems ringing
 'Twixt the sea and sky;
 Nature sings to me for ever
 Earnest listener I;
 State for state, with all attendants—
 Who would change? not I.

Charles Mackay.

BUILD a little fence of trust
 Around to-day;
 Fill the space with loving work,
 And therein stay.
 Peer not through the sheltering bars,
 At to-morrow;
 God will help thee bear what comes
 Of joy or sorrow.

"STRANGE that we can always remember
 the smallest thing that has happened to
 ourselves, and yet not recollect how often
 we have repeated it to the same person."

Roche foucauld.

"ENTERED as second-class matter," read
 a very particular lady who lives in a brown-
 stone front, the other day, looking over THE
 HOME-MAKER, offered by a canvassing
 agent. "I'm trying to find something to
 read that is first-class, but I haven't suc-
 ceeded yet; and I will never have anything
 that is second-class come into my house.
 No, I will not subscribe; I shall wait till I
 find something entered as first-class
 matter."

SOME FAMOUS OLD MAIDS.

Look at the list. Elizabeth of England,
 one of the most illustrious of modern sov-
 ereigns. Her rule over Great Britain cer-
 tainly comprised the most brilliant literary
 age of the English-speaking people. Her
 political acumen was put to as severe
 tests as that of any other ruler the
 world ever saw. Maria Edgeworth was an
 old maid. It was this woman's writings
 that first suggested the thought of writing
 similarly to Sir Walter Scott. Her brain
 might well be called the mother of the
 Waverley Novels. Jane Porter lived and
 died an old maid. The children of her
 busy brain were "Thaddeus of Warsaw"
 and "The Scottish Chiefs," which have
 moved the hearts of millions with excite-
 ment and tears. Joanna Baillie, poet and
 play-writer, was "one of 'em." Florence
 Nightingale, most gracious lady, heroine of
 Inkermann and Balaklava hospitals, has, to
 the present, written "Miss" before her
 name. The man who should marry her
 might well crave to take the name of
 Nightingale. Sister Dora, the brave
 spirit of English pest-houses, whose story
 is as a helpful evangel, was the bride of
 the world's sorrow only. And then, what
 names could the writer and the reader
 add of those whom the great world may
 not know, but we know, and the little
 world of the village, the church, the family
 know, and prize beyond all worlds!

North British Advertiser.

INTANGIBLE.

PATIENTLY over the road we fare,
 Intent on the end we'd win;
 There's a hint of frost in the misty air,
 And the night is closing in;
 But vague and far from the muffled past
 Comes a tender, haunting tone,
 And we grasp the skirts of a memory fast
 From the land of our morning blown.

"Tis a faint, sweet sound of a tinkling bell
 Over the pastures borne;
 'Tis the lamb's low bleat on the lonesome fell;
 'Tis a rustle amid the corn;
 The scud and rush of the squirrel's tread
 Parting the withered leaves,
 Or the twitter of swallows overhead
 In the dusk of the cottage eaves.

And once again we are boys and girls
 In a round of school and play,
 With a mother's hand on our tangled curls,
 When we kneel at her lap to pray.
 Nothing we reckon of the ring of gold,
 Nor the fall of the dice on 'Change,
 For the beautiful story is all untold,
 And the world yet new and strange.

And lo! instead of the masks we wear
 In the throngs we meet to-day,
 Instead of the shoulders bowed to bear,
 And the eyes no longer gay,
 Our cheeks are quick with the sudden flush,
 We are eager for work and strife,
 And never a sorrow has come to hush
 Our jubilant pulse of life.

We sometimes catch in the crowded street
 A dear pet name we knew,
 Ere the dance had gone from the childish
 feet,
 Or we'd gathered a sprig of rue;
 'Tis somebody else who claims it now,
 But the spell of the old-time tone
 Brings unawares unto lip and brow
 The light of another zone.

Faring apace to the end—'tis true,
 Yet ever behind us lies
 The shimmering pearl and the fathomless
 blue

Of the lucent morning skies.
 And the wealth we prize as first and best
 Is a wealth no scales can weigh,
 For 'tis not in the East, and not in the West,
 And not on the earth to-day.

M. E. Sangster, in The Congregationalist.

"The healing of the world
 Is in its nameless saints. Each separate star
 Seems nothing, but a myriad scattered stars
 Break up the night, and make it beautiful."
Mrs. Browning.

MISS CLARA: "Can you call the names
 of the different stars and constellations,
 Mr. Featherly?" Featherly: "Oh, yes.
 There is the north star, and the evening
 star, and the Great Bear, and the Little
 Dipper, and the Milky Way, and all the
 rest. Oh, yes." Miss Clara: "The Great
 Bear is called Ursa Major, is it not?"
 Featherly: "Oh, you mean do I know
 their botanical names? I'm ashamed to
 confess I do not."

HEREIN is a difficult task—to make our
 kindness truthful, and our truthfulness
 kind. This will become easier by enlarg-
 ing our sympathies, so that more people
 are agreeable to us.

I HAVE such faith in Truth that, I take it,
 mere concealment is, in most cases, a
 mischief. *Arthur Helps.*

I HAVE often observed that vulgar per-
 sons and public audiences of inferior
 collective intelligence have this in common:
 the least thing draws off their minds when
 you are speaking to them.
Oliver Wendell Holmes.

OUR VEILED LADIES.

THE fashion of wearing veils has be-
 come very prevalent. It is a fashion
 which should not be encouraged. Its
 redeeming features are that the veil pro-
 tects the hair and keeps it well arranged;
 it protects the forehead from the wind and
 wards off neuralgia. These two services
 of the veil can be retained, but the veil
 should not be worn over the eyes. To
 them it is very injurious. It is injurious
 to the mechanical seeing apparatus, since
 a constant adjusting of muscles and lenses
 is required, and a striving to obtain a clear
 image for the retina. It is extremely wear-
 ing to the brain, which has a great deal to
 do with touching up and finishing off the
 picture which falls upon the vision, and in
 making the mental image a perfect one, no
 matter what the external one may be.
 Veils of dotted lace and dazzling white il-
 lusion may give rise in a few weeks to an
 irritable condition of the eyes that years
 will not remove. *Grace Peckham, M. D.*

ROUND DANCES.

UP to a comparatively recent date a broad line of demarkation could be laid between square and round dances. Now, the girl who does not waltz, does not dance. The dizzying whirl has insinuated itself into every description of the amusement, quadrille, cotillion and lancers; fastened, like a piece of new cloth on an old garment—upon the Virginia reel itself. I saw a minuet danced the other night, a careful reproduction of the stately movement of a hundred years ago, and the "reproduction" wound up—in a double sense—with a tearing waltz.

The craze for the mazy measure esteemed indecorous when Byron, a leader in the school of lax morality, wrote,

"What you've touched you may take—
Pretty waltzer, adieu!"

is the more remarkable because so few

people waltz well. For one who spins and skims like a dragon-fly, fifty blunder like blind beetles. Furthermore, there are men who are not awkward or ignorant, with whom modest girls cannot endure to waltz. There is as much difference between the respectful support of the true gentleman and the clasp of him who has delicacy neither in soul nor body as between snow and mud. I know the social code of the ball-room affirms that there are clever and available devices by which partners can be selected according to merit and preference. Girls will bear me witness how often undesirable ones are forced upon them. Were I, a veteran looker-on, to recount a few of the scenes that prove my position, *contretemps* disgraceful to one sex and annoying to the other, occurring at watering places, public balls and private drawing-rooms, I should horrify some readers and make enemies of others.

Marion Harland.



BOOKS READ IN THE ROCKING-CHAIR.

(*Baby's Lullaby Book: Mother Songs*, by Charles Stuart Pratt. L. Prang & Co., Boston.)

The poems, twelve in number, are a mother's songs to her infant during each month of the year, and bring into the baby's life the baby-thoughts and sights and sounds of the especial season or time.

Each poem has been set to music by Mr. G. W. Chadwick, the eminent composer, and a series of sweet, tender melodies is thus furnished for each month. Accompanying each of the twelve poems and songs is an exquisite full-page illustration in color by W. L. Taylor, while a frontispiece, title-page, dedication, and many vignettes are introduced by the same artist.

The colors of the illustrated pages are soft and delicate, and each is set in a frame of solid tint in artistic style. The

stiff cover is stuffed to make it soft to the touch, and is covered with surah sateen of delicate shades, on which is printed in rich colors a design by W. L. Taylor.

The adjective "unique" has been misapplied into insipidity, or the favored one into whose hands this volume falls would recall it first in the rush of expletives that rises to his lips. The publishers' modest setting-forth of the merits of "the finest and most elaborate art-publication of this character ever attempted" has been more than confirmed by our judgment. If we have the heart to offer an adverse criticism, it is that the frontispiece does not prepare us for the beauty of the illustrations that follow. The mother, sewing in hand and foot on rocker, and the sleeping baby (whose head is too high) are conventional and stiff. They may be an artistic foil to the dainty little maid who steps out from the parted curtain, three pages further on.

She is altogether lovely in her simple white slip and blue sash. Her hands are held bashfully behind her, but the smiling mouth and tenderly-wistful eyes are sweet with the fearless candor of infancy. The procession of the seasons begins next. In the attempt to select a song as a specimen of the style of the writer, who is best-known as the accomplished editor of "*Wide Awake*," we are tantalized by the impossibility of giving a right idea of the embarrassment of beauty which meets us.

April is illustrated by the naughty darning paddling in the broad pool of warm rain, outside the cottage door. May, by a green field in which stands the mother watching her baby gathering daisies. The same mother, child in arms, sings it to sleep in a corridor the door of which is framed in June roses. July is perhaps the most poetically-suggestive of the twelve months. The figure of the mother carrying her sleeping child is relieved boldly by a heavily-clouded background. The lake below catches the gloom of the summer shower. Only the lilies floating on the surface smile, white and brave, in the darkness. The mother's face is pensive and reverent, and this is the song she croons:

If I were a lily, a white water-lily—
 A white lily—
 And you were my sweet yellow heart,
 My petals of snow should enfold you,
 Till none
 But the sun
 And the stars in the blue could behold you,
 So sheltered apart.

Dream now—I'm a lily, thine own mother lily—
 A love-lily—
 And you are my golden sweet heart;
 My arms and my love both enfold you,
 Till none
 But the Son
 And the Father in Heaven can behold you,
 So sheltered thou art.

The airs by Mr. Chadwick are simple and pretty, the vignette preceding each musical number exquisite in design and execution.

(*How she did it; or, Comfort on \$150 a Year*, by Mary Cruger. D. Appleton & Co., N. Y.)

The question of how to live on a small income has been so exhaustively discussed and so satisfactorily (to themselves) settled by many writers, that it seems only a

matter of time to reduce the cost of existence to a cipher. Until that point is actually reached, one can hardly demand a lower rate of expenditure than \$150 a year. Most people would think such an income little else than starvation, but Mary Cruger, in her pleasant book, has demonstrated that one woman at least achieved comfort of no low degree upon this pittance.

The heroine of the story having been reduced to poverty, determines that, instead of becoming a dependent upon the kindly bounty of her friends, she will have a home and fireside of her own. By the aid of a mortgage and a sum of money she has in hand, she purchases a rocky bit of ground in the country, and here has built, after plans of her own, an odd little cottage of half-a-dozen rooms. In this she bestows herself and her belongings. The book gives particulars as to her mode of life, including even such points as her bill of fare, and furnishes full statements of every pound of food bought, and of every dollar paid out. The result is eminently satisfactory. The heroine does not starve; on the contrary, she lives very comfortably, and even lays aside something towards reducing the mortgage on her tiny farm.

While every woman of small income cannot retire to such a refuge as this, the book still has help for all housekeepers with limited means, in the valuable hints it offers in household economy, in a few good recipes it contains, and by its generally cheery, optimistic spirit that refuses to consider poverty a terror.

(*A History of Art*, by Wm. H. Goodyear. A. S. Barnes & Co., New York and Chicago.)

We have here a brief, comprehensive sketch of architecture, sculpture and painting. The work is copiously illustrated, and is designed as a text-book for use in schools and colleges. The type is excellent and the illustrations clear and interesting. The good quality of the paper on which they are printed adds to their value. The book will be of service to the casual student who has no time to burrow his way through half-a-dozen volumes in search of as many facts.

(*Esther, the Gentile*, Written and Published by Mary W. Hudson, Topeka, Kansas.)

A novel written to oppose an abuse or to right a wrong, must come from the hands

of a practical worker if it is to accomplish the desired end. Masters like Dickens and Charles Reade may surround the moral lesson they would inculcate with such weavings of fancy as to make even the practical points attractive. A tyro in literary work would better leave the task unattempted. "*Esther, the Gentile*" deals with the woman question. The author has followed in the footsteps of the writer of "*The Bar-Sinister*," although the latter book possesses far more interest than its imitation. The subject is treated in the same old fashion, the agony piled on at the customary junctures, and so little originality displayed that the reader lays the book aside in unbearable boredom, unable to complete the perusal.

(*Days Serene*. Illustrated by Margaret McDonald Pullman. Lee & Shepard, Boston, Mass.)

Among the many beautiful gift books that come with the holiday season, this holds an honorable place. The text is made up of poetical quotations that serve merely to explain the illustrations. These are dainty in the extreme. Engraved and printed under the direction of George T. Andrew, they are marked by a softness of finish that enhances the beauty of the designs.

Anything written by William Paul Gerhard, the New York civil engineer and expert, on the sanitary arrangement of dwellings and buildings in general, is worth consideration. Long experience makes his suggestions practical, and his "*Hints on the Drainage and Sewerage of Dwellings*" and "*House Drainage and Sanitary Plumbing*" have proved valuable contributions to the literature of domestic economy. Mr. Gerhard's pamphlet on "*Sanitary Drainage of Tenement Houses*" was the work of a philanthropist, but no more so than his "*Prevention of Fire*," the latter being written with especial reference to hospitals, asylums, and other public institutions. His writings are never befogged by mere technical phrases, and the principles and methods suggested are usually illustrated by numerous and easily-comprehended diagrams.

(*First Steps in Electricity*, by Charles Barnard. Charles E. Merrill & Co., New York.)

An attractive little volume, written for

the purpose of entertaining and instructing young people at home and in school. This end will be readily accomplished, for the style is clear, and the experiments proposed are simple and easily tried. For the convenience of those who may not have the pieces of apparatus mentioned in the book, the publishers have prepared an electrical outfit, which will be sent by mail on receipt of the price.

(*Housekeeping Made Easy*, by Christine Terhune Herrick. Harper & Bros., New York.)

Formerly the girl who expected, ere long, to don her bridal veil, put as far from her thought as possible the menacing spectre which leered in the foreground, casting a baleful shadow over the coming honeymoon, viz., the dread of going to housekeeping; undertaking a role in which failure and mortification were predestined miseries. To-day, a youthful matron, herself a girl but yesterday, is the representative of our girls of the period, quietly stepping to the front with her "*Housekeeping Made Easy*," and, as she puts it tersely in her preface, declaring that it is only, after all, "Housekeeping done Thoroughly."

There are several distinctive merits, apart from the excellent character of the work itself, about the book's personality, so to speak. Its shape, size and binding make it an attractive addition to the volumes which lie on the table. Its agreeably-tinted paper does not try weak or weary eyes. Its type is clear and distinct. Finally, it has the crowning charm of a careful index.

Mrs. Herrick's opinions are firmly held and are stated clearly and directly, while her style is often lightened by apt bits of quotation, gleams of humor, and half-unconscious references which show that this practical housekeeper is a student of belles-lettres. The arrangement of the housework, assigning to each day its own tasks, the advice anent "husbands and money," the hints regarding hospitality, the counsel that concerns the "family dress-maker," all in turn are pertinent and sensible. And, as we begin with the selection of the home, make its tour from attic to cellar, and conclude with the "gude mon" cosily seated at his "ain fireside," little is left to be desired.

M. E. S.

MY M. O. A. W.

Editor of Home-Maker :

I AM a young housekeeper and not sure enough that I know anything to assert myself against a Maid-of-all-Work, who is sure that she knows everything.

I have just come up to my room, heated and almost tearful, after a combat with her. My mother told me, when we set up house-keeping for ourselves in our neat wigwam, never to countenance the presence of washing-soda. She denounced it as the pest of the laundry, and forewarned me that I would have trouble to keep it out of my house. Our clothes have been perfectly *awful* lately. Yellow, with bias streaks of bluing left in them by the wringer, our sheets reminded my John (or so he said) of a faded sunset by one of the very old masters. Our pocket-handkerchiefs and napkins are eaten into what look like moth-holes. This latter phenomenon, my mother says, signifies washing-soda. My M. O. A. W. delights in the name of Delinda. She is tall and florid, and, when I dragged out a paper of the detested alkali from behind the flour barrel in the store-room this afternoon, she turned a sort of reddish-pumpkin color. She was obliged to use it, she said. It didn't hurt the clothes. Indeed, it whitened them. No other lady she ever lived with was willing to keep house without it.

"The wather was that harrrd, an' the soap that new they were atin' her hands into a nutmeg-grather."

So saying, she spread them out for my inspection. They did look as if the moths had tried their teeth on them after they were done with the linen. She declared, too, that the bottle-bluing was "no good."

"What is the use of putting bluing into the water if the clothes are clean and white?" asked I. "And it seems reasonable that nice, fresh, new soap should dissolve sooner and wear the hands less than hard, old pieces."

Well, she talked and I listened, and tried to answer back, but her lungs were the stronger of the two pairs, and here I am, heartily ashamed of my hot cheeks and shaking hands, as sure that she is wrong as that I am right, and too big a coward to face her down in my own house.

Which is the better plan—to fight it out to the bloody—or tearful—end, and die

early, or to live to a green old age (is *that* what the "green" means, do you think?) with both eyes shut to dirt and disorder?

MONTCLAIR, N. J. *Kitty M—.*

Answer :

Taking your difficulties in the order in which they are given—THE HOME-MAKER emphatically endorses your mother's condemnation of washing-soda in the laundry. The yellowness and perforation of your linen are both referable to the use of the deleterious alkali. If the rose-saffron-hued maiden could be convinced of the truth that the moth-bitten appearance of her hands proceeds from a like cause, she would be more amenable to reason.

Still, new soap and hard water are wearing to the cuticle of even a Delinda. Her complaint of the new soap is well-founded. Purchase of soap by the bar, from week to week is not economical or wise in any respect. If laid in by the quantity, cut into pieces twice as long as they are wide, and spread on the shelves of the pot-closet, or in a dry garret, to ripen for several weeks before using, it will go half as far again as when freshly cut, and not fret the texture of clothes and skin. Hard water is as trying to a washerwoman's patience as a smoky chimney, but more easily corrected. A tablespoonful of borax, stirred into the wash-boiler before the clothes go in, will soften the water.

THE HOME-MAKER does not like to find fault with so vivacious a correspondent, from whom it hopes to hear often. But you are planing the wood for your own coffin by entering into combats with a loud-tongued, insensitive inferior. Don't work up annoyance into trouble. First, get yourself—your nerves, temper, and voice—in hand. Then, undertake the training of Delinda. When you descend to discussions with her, you sink to her level; when you allow her to see that she has irritated you, you drop below it, for you have been taught better things, and she has not. Life, health, happiness, even good looks, are too valuable to be risked in the wear and tear of kitchen-friction. Dirt and disorder need not be the alternatives. Rate things at their true worth, and you will find the M. O. A. W., at her worst, but a passing vexatio.

Editor.

THE STORY OF THREE MONTHS.

THE first number of THE HOME-MAKER should have been published on October 1st, 1888. An accident in the press-room delayed the issue until the 5th of the month. The season was inauspicious. Announcements of the new enterprise by means of circular and newspaper advertisements were but partially distributed during the summer, in consequence of the absence from the city of many who would have been friends and subscribers.

The second number appeared under still less favorable circumstances. A Presidential canvass and election always paralyze trade for a time. In the fever of contest, the triumph of victory and the depression of defeat, there seemed to the most sanguine well-wishers to the infant magazine little hope that it would catch the public eye, much less engage popular attention.

A succession of mischances incident to the earlier stages of every undertaking, kept back the Christmas number for nearly a week after the date appointed for the publication. New machinery works stiffly, and the hand must get used to even a good instrument before it can wield it deftly.

So much for what may be called the material drawbacks to the success of the new periodical. Before they were encountered, moral dissuaves had been applied in number and variety too abundant to be fully enumerated here. "The market was overstocked with household magazines." Upon the desks of business manager and editors were piled, before the initial number of THE HOME-MAKER went to press, no less than twenty *brochures* and papers devoted to housewifery. A timorous imagination might have seen in each a lurid beacon warning the newly-selected crew not to put to sea at that point. Private letters, friendly and impertinent, assured the Board of Managers that there was no field for their project, and street-corner acquaintances had, at their tongue-tips, the title and fate of every periodical which had come to grief within the half century. Under threatening skies and against headwinds, the staunch barge began the voyage. Through all, the hearts of those who manned her never quailed, but now, at the end of ninety days, they take breath and look back with gratitude and surprise at what has been overpast and what done.

With a circulation that increases at the rate of thousands each month, with clubs forming all over the country and sending in messages of hearty good-will with every list of new names, those with whom the establishment of THE HOME-MAKER was the realization of a dream that hardly dared take the form of a hope, gladly embrace this occasion to return thanks to the public to which they owe so much.

In her salutatory, the Editor-in-chief claimed the house-mothers of America as her constituency and personal friends. The result is proving that her trust was not unfounded.

The press, without exception, has given the new magazine a flatteringly cordial reception. The hand of fellowship is frankly extended all along the line of the fraternity. Words of encouragement, of congratulation, often of affectionate appreciation, come hourly to the modest offices that are already becoming too strait for the young periodical's growing needs. All this proves the sagacity that insisted upon a plan of operations which trenchanted upon no other publication.

THE HOME-MAKER rivals none of its contemporaries, because it has made a sphere for itself. Instead of contending (as was prophesied) with *Good Housekeeping*, *Table Talk*, *The Ladies' Home Journal*, etc., etc., it clasps hands with all—and attends to its own business!

It would be an ungraciously thankless omission from its list of benefits to forbear the mention of the invariable kindness it has received from the noble Guild of Authors, far and near. Always generous and loyal to one another, the men and women comprising it have surpassed themselves in loving words and liberal acts in response to the editorial call upon their services. The moral stimulus of their unsolicited testimony to the good work THE HOME-MAKER is doing is as valuable in carrying this on as are the contributions sent to our columns.

"Nothing succeeds like success." To all who have aided in securing this for the new undertaking—contributors, editors and subscribers—the Board of Managers, the Publishers and the Editors of THE HOME-MAKER desire, at the close of this first quarter of its existence, to say "Thank you!" It is a good world, after all, in which we live—a world which, if God will, these pages will make better still.

JANUARY 1, 1889.



PHOTO BY SARONY.

*Very truly yours,
Marion Harland.*

THE HOME-MAKER.

VOL. I.

FEBRUARY, 1889.

No. 5.

EDITORIAL

FAMILIAR TALK OF PEOPLE AND THINGS.

"THIS ONE THING I DO!"



WITH the close settling down of the winter's cold and gloom without the home and fireside, began the severest labors of charitable institutions. The fable of the butterfly and ant finds thousands of illustrations in town and country,—with a difference. The ant opens her door and cupboard to the shivering sluggard. This article does not propose to treat of eleemosynary benefactions. When the recipients are moderately hale men and women, the strong probability is that every bestowed alms is an impulse toward pauperdom, the most hopeless of mortal conditions.

A subtler problem is the sincere demand for work from those who are "willing to do anything" by which an honest livelihood may be gained. The subtlest and most perplexing section of this problem is to supply women with occupations that "pay." They besiege our doors in troops; our mails are swollen by written appeals; books are written and sermons preached in discussion of their evil case; societies are founded for the amelioration of the same.

Still, cry and struggle go on. "Something to do, or I die!" is the wail of a host who were brought up as are the daughters of our middle-class and wealthier families all over the country, yet are reduced to the necessity of working for a living. The theme is hackneyed, but terribly important. It would not be possible in the compass of the whole number of our magazine, nor, for that matter, in the entire volume, to deal fairly with all the ramifications of the question of Women's Work and Wages. Yet one broad, deep principle covers so many cases which were, otherwise, baffling to philanthropist and social economist, that it deserves emphatic statement.

Few women who were not brought up to trades or professions ever learn *any one thing* so thoroughly that they can make money by the practice of it.

"This one thing I do" is set before the boy as a motto of daily life by the time he can read and write. Everybody asks: "What are you going to make of him?" His parents are uneasy or vexed if he shows, at sixteen, no decided proclivity for any occupation. He must create his life. His sister steps into a ready-made world. The gross inconsistency of her inability to

take care of herself with the American belief in marriages of affection, would be ludicrous but for the consequences of the unbalanced system. If a girl is to depend upon marriage as a means of livelihood, let her be brought up on that basis. Her parents or guardian should choose her husband, and all thoughts of heart-selection be kept from her imagination. Otherwise, the commercial transaction is faulty in one of its provisions. If, however, she is bent upon wedding for love, and love only, the question of maintenance is a secondary consideration. Should she remain constant to a dead lover—or husband,—or never meet with one whom she can love freely and entirely—what then? In view of the notorious instability of American fortunes, it is a simple condition of safety that she should cast an anchor to windward in the form of ability to take care of herself—and, perhaps, of her children.

This is the age of specialties—a tendency daily more apparent. No one man now makes the whole of a watch, or a harness, or magazine. It is no longer necessary for an editor to be a practical printer; and there are women who earn high wages by draping gowns in dress-making establishments. If ever the legend: "This one thing I do!" ought to be stamped upon the bells of the horses and written all over the page of daily labor, it is now. To some vocations—notably that of the daily governess—the trend of circumstance and opinion is disastrous. The majority of women should be shrewd to turn the tide to their own advantage. She succeeds best in this who calls nothing which is honest common or unclean. There is no good reason why the girl who gives music-lessons should outrank socially—education and breeding being equal in both—her whose specialty is cookery. A really

competent housekeeper commands a higher salary than a public-school teacher. A bright woman with deft fingers will make more as a compositor in a printing-office than as a third-rate painter of holiday cards.

To be specific: A New York woman, well-bred, and once well-to-do, amplifies a scanty income into competency by the manufacture of chicken pies, for the sale of which she depends chiefly upon a Woman's Exchange. They are her specialty, in which practice has wrought perfection.

In Richmond, Virginia, an admirably conducted, therefore successful Exchange for Woman's Work has created a market for the sale of delicious "beaten biscuits," made by a gentlewoman who carries on the dainty industry in her own home, and earns a goodly sum by it yearly. One of the principal grocery firms of the same city has the agency of "Pin-Money Pickles," put up by another gentlewoman, receiving and filling orders for them from many parts of the country, even from Philadelphia and Brooklyn. Nobody who has once eaten the delicious condiment can relish the acid indistinctiveness of most of the pickles turned out "as per contract."

A third supplies the Pennsylvania Exchange with preserves that, like the articles already named, make their market.

An extract from a circular issued by this last-named institution, which is wisely and profitably managed, offers a strong, clear solution of the question we are discussing:

"Let those who desire to benefit by their labor ask: '*What do I make best?*' then make and offer it to the Exchange."

Every woman has a "best" somewhere. The first step in the direction of success is to find out what it is; the second, but no more important, to elevate it from an accomplishment to a profession.





HOME LITERATURE

“THOU WAYWARD BOY!”



Thou wayward boy, come here !
Put by thy bow !
And all thy shafts in some safe nook bestow—
Give heed, the while I whisper in thine ear !
Then spread thy wings and fly,
Bear every word and sigh
To her who is to me of all most dear.

How shalt thou know 'tis she?—
When thou shalt find
Brown hair just gathered in a knot behind,
Cheeks wherein blushes nestle bashfully,
And lips where trembling lie
Kisses, the which to die
Quaffing, were more than immortality.

When thou shalt see gray eyes—
Deep, ah ! so deep
That in their depths past ages seem to sleep ;
When gazing on all beauty in such guise,
If vain thy wings essay
To bear thee thence away.
Know, at *her* feet my heart a suppliant lies.

Then draw thou near to her
Whispering low :
Tell her but this—that I do love her so
That I am grown a blind idolater.
Reverence for her sweet name,
Passion, like wind-lashed flame
In strange alliance hold me prisoner.

And note her mantling cheek ;
Judge if I be
All things to her as she is all to me.
'Neath down-drooped lashes, truthful answers seek.
If, haply, she doth tell
How that she loves me well—
Yet ask what mean the words that she doth speak.



If in her heart she saith,
As I in mine,
That every torch grows dim before love's shrine ;
If far above all joys she reckoneth
Love's presence, love's caress,
Even love's waywardness—
If she would crown him king of life and death ;

Then beg her that she bend
Her look aside,
Till thou canst spread thy downy pinions wide
And flutter back to him who is thy friend.
Here, in some happy spot,
Thy naughty pranks forgot,
Thee will we worship until all things end.

Duffield Osborne.



MR. VANDERNEST'S VALENTINES.



NEVER never saw any one quite like you, Clare. So persistent, so insistent. Always money, money, money! I should think you thought I was made of money!"

Perhaps Clare had seen too little of her father to let her think him made of anything else.

"Well, aren't you, papa!" she said, roguishly, looking up into his sour face, and hugging herself while the wind whistled round her bare head.

"Really, Clare is the only one who can do anything with her father," said Mrs. Vandernest, looking down cautiously from the drawing-room window, left open by the maid, to the sidewalk where Mr. Vandernest had been arrested on the way to the carriage by Clare's fluting voice, hiding herself, meanwhile, behind the curtain which blew about and threatened to disclose her, do what she would, and not daring to drop the sash, lest her husband should glance up and see her.

"Take care, Emma," said her sister, in a low voice. "If he sees you it's all up with Clare's hopes. What a gale it must be out at sea; a regular dry storm! Here, let me hold down the curtain. There! He's getting to be a regular curmudgeon. Who would ever have dreamed it of Sydney?"

"It's too bad," sighed the wife. "It's really too bad. But it's wrong for me to let you talk so, Helena. He's my husband, and—"

"Nonsense! I should have to be blind and deaf, as well as dumb, and a senseless stock besides, not to appreciate Sydney for all he's worth—"

"He's worth more than a million dollars. He never used to be so," whimpered Mrs. Vandernest, whether in reference to the million or the curmudgeon.

"It's growing on him. Bad things grow like weeds. And what hard work it is to cultivate the virtues. At least, he finds it hard, apparently."

"Oh, Helena, I'm sure—I don't know—I—"

"Oh, I don't mean that Mr. Vandernest isn't virtue itself in all the things that have no temptation for him. But money

—I don't know where he wouldn't follow a dollar."

"It isn't right to talk so, Helena," sighed the wife.

"I know it's mean, while I live in his house. I shan't feel as if I could look myself in the face till I go out and earn my own living. I'm sure, anything would be more agreeable than his perpetual fault-finding and scrimping. I *could* get a place in a shop, maybe. If there's one thing in the world I can do it is to make change."

"It's true," murmured Mrs. Vandernest, "we were a great deal happier before he knew how rich he was. As soon as he had one million, he wanted five. There goes the curtain again. It's just as well he wouldn't let Gerald have a yacht, with such a wind. He'd be in a hurricane off the coast of Cuba if he had, and no more marine views or anything. It would be the last we should see of him."

"He said it would be, when he flung out of the room, anyway."

"And Gerald is the most patient, most uncomplaining. His father expects him to be all that other millionaires' sons are, and on nothing a year."

"Well, don't fret, Emma. The mills of the gods grind slowly, and if they don't grind out something for Sydney—"

"They can't," said Mrs. Vandernest, in sublime belief that not even Fate could get the better of Mr. Vandernest in a matter of money. "He's placed his funds so that nothing can take them all at once. And—"

"And there's nothing else would hurt him. What a coward you are, Emma!"

"It—it isn't right."

"To say? All right to feel, I suppose. Take care, he's looking round. Well, he can't have any hurt from want of affection, or he'd take some pains to preserve it. Clare's indifference doesn't trouble him; nor Gerald's despair,—and Ruth is such a lovely creature! If all the Gulnares of the sea looked as she does in that last picture of Gerald's we should have very few young men above water. No; Sidney's safe as long as he lives; and that will be forever. He can't die;—for your soul has to leave your body when you die,—and he hasn't any soul, I've come to believe. Where your treasure is there will

your heart be also ; and his treasure will always be in bank vaults."

"I mustn't let you talk so, Helena. He's—he's your brother."

"Oh, I know he is. And I know it's wicked. And I know it's his fault that makes me wicked," said Helena, with a sort of subdued fury.

"What is he doing now?"

"He's making hypocrites and swindlers of us, now and all the time."

"No—but really. Look, look, quick!—I do believe—"

"He certainly is—Hush!" exclaimed Helena in a whisper. "If Clare hasn't carried the day! He's putting his hand into his pocket! He's taken out a bill! Oh, be careful, don't let him see us—it's a crucial moment."

It was indeed a crucial moment. "I don't approve of a young girl's having so much money," Mr. Vandernest was saying petulantly.

"But, papa," urged Clare, the wind fanning a color into her cheeks, and her eyes bright with expectation as the petulance seemed to promise compliance, "you know I'm almost as careful as you are about money."

"I'm not careful!" cried her father. "I'm perfectly reckless, perfectly reckless and prodigal to be thinking of letting you have such a sum. Why doesn't your mother ask for it?"

"Oh, papa, you know what mamma is—she's so—so—"

"Unreasonable. That's what she is!"

"To want a cheque-book, papa?"

"And that isn't unreasonable? A cheque-book to draw out my money! I call it preposterous! No, Clare, no. I haven't the amount. Men don't carry such sums about with them now-a-days."

"Oh, yes, you have, papa;" fluted Clare. "Colonel Matthews just handed you some money to invest for him, or something. At any rate I saw an almost new, crisp, green one-hundred-dollar bill in it. And that's the very bill I want."

"What a little baggage you are! Well, I suppose I shall have to give it to you, or you'll catch your death out here, and make me catch mine, and this wind will take the brougham over the side of the hill."

"It's more likely to take me up like a balloon. If you really do give me the money, papa, I shall be light-hearted enough to go up—"

"Light-headed, you mean. Well—when I come home."

"No, no, now, papa! Now, there's no time like the present. I want it now."

"You are as impatient as you are importunate, Clare. A regular little daughter of the horse leech. But there, there it is. And I hope that will be all the finery you want for one while. Your mother ought—what was it you said you wanted it for?" suspiciously, and still holding the bill by one end between thumb and finger.

"I didn't say, papa," she cried gleefully.

"Well, you had better, if you want it."

"It's—it's a little of a secret," she said hesitatingly, the color going and coming like a flame. "The idea of keeping me out here this February day so long! Now, don't you ask me, papa."

"I shall ask you," he said.

"Well, papa,—you know that lady—I shall catch my death-a-cold out here!"

"Then run right in. What lady?" as she didn't run in.

"Why, the pale one with the brown eyes and the white hair, with the lovely lame girl, that exquisite creature whose lameness is only a beauty, she uses her crutches in the way a swan does his feet in the water, that sit behind the big pillar in church—"

"Well, what of them? Of course I know who you mean. I should think I had reason to make haste. Clare, this is ridiculous! I'm in a hurry, though no one would dream it, and it's confoundedly cold for you to be keeping me so, and you'll be sick yourself, and another doctor's bill. Well, what of them? What have they to do?—By heaven!" as he looked at her and some inspiration seized him from far outside himself, "you want to spend my money on those beggars!" he roared. "You want to give away what it has cost me years of labor and struggle to get together! Those people I've forbidden Gerald to go near again! You—"

And just at that instant a great puff of wind came sailing and swirling about them, and snatched the bit of green paper from his thumb and finger, and went careering up and away with it, up, up, up, over the bare tree-tops, over the houses, and into the clouds themselves.

Mr. Vandernest looked after it one long moment. As if he could not believe the evidence of his senses, he glanced at his hands, at the steps, made a motion toward



"MR. VANDERNEST LOOKED AFTER IT ONE LONG MOMENT."

his daughter as if he would like to shake her, and then dashed down to his carriage like one of the swine into whom the evil spirits betook themselves. But Clare had already fled the place, and had darted upstairs and into the front drawing-room, where her aunt Helena slammed down the window.

"Oh! oh! oh!" she sobbed, as much with excitement and apprehension as with disappointment. "When I all but had it! And what, what, what do you suppose he will do and say when he comes back?"

"He—he can't kill you," said her mother.

"He can shut me up in my room—"

"He never did."

"He can forbid me to go out, and refuse me a new bonnet for a year, and bring me to shame by disputing the dress-maker's bill—"

"No," said her aunt Helena, smoothing the tangles of yellow curls where the wind had played havoc, "he will do nothing of the sort. He'll just fret about the waste of butter, and the surplus of the pudding-sauce, and threaten to put Gerald at work as a day-laborer on a farm, till he's worn it out."

"It's a dreadful life, oh, it's a dreadful life!" sighed her mother.

And although anyone might have seen that Mr. Vandernest's family was in what

is politically called an insurrectionary state, no one would have supposed that he really loved them with all the heart he had, be the same much or little, and that they lived in a house little short of a palace provided by his money, even if every separate article in it had been wrung out of him as if at a cost of his life-blood.

"Well," said Clare, ruffling all her curls again, "that's the end of Ruth's worsted. If she ever has her foot straightened, it will be by no means of ours. And I did so want to help her, and I made up the work, and offered her the price—I must take it anyway, mamma, and I must pay her; I shall just sell my pearl ear-rings—and if papa finds it out he may make the most of it."

"You can't," said the aunt. "They're locked up in the safe in the library."

"Well, dear," said her mother. "You did your best to help Ruth, and that will be remembered to your account—"

"I don't care anything about my account!" cried Clare. "And it sounds too much like papa's business, any way. I wasn't thinking of myself. I was thinking of Ruth's foot, and of making it so she could go about the world with Gerald taking his sketches. I think she could paint herself presently—she is artist all through. Just think what papa might do for people if he only would! There's the postman, oh, yes, James has his hands full—valentines! Oh, what a deadly waste of money! It makes me sick!"

It was odd that just at that moment Mrs. Paul, the pale woman with the brown eyes and the white hair who sat behind the pillar in church, should be making the same remark about Mr. Vandernest. "Just think what he might do with his money, if he only would!"

"Well, as his daughter Clare would say, he only won't," Ruth answered her. "And that isn't the worst of it."

"No," said her mother. "He only will—when it comes to this question of demanding his own. And it is his own, I suppose. But your father always told me he had rendered Mr. Vandernest good and sufficient service for the money represented in that note,—and the moment we were left defenceless that note is presented, and we have nothing to do but to pay it or lose the house over our heads. I am thankful there is only a hundred dollars more to pay on it."

"I should be more thankful," said Ruth,

"if I knew where that hundred dollars was coming from. You see, stitch as I can on this embroidery of Clare's, I can't finish it yet."

"If it were done and paid for," said the mother,—*"I had meant that money to go for the straightening of your foot."*

"Not with that debt hanging over us. I forget my foot isn't straight,—Gerald never remembers it. I only submitted to taking the fancy price she promised in order to pay the debt to her father. And I don't see what we can do."

For all the look of trouble on her face, she was as beautiful as King Cophetua's beggar maid, as she sat there with the sprays and wreaths growing under her needle like frost on the pane, the dark hair accentuating the perfect pallor of the face whose red lips were its only color, the features perfect as an antique, the great black-lashed sea-gray eyes shining like aqua-marine jewels. The mother thought if Mr. Vandernest once saw her, once heard the music of the brook-like voice, he might feel a pride and pleasure in his son's choice. She felt almost angry the next moment to think that Gerald was the daughter's choice.

"I am going out," she said presently. "I shall go to his office and ask him to take less this time. He can but turn us out, and he will do that anyway, without scruple. What a storm there is blowing up. But I suppose you will know nothing about it. Gerald will come while I'm gone, and when he comes it's all sunshine."

"I wish there were a little sunshine now," said Ruth. "It's so dark for such fine work. I wish that shutter would swing back. Hold the mull, mother, please, while I open the window and fasten back this blind." But the wind blew in as she opened the sash, and in spite of the mother's hand, mull and patterns and threads went whirling every way at once, and suddenly, while Mrs. Paul was hurrying to gather them out of the wind's way, the girl's voice cried: "Oh, mother, mother, look; do but look!" And as if a bird had flown into her bosom she had clasped her hands across something blown and nestling there, a great green leaf, a fresh, crisp hundred-dollar bill! "If this isn't a valentine sent from heaven there never was one!" she cried. "And what a valentine! A hundred-dollar bill! I never saw such a bill before, and I never had a valentine," she cried, letting the window fall. "Oh,

I never will doubt Providence again! Mother! a hundred dollars!" And the girl's joy transformed her into a sort of radiance.

Mrs. Paul took the bill and examined it, even to the daub of red ink where some one had started to scribble initials on the back and then smeared them out. "Yes," she said calmly, "some one has lost it—poor soul. It was not a kind Providence to that person. We must advertise it, I suppose. It isn't ours."

Ruth looked at her a moment, first in amazement and then in horror, hiding her face in her hands then. "Oh!" she cried, "how wicked I am! How good you are! I am no better than—than—any bad person! I would have kept it, and it wasn't ours!" And when she went back to her needle she could hardly see it for the tears that kept coming.

Mrs. Paul folded the bill away in her purse, wrote out a brief advertisement, which she put beside it, and had presently gone on her errand, leaving the girl alone in the dim room where, when Gerald found her, her beauty seemed like an illumination, and her silent meekness like one of those half-hours of heaven. Sitting there with her lover, saying a little, and looking and feeling so much, Ruth's thoughts were pleasanter than her mother's were what time she stood before Mr. Vandernest's desk, briefly stating her errand.

"It's very extraordinary, very extraordinary, indeed," he said fussily. "Women never seem to have any idea of business. A most improper request of a business man. Business is business. And to ask a man to receive partial payment when the whole is due—"

"It is all I have," said Mrs. Paul, with a gesture of something like despair. And then she remembered herself, and opened her purse, and took out the twenty-five dollars, and laid the little roll before him. "In three months," she said, "I hope to be able to pay the remainder. But to-day it's all I have."

"Madam!" said Mr. Vandernest, peering over his desk suddenly, "why do you make such a statement as that, when I saw plainly, very plainly, with perfect distinctness, another bill in your purse? Not that I want it, but that I see it! A ten—a hundred—"

Mrs. Paul took it out instantly and opened it before him. "It is a hundred-

dollar bill," she said, "but it is not mine. It blew into my window less than an hour ago."

"A likely story!" said Mr. Vandernest before he bethought himself. "People have their windows open in the middle of February!"

"Mine was open," said Mrs. Paul with dignity. "And, as I said, this blew in. I am on my way with this advertisement to the *Herald* office," and she opened and laid before him also the notice that she had written out.

"Well," said Mr. Vandernest, "I must say! It is only people as poor and proud as Lucifer that can afford to indulge in such fine scruples," as she mechanically turned the bill over in her hand. "Here you come, and put me off with a quarter of what is due me when you have the whole sum in your purse."

"Mr. Vandernest," said Mrs. Paul, I wish I had. But that bill is no more mine than it is yours—"

"It is mine," he said quickly, his dark face flushing purple. "It blew out of my hands less than an hour ago as I stood talking at my door with my daughter. I know it by the mark and smear of red ink—it caught my eye then—there it is—"

He stopped suddenly, growing white and yellow and red by turns. Why should Mrs. Paul believe him any more than he had believed her? Well, what if she didn't? What was a hundred-dollar bill to him? What—But yet a business man's honor—his word.

"If it is as you say, sir," said Mrs. Paul quietly, "there can be no doubt about it. The bill is yours." And she tossed the advertisement into the waste basket and laid the bill on his desk. "I am glad to be able to restore it to you," she said, and waited a moment for his decision on her own affair.

He opened a drawer, dropped the bill in and closed it, looked out of the window a moment, and then up at the ceiling, and then examined his finger-nails. "Well, no, Mrs. Paul," said he, "I don't feel called upon to administer charity in this case. I have already been more than lenient. I will give you what I may call the customary three days' grace, and then if you are not able to pay me the rest of the money I shall feel obliged to put an attachment on your property." He would like to repel her so that she wouldn't let her daughter marry Gerald. But no danger of that, he thought.

"Death is a great leveller, I have heard it said, Mr. Vandernest," said Mrs. Paul, after a moment's silence. "And my husband's death has shown me the truth of the saying. If I had come into your office during his lifetime you would have sprung to offer me a chair; you would have placed your purse at my disposal. Now, you have not even asked me to be seated, and you make yourself the oppressor of the widow and the fatherless in my person and my child's. Good morning."

And feeling glad at any rate that she had been able to give him that piece of her mind, she left the place, and left it full of astonished silence; for Mr. Vandernest was not a man of violent language, and if he had been he was quite too much amazed to use it. He, the courtly Mr. Vandernest, accused of incivility! He, a church member, called to his face the oppressor of the fatherless! He felt as if he were turning to stone.

He sat so for perhaps half an hour, not consciously thinking of anything at all. At the end of that time he began to see the world outside of him though the cloud of his anger, to see that he was very much displeased with it, with his wife for her limpness, with his sister for her insolence, with his daughter Clare for her absurd spirit of wastefulness, with his son Gerald for his open rebellion. Wanted to be a painter, did he? Well, he should be a painter, and glazier, too.

Mr. Vandernest rose and put on his great-coat. Let the wind blow. He must pay a visit to his attorneys. He was going to make his will.

He glanced over one or two papers. There were others he must have; but they were with certain of his securities in the safe which was built into the library wall at home. The carriage had gone back; but he could call a cab and go for them—they were lists of properties necessary to mention.

Mr. Vandernest was one of those people who have a deep disinclination to make a will, a feeling as if death stood behind it and was beckoned and invited by such a document, and deceived and put off by its absence.

But Mr. Vandernest's recent reflections were stronger even than his disinclination. The law make a good will? Altogether too good. It will divide his property in equal shares between those rebellious and disobedient and ungrateful people. He could

make a better. His wife might break it, possibly; but if she did the children would in that case have only what she could give them, and Helena nothing. He should give them a life estate of a thousand dollars a year, and all the rest of the property he should give to some great corporation, either an orphanage or a university, something that would fight to win if the will were contested.

So Mr. Vandernest drove home, and let himself in and mounted the velvet-covered stairs to the library where were the papers he sought. As he noiselessly opened the safe, a hum of voices on the other side of the portièze caught his ear, and mention of himself arrested him.

"I shouldn't feel so," Clare was saying, "if papa was like other men."

He! Mr. Vandernest! Not like other men!

"But just look at the contemptible parsimony with which we are treated."

Contemptible parsimony! Oh, Miss Clare, you have sealed your fate! Mr. Vandernest looked about him at the old India rug on the floor from the palace of a Ramapootra prince, for which he had paid three thousand dollars, at the Jules Breton on the wall, the Diaz, the Merle, the Corot full of dreaming, at the Vibert on the easel with its every dainty detail and its scorching moral, at the velvet divans, the bronze Perseus, the silver lamps, the sweeping purple velvet curtains, the books, marvels of tooling, the screen, the vases, the crystal jar of red roses—these had cost nothing less than a dollar apiece—he knew,—had he not paid for them? And parsimony? He, who liked to have every thing rich and fine about him! His heart stood still a second.

"Yes," his wife was saying, "he could trust me with the right use of his children all their lives, but not of his money. The house is a palace; but I feel like a bird in a cage in it. I can't spend a dollar without accounting for it. I can't have a dollar without asking for it like a beggar and telling what I want to do with it, and then it's like drawing teeth to get it. It's been so for years. I might have an immortal soul in my charge, but not a cheque book."

"Somebody had to have the immortal souls in charge," said Clare, "and I'm sure papa doesn't even know if we were made with souls or without them. He has never spent enough time with us to find out. He doesn't know that Gerald has genius

enough to make his name known when that of every mere millionaire is forgotten. He doesn't even know he has a painting-room at the top of the house. I'm sure if he opens a studio he would have orders enough in a year to let him marry Ruth Paul, the dear beauty, instead of breaking their two hearts as they are doing now—"

Ruth Paul! That woman's daughter! Mr. Vandernest's hair stood on end to such a degree that he had to remove his hat, which he had previously forgotten to do, lest it should fall off.

"I should think papa, with his clear sight," the voice went on, "would see how much better it would be for Gerald to marry such a good, such an exquisite, such a sweet and gentle girl as Ruth Paul, and set the whole town wild with her beauty, too, rather than the stupid daughter of some rich banker, in a scrofulous, vicious set where there's nothing going on but gambling with horses or yachts or cards, as it may be, and drinking and dancing and disease and death are the chief diversions,—some girl only a form to hang expensive clothes on and a hand to scatter money—"

Scatter money. Yes, to be sure. Something in that. Clare had some sense. Some of his own hard sense, after all. And of course, there were Rotterdam's boys and Bellair's gone to the old boy just that way,—no business in them.

"But papa," continued Clare in the next breath, "thinks nothing of the happiness of his children; he thinks only of adding dollar to dollar. He knew how I wanted that bill this morning for Ruth; he knew what pleasure it would give me; and he would never have felt it any more than if it had been an invisible impossible bill. But no! I declare I'm tired to death of having to make a struggle for every cent I need to buy clothes with that just shan't disgrace him. I think the best thing we can do is to go off by ourselves, mamma. You've a little money, and that would pay our room-rent, and I could get a school and run the house, and then nothing could be expected of us, and at all events we should have some peace from papa—"

"Clare!" said her mother, drawing a long breath of astonishment.

"And I'm sure that as for him he'd be a great deal happier rid of us and never seeing us again—"

"Oh, you don't think so!" cried the mother, horrified and aghast.

"Yes, I do. And so should we, once we were used to it. At any rate, we'd be free. Why, mamma, what in the world are you crying for? I do believe—why, mamma, it isn't possible you love papa?"

"Yes it is!" cried his wife, in a volcanic outburst. "Yes I do," she sobbed. "I've loved him all my life,—and I can't leave off now—because he— isn't—he isn't—all I wish he was. I love him all the more because he needs love all the more! He—he—has a great deal of right on—on his side—from—from his point of view, too. I'm very inefficient, or I never should have allowed you to go on so. Your father, your dear father,—he was beautiful, he was kind, he was tender once,—I don't care if he is occupied with making money now, I can wait, I am waiting, I have been! By and by he will come back to me."

Mr. Vandernest's face grew very white as he listened. It seemed to him all at once that the speaker was a young wild-rose of a girl, in a briary, blossomy land of a summer evening, and he for the first time touching his lips to hers, drawing her soul into his own, with his arms about her there under the swinging branches, the purple heavens, and hazy stars, his heart full of high purpose, his will of endeavor. He sank for a moment into the nearest chair. He was really undergoing a good deal to-day, he said to himself; he felt faint. A sort of mild day of judgment, this, on which he had fallen; not St. Valentine's day, after all, and he laughed grimly and silently. Perhaps, though, he really was going to die; and that was what had unconsciously prompted him to be seeing about his will. Going to die, and his wife waiting for the happiness she had never had since the first of their married life; and his children feeling this way, Clare, the little ringleted, rosy creature who—who—well, whom if he lost life wouldn't be worth a toss-up; and Gerald—his boy—no time to win them back, to take the pleasure which he had already felt was waiting just ahead, ready when he was ready! Why, he was past fifty now—when was he going to enjoy it?

The voices rippled and ejaculated and wept on, but he heard no more. He sat there, again lost in an abyss of thought, and only roused himself and went to his safe and his table when the chimes struck out the half-hour.

One would not have need to be eaves-dropping to have heard a singular sound in the library shortly after that, a sound like a child with an ear for tune trying to blow a piccolo.

"Hush!" exclaimed Clare. "Hush! What's that? I declare, if that isn't papa whistling!"

"Your father! I don't know when I've heard the sound before."

"That's he. He's coming up into the library. Oh, what do you suppose he's at home for at this time of day? And whis-

and overcoat on arm, a smile on his lips, and a parcel of papers in his fingers.

"Well, Emma," said he, looking at his trembling wife, "I suppose you're wondering what I'm at home for at this hour? What if I said the house had failed, and that I'm a ruined man, and we have to begin all over again?"

"Oh, Sydney!" she cried, running forward with clasped hands, "I should be so glad!"

"The deuce you would! Well," he returned, laughing, "I'm sorry you can't be made glad—I mean I'm glad—that is—oh, well, it would be a lie if I said so. But the fact is, it's St. Valentine's day, you know, and I thought I'd do a little of the old saint's work for him to-day. Don't you remember when we used to make much of the day, thirty years ago or so!"

"Oh, Sydney," with a pretty girlish motion. "I—"

"Well, in the first place, here's a valentine for you, my love, not so pretty as the old valentines used to be when you lifted the lace-paper and saw your own pretty face in the little mirror there. But more useful," said Mr. Vanderneft, "more useful," and he handed her a big envelope. "There are bonds and certificates of stock, coupons attached, which will give you an independent income to spend just as you please, and give account to no one. And if there's more than you want to spend all at once, put it in the Second National. And there's a cheque-book. And that's your valentine. Clare! Here! What are you slipping away for? Didn't you say that bill this morning would make the foot straight for that girl?"

Clare only stared at him, open-eyed. "Well," said he, "that bill blew away. But

this cheque is just as good. It's for several times more. And you can tell her to get her wedding clothes ready with the rest of it. And I'll send Gerald along to her after a little talk. Where is he? Top



"MR. VANDERNEFT STOOD THERE."

ting! it frightens me! Is he going to make a fuss about that bill's blowing away?"

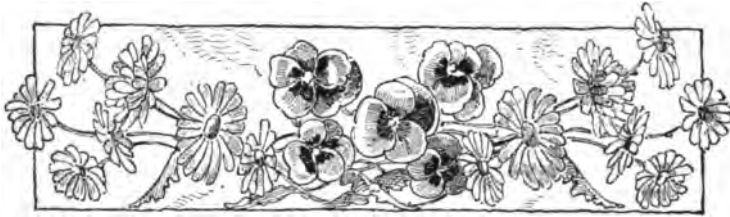
The portières parted at the word, and Mr. Vanderneft stood there, hat in hand

of the house? In his painting-room? I've about decided that if he wants to go to Paris and study, he'd better; and I'd rather he took a wife along than to go without. It's no use having all our money and letting people fret their hearts out for what money'll do. Well, that's her valentine. And—and—wait a minute, Clare, here's another envelope; that's for the old lady, the mother, Mrs. Paul. It's a cancelled note. You give it her with my regards; that's her valentine. And—I protest, Clare! there isn't any valentine for you, unless"—and he held his arms wide, and Clare sprang into them. "Oh, you're my valentine, papa," she said, "when you're like this! I don't mean giving, but living, and being one of us, and making us love you!"

"And now, my dear," said Mr. Vander-nest, holding Clare in one arm and reaching

the other for his wife, "no matter about the gale. It's an ill wind that blows nobody good. Do you remember going to see a *Midsummer Night's Dream* thirty years ago to-day with me! Well, it's on for a spectacle again now, and if there's anything in the house for lunch we'll have a bite and be off to it, you and I. We may as well have a season of theatre-going and concerts together while we can. I daresay I'm as big an ass as Bottom was, to be as much in love with you now as I was almost a generation ago. No, that isn't what I mean, of course. But it seems to me to-day as if I'd been an ass for a good while. Well, we'll begin again; and if you seal the compact with a kiss, well, that shall be my valentine!"

Harriet Prescott Spofford.



CHEAP LIVING IN CITIES, No. V.



WRITERS on economic living are sometimes accused of understating prices, or quoting exceptionally low prices as the average. So far as I personally quote figures, I always give them a trifle higher than those current, to be beyond the danger of cavil, on the

principle that young jockeys are said to carry a horseshoe in each pocket, so that, when weighing-time comes, they have that much to the good, and so avoid a disputed race.

Nevertheless, there are many reasons why those who assert they cannot buy food fit to eat at the prices named (and sometimes imply that, however poor they may be, their poverty should not expose

them to being supposed capable of living on what people better off would refuse, there are several reasons why they may say this in the strongest belief that they are right. They try, perhaps, to purchase at the quoted prices from the nearest butcher, who, if he has fashionable customers, will know nothing of soup-meat under fourteen cents a pound; or, if he is doing a small family trade, cannot command the market, and does not want to encourage the idea of his customers giving up the roasts and steaks for more economical parts.

I have a case in mind of which I was witness. A young housekeeper, evidently zealous, and as evidently fresh from a lesson in household economy, came into the store and told the butcher she wanted a chuck roast. He looked at her incredulously, and then said, showing her a rib roast:

"This is a very fine roast, about such as you usually have, ma'am."

"Yes, but I want to try a chuck roast; I am told it is very nice and much cheaper."

"Oh, yes, it's cheaper, but *you* wouldn't like it"—with an elaborate emphasis on the pronoun, intended to imply his sense of the lady's superiority.

"But why wouldn't I like it; isn't it good?"

"Oh, yes, it's good enough; it's a part the Dutch women buy for pot roast, but it would never suit your family. Here's a piece of chuck," he said, pointing to a thin slab of the poorest end of the chuck; "you see, there's a good deal of gristle in it."

"Yes, and a bone running through it, too. I don't believe I will try it."

The insinuation "that it was only suitable food for Dutch people" had evidently decided her.

But the housekeeper who would profit by the suggestions contained in these papers will go to the large markets and see for herself, being duly posted before she goes as to what the current retail prices for the week are. I repeat that my own quotations are intended for a high average. How far this is so, I will show by quoting the housekeepers' market prices, published in the *Sunday Tribune* of Nov. 25.

"For housekeepers who may want to know the retail prices of provisions, the following figures were those which ruled

in the city's greatest market yesterday, but they will doubtless rise considerably between now and the end of the week: Porterhouse steak sold for 23 and 25 cents a pound, sirloin steak 18 and 20 cents, and chuck steak 10 to 14 cents. Loins of mutton cost 12 1-2 to 14 cents, legs 11 and 12 cents, racks 10 and 12 cents, and shoulders and breasts 5 cents a pound. Loins and racks of lamb were 16 cents a pound each, saddles 13 cents, and shoulders and breasts 3 to 6 cents. Hams brought 10 to 15 cents a pound, shoulders and ribs of pork 8 cents, and smoked beef 10 cents."

These prices are very low for some things, especially for the coarser parts of mutton, no doubt because, being Thanksgiving week, the great demand would be for poultry; but for poultry, beef, etc., the quotation is high and may be safely taken as a guide to winter prices. I may here remark that the market-men are quick to detect the unaccustomed visitor, and, unless she is well informed as to the actual market prices, will impose on her. I would not counsel any novice to go alone to—say Washington—market, unprovided with the names of two or three reliable butchers, etc.—but better than all is the company of an experienced friend. This may all seem very troublesome; but, if you save twenty-five cents on the dollar by going through the apprenticeship, you earn that amount, and I do not know that there are many ways open to the average woman by which the amount might be more easily earned in the time; and remember it is in this, as in other things, "only the first step that costs." Once familiar with the place, you will think very little of going down to Washington or Fulton Market.

In the last paper half a dozen dinners were given, which, while excellent in themselves, would cost less than the average laid down; but there are dishes still cheaper which are nourishing, and which are preferred by many epicures to the dainties which may be their general food.

It is indeed a fact, and rather an inconvenient one for those with slender purses, and also for those who write hoping to help them, that rich and cultured people are freer from gastronomic prejudices than any other class, and those who have to do with economic food questions know that the most difficult of all people to satis-

fy are those who have never known what good food really is—the very poor of our cities, who buy a third or fourth-rate quality of everything, but who cannot be induced even to try any new dish, and resent, as if it were an attempt on their liberty, efforts to improve their dietary at less expense to themselves.

But although we all see the absurdity of this, there is a very large class of intelligent English and Americans who are wedded to a certain class of food, and will not be induced to try any other. How many of us know the people who will not touch oil; they have never tried it, but are sure it would disagree; others who will not tolerate onions, *if they know it*, and would not believe that every bowl of soup they take would be as flat as beef tea without the hated vegetable; and generally I have found these very persons enjoy restaurant cooking, which owes much of its savor to onions. Such people will tell you they cannot touch liver or heart, or any of the inward parts of an animal. For them this chapter, at least, will be useless. For people of wider tastes I hope it may help to enjoy good and savory food, at a price that may cause a smile and doubt as to the goodness. I use the word savory and wish to call attention to its importance, beyond a mere momentary gratification of the palate. It is well known to scientists that savory food—that is to say, food that is well flavored and piquant—will not only create appetite, but digest, when the same food ill-cooked, flat, and without savor will not be eaten, or will disagree. To many, “high-flavored” food means much spice and strong herbs, but this is by no means necessarily the fact; good cooking produces flavor and savor. A rapidly broiled steak is full of savor, because its juices are turned into osmazone on the surface; quickly roasted meat has the same quality; but a slowly cooked steak, that comes before you gray, or meat that is steamed in a slow oven will lack high flavor. Those who study the subject offer as a proof of the greater digestibility of savory food, the sensation many are familiar with, of a slight ache in the jaw, and water starting into the mouth at the odor or even the sight of tempting food. This water is the starting of the gastric juices necessary to digestion. This, however, is a digression, though, should it cause a better understanding of the influence of good cookery on health as well as appetite on even two or three read-

ers, it is well that it should have been made.

It is for, very savory, nourishing and enjoyable food that I am now about to give recipes, but great numbers will look askance when I mention liver, or rather haslet, for that is the cheapest way of buying it. Yet, cheap as it is, liver and bacon takes its place on club bills of fare, and is a favorite dish at restaurants; but I have memories of liver which stop my wonder that some should not like it. I once was given hashed liver which was actually the unsophisticated liver chopped fine and cooked in water, no flavoring but salt; it was a grayish mush. I draw a veil over my feelings as I ate the first—and last—mouthful. Then again there is liver served in grayish slabs nearly an inch thick. Now, no such dish is in my mind when I talk of liver and bacon, but the toothsome dish that was Lord Eldon's favorite, and which it is said George the Fourth always had served when Lord Eldon visited him.

Take a lamb's or sheep's liver—do not let the butcher cut it up—wash it, dry it, and then lay it on a board, and, with a sharp steel knife, cut it into slices a quarter of an inch thick; the thin parts of the liver, which will not make slices, must be split. Have by you a plate of flour, and lay the slices as you cut them in it. Cut some fat bacon, or pork, if preferred, into thin slices; fry it till clear and slightly brown; then lay it in a dish and keep it hot while you fry the liver; be careful to have a hot fire and to lay each slice in the pan carefully, not crowding them, and to turn them directly they are brown—you do not want to fry them to a chip. When both sides are brown, take them up, lay them in the dish with the bacon, and then make the gravy, and remember this is a very important part. I conclude you have not allowed the liver to burn, and that consequently the little fat and gravy that may be in it are brown, not black. Stir into the pan a scant tablespoonful of flour, mash it well into any fat there may be, press under your spoon all the little bits of brown there are, and when the flour is brown and has been well rubbed round the pan, put in, *all at once*, half a pint of boiling water, stir it quickly, season well with pepper and salt, let it boil a minute or two, then pour it over the liver and bacon.

Is this much ado about nothing? A great deal of talk over a dish of liver and bacon? I hope not; for if you can get a

very nice meal of meat for four people at a cost of fifteen cents (haslet, 10 cts.; pork 5 cts., and you have still a meal for one in the heart, of which more later), out of materials you have never ventured to try, or, having tried under unfavorable circumstances, you discard, it is worth while going a little into detail to bring about that end.

The heart is much abused usually by being cut into rings and fried, when it is poor eating. If cooked simply it should be freed from the "deaf ear" or the gristle that covers the ventricles, then cut lengthwise round and round, half an inch thick, as if you were peeling it; it will now open out like a piece of steak and if seasoned and broiled quickly is excellent.

This is one way of using a haslet; another that is less trouble but also gives a less time-honored dish, is very good indeed.

Wash and dry the liver. Cut thin shavings of fat salt pork, and lay them over the bottom of a small meat-pan, flour the liver, pepper and salt it, and then cut more pork a little thicker, pin several slices over the liver with splinters of wood, bake in a sharp oven half an hour, then lay the liver in a dish and make gravy in the pan, taking care to rub all the browning from it.

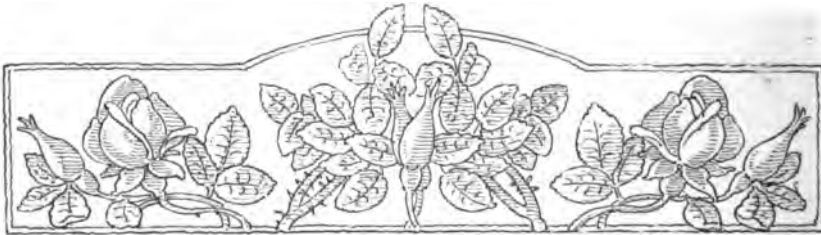
The heart may be stuffed with turkey stuffing and baked in the pan with the liver.

I have one more dish of haslet before we go to other good things. It is the English modification of the Scottish haggis. For this a pig's haslet is best, because you use the fat and need no pork, but the sheep's will do exceedingly well.

Have a brown stone unglazed crock or jar to hold about two or three quarts, Parboil half a dozen good sized onions, chop them fine, mix with them thrice their bulk of stale bread crumbs and a teaspoonful of powdered sage leaves (or thyme and marjoram if preferred), cut thin slices of pork, lay them at the bottom of the jar, cut the liver and heart in slices, put a layer of them on the pork with pepper and salt, then a layer of the dressing, more pork, liver and heart and dressing, until you have used them up. Then pour in a pint and a half of water, tie a brown paper over the jar and bake in the oven three hours, Skim off the fat before serving.

Scotch haggis is similar but far more economical, the whole haslet being used, that is to say the lights after special preparation, and oatmeal, and the dish thus prepared is enough for a very large family. Yet, cheap as it is, it is so beloved by the true Scot, that in any large Scotch colony (as Montreal for instance) on this continent, it is to be found at the best grocers' canned, just as the Bostonian finds his pork and beans.

Catherine Owen.



AN OLD MASSACHUSETTS HOMESTEAD.

THE PIERCE HOUSE.



IN 1630, the good ship *Mary and John*, chartered by the English company that had in charge the Massachusetts Bay Colony, brought to Boston a young man by the name of Robert Pierce.

Professor J. M. Peirce, of Harvard, says: "A high degree of uniformity exists in the spelling, as used by persons bearing the name in *any one family connection*."

The branch which sprang from Robert Pierce has consistently, for nine generations, given the preference to the method of spelling the name which will be used in this paper, but as the very able "Peirce Genealogy," compiled by Frederick Clifton Peirce, of Rockford, Illinois, proves, the parent stock was the same.*

"The first patent granted by the Council of Plymouth of land in New England was to John Peirce, of London, and his associates, dated June 1, 1621. This was a roaming patent, granting 100 acres for each settler already transplanted and such as should be transported."

Under this "roaming patent," Robert "settled on what was called Pine Neck—" so runs the MS. genealogical record kept in the homestead—"near the water." The cellar of his house was to be seen there until 1804. In 1640 he built (in Dorchester, Mass.) another dwelling. "At that time Robert Pierce's house and the Minot house, on the adjoining farm, were the only houses in this part of the country. The road from Boston to Plymouth was up Oak Avenue" (directly past Robert's door) "and near the old well, crossing Neponset River at a fording-place near the Granite Bridge.

"Robert married Ann Greenway, daughter of one of the first settlers of Dor-

chester, generally known as Goodman Greenway."

John Greenway, or, according to the boundless license in the matter of orthography prevalent at that date, Greanway, or Greenaway, was a fellow passenger of Robert Pierce, and, it is supposed, was accompanied by his whole family. Robert Pierce married his daughter just before, or just after the voyage to America.

"Ann was born in England in 1591, and lived to the uncommon age of 104 years. She died December 31, 1695."

Robert's death is thus set down:

"Robert Pierce of ye greate lotts, died January 11, 1664.

"The descendants of Robert of Dorchester have been men of substance, being industrious and frugal, and have held a respectable rank in society, having intermarried with many of the most respectable families in Dorchester and vicinity."

Thus a part of the quaint introduction to the family history made out by a descendant of the young Englishman who was freeman of the town of Dorchester in May, 1642. Painsstaking research on both sides of the sea on the part of members of the family, and comparison of old records and heraldic devices, have brought to light some curious and interesting facts antedating Robert Pierce's voyage to the New



PIERCE COAT OF ARMS.

* Col. Pierce is also the compiler of a curious and valuable volume, giving the history of another wing of the family under the interesting caption of "Pearce Genealogy, being the Record of the Posterity of Richard Pearce, an Early Inhabitant of Portsmouth, in Rhode Island, who came from England, and whose Genealogy is traced back to 972; with an Introduction of the Male Descendants of Josceline De Louvaine, the Second House of Percy, Earls of Northumberland, Barons Percy and Territorial Lords of Alnwick, Warkworth and Prudhoe Castles in the County of Northumberland, England."

World. These show the name to have been originally Percy, or Percie, and Robert of Dorchester to have been collaterally related to the Percys of Northumberland. Master George Percie, who won distinction for himself and stability for John Smith's Virginian Colony, was a blood-relation. His name appears again and again in the genealogical table, even down to the tenth generation of Robert's descendants. The tradition connecting the ancestry of the Dorchester freeman with that of Harry Hotspur also avers that the line can be traced back to Godfrey of Bouillon.

It is certain that among the effects brought from the old country in the *Mary and John* was the coat-of-arms, of which a cut is given on preceding page. A faded copy of great age still hangs in the old homestead in Oak Avenue, Dorchester.

The American branch of the ancient race were people of marked individuality from the date of their landing. To the frugality and industry claimed for them by the writer of the MS. referred to, they added stern integrity, strong wills, bravery, and, like sparks struck from iron, fire of disposition and speech that kept alive in the memory of contemporaries the tale of the Hotspur blood. They had many children as a rule,

brought them up with equal vigor and rigor, and lived long in the land they believed the Lord had given them.

Here and there in the dry and dusty detail of births, marriages, and deaths we run over an incident not without meaning to us.

"Samuel, born 1676, died December 16, 1698, ætat 22, by the fall of a tree on Thompson's Island."

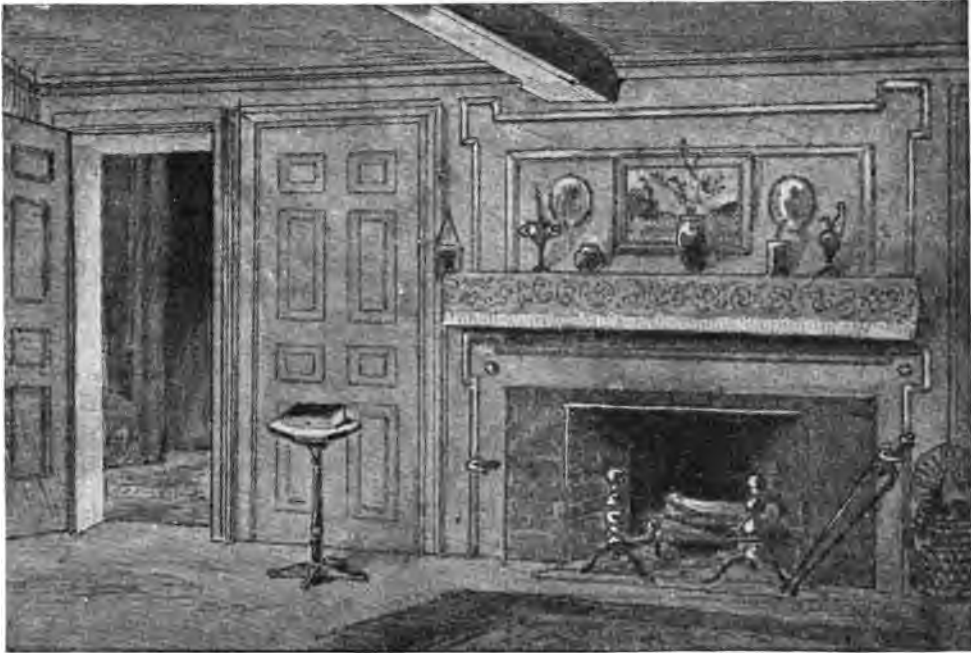
"John Pierce" (in the third generation from Robert) "married Abigail Thompson, of Braintree, January 6, 1693. She was born November 10, 1667, the daughter of Deacon Samuel, and granddaughter of Rev. William Thompson, of Braintree. He joined the Dorchester Church" (on Meeting House Hill) "March 7, 1692, and died in consequence of a fall, January 27, 1744, ætat 76.

"He was a famous sportsman, and spent much of his time in killing wild fowl. It is said he kept an account of 30,000 brants he had killed."

A story of this pious Nimrod, handed down through all the generations, forcibly illustrates the Sabbatarian customs of his times and locality and the stubborn literalism which distinguished the Pierces above their neighbors in whatever pertained to moral and religious observances. Few



VIEW IN THE LIBRARY.



FIRE-PLACE IN SITTING-ROOM.

men shaved oftener than once a week in that primitive region. The Sabbath began with the going down of the sun on Saturday. It was John Pierce's habit to shave in front of a mirror set near a western window, and to begin the operation half an hour before sunset. On one particular Saturday afternoon the methodical Puritan set about the hebdomadal task later than usual. Perhaps the "brants" had lured him far afield or afen, or the work of paying off the laborers in "ye greate lotts" had hindered him. As the upper rim of the sun sank below the horizon-line, he had shaved just half of his face. Without a word he wiped his razor, returned it to the case, and laid it aside with brush and strap. The next day Abigail Pierce and her children sat meekly in the family pew in the old Meeting House with the imperturbable master of the flock, one side of whose face bristled with a week's stubble, while the other was cleanly shorn, as befitted the day and place.

He left seven children when he was gathered to his fathers in 1744; an eighth had died in infancy. Two of the seven married twice. His grandson Samuel, born March 25, 1739, was over thirty years

of age, and married, at the outbreak of the Revolutionary War. On one and the same day he received a commission as Captain from the Crown and of a Colonelcy from the Continental Congress. He accepted the latter, and served with distinction throughout the war. His wife remained at home, overseeing the farm and four little children during his absence. His letters to her from Morristown, N. J., and other places of encampment, are penned in a neat, compact hand that gives no token of the salient characteristics of the writer. The same chirography appears in the family record of an old Bible in my possession. From this we learn that his father Samuel, with dogged perseverance which recalls the story of "Freedom Wheeler's Controversy," named *three* sons after himself.

"Samuel Pierce, their *first*, born January 30, 1734, died April 5, 1736.

"*Second* Samuel Pierce, born September 5, 1737, died February 25, 1738.

"*Third* Samuel Pierce" (the scribe himself), "born March 25, 1739."

The hand of his grandson-namesake, Samuel Pierce Hawes, of Richmond, Virginia, added to this last entry, "*Died June 4, 1815.*"

At the end of the Old Testament, we find in the minute, distinct lettering which would seem to have been habitual with him : "*Samuel Pierce began the Bible March the 6th, 1775.*"

Samuel Pierce. I Red out the Bible from the First of Feb., 1772, to the fourth of March, 1775, which was three years and one month and four days."

To "read out" was to read aloud, undoubtedly at morning and evening worship. We may be sure, too, from what we know of him and the custom of the day, that he omitted not one "begat" or "slept with his fathers" of First or Second Chronicles ; did not slur over a pomegranate, bell, or knop of Exodus. He kept a shrewd eye upon the sacred penmen, meanwhile, as is evinced by a marginal entry against 2 Kings, 19.

"The 37 Chaptr of Isaiah is much like this. S. P., 1772."

And having "Red out" the inspired volume on March 4, he dutifully began it again on March 6.

Of all the patriarchs of the ten generations whose biographies are outlined in the yellowing pages before me, this Samuel Pierce stands out most prominently.

He addressed his gentle wife in the epistles preserved as mementoes of his campaigns, as "Honored Madam," yet I have talked with those who recollected the imperious sway with which he ordered his growing household.

After the manner of his forefathers, he tilled his patrimonial acres, now grown valuable by reason of proximity to Boston. His habits were simple and methodical, his rules of life and conduct few and inflexible ; in domestic discipline he was a martinet. At twelve o'clock every day he came home to dinner, and in passing the corner of the kitchen he would cough loudly and meaningly. From that moment until his august shadow fell on the same spot in the path to the fields after the noonday repast, not one of the half-dozen children who sat down tri-daily to the table with their parents dared to utter a word.

Yet he loved his offspring in his way and was fond of them ; neither niggardly nor churlish in his provision for them. Two of his daughters outlived infancy, and grew into stately, handsome women. Elizabeth was twenty-two, Ann but sixteen, when they went together to a commencement at Harvard, and, as the younger

sister confessed to me sixty years later, "received as much attention as any other young women present. We were Squire Pierce's daughters, you see," she modified the statement by saying, "Our father was much thought of in the neighborhood."

Then, opening a drawer, she showed me the "petticoat" of the gown she wore that day. The sisters were dressed alike in slips of blue silk, trimmed with pearl-colored satin, and hats to match.

Ann married at seventeen, and we find her a few years later a widow with an only child, keeping house for her father. The stern fibre of her nature was an inheritance from the grim despot whose coming had quelled her childish mirth. She brought up her fatherless boy after the strait, strict methods which had not crushed her haughty spirit. They were a high-handed, high-tempered race who were born, lived, and died in the old house which rambled beyond the original foundations as means and families increased. The right end of the building as it now stands was erected by Col. Samuel at the time of his marriage with Elizabeth How. Up to that date there stood in the dining-room an oaken table, so huge that the bridegroom expectant resolved to get it out of his way. It could not be carried up the narrow stairs, so when the gable was opened to prepare for the projected addition, he had the cumbersome article swung up into the attic and built it in. It stood in the end garret for over a hundred years, and was finally removed by sawing it apart and taking it away piecemeal. In the same garret was a trap-door leading into a secret chamber, built for protection against the Indians, a hiding-place of such ingenious contrivance that now that the flooring has been laid solidly above it one examines the lower story in vain for trace of the room, which is at least six feet square.

The frame of the house is of Massachusetts black oak grown in "ye greate lotts". The beams, twelve by fourteen inches thick, are pinned together like the ribs of a ship, and cross heavily the low-browed wainscotted rooms. In the spacious parlor built by Col. Samuel, there are *nine* doors.

About thirty years ago, the big fire-place in the family sitting-room was altered to suit modern needs, and the beam running across the throat of the chimney taken out. It was as black as ebony and as hard as lig-



THE PIERCE HOUSE—BUILT IN 1640.

num vitæ. Cups and other small articles were turned out of the wood as souvenirs, and are still preserved by the family. The removal of the ancient timber revealed a cavity in the masonry above, left by taking out one brick. Within it, set carefully side by side, was a pair of dainty satin slippers, the knots of ribbon on the insteps as perfect as when they were hidden away there—perhaps two hundred years before.

Did Ann Greenway bring them from England, and devise the queer receptacle to secure the cherished bit of finery from Indian depredation? Or did Mary inherit them and conceal them from envious neighbors? Did one of the Abigails, or Sarahs, or Hannahs, or Marys, or Elizabeths, whose names are repeated in successive generations, tuck the pretty foreign things into a hole in the wall for safe-keeping on the eve of a journey or visit, and return to find that they had, while she was away, been unwittingly walled in and up as irretrievably as was Marmion's "injured Constance" in the monastery vault?

Robert of Dorchester preserved as long as he lived a ship-biscuit brought from England by him in 1630. It is still treas-

ured in the family and is undoubtedly the ripest bread in America. Beside it, in the glass case made to keep it in, lies a corn-cob used for a generation in shelling corn by the first Samuel Pierce, who married Abigail Moseley in 1702. Other relics are sacredly kept under the roof-tree which has for 248 years sheltered owners of the same blood and name. Among them are a stand and chest of drawers brought over in the *Mary and John*; a Malacca cane, silver-banded, with an ivory head; a tall clock, a desk, and a mirror with bevelled edges, which may have formed part of the plenishing of Ann Greenway. We cannot help building a little romance in connection with the long voyage taken by Goodman Greenway and his family, in company with young Robert.

"For diverse good causes and considerations me thereunto moving, and specially for the great love and fatherly affection that I bear unto my sonne-in-law Robert Pearse and Ann Pearse, my daughter—" is the preamble of the will which bequeaths to them a goodly estate.

The will-literature of the race is unusually full and rich in suggestions of local history and character. I have before me the entire last wills and testaments of five of the Pierce name and lineage, all devising property in the direct line.

The longest and most verbose of these are those of John (1743) and Col. Samuel (1807). There are touches of piety and human tenderness in Robert's (date of 1664) which move us to interest and sympathy with the old exile. Between the stipulation that a bequest of "thirty pound" shall "bee payd within three years after my wife's decease in good current pay of New England," and the appointment of his executors, occurs this passage:—"And now, my Dear Child, a father's Blessing, I Bequeath unto you both & yours, bee tender & Loving to your Mother, Loving and Kind one unto another. Stand up in your places for God and for His Ordinances while you live, then hee will bee for you & Bless you."

In my library stands an antique chair of solid cherry,



SHIP-BISCUIT 1630.



OLD TABLE FROM LONDON.

one of six imported by Col. Samuel Pierce from England at the time of his marriage, in 1765. Others of the set are distributed among other descendants, far and near.

In front of the modest homestead is the well dug in 1640, still yielding clear, cold, delicious water, believed by all of the blood to be the best in the world. In 1850, the last branch—full of leaves and acorns—fell, on a windless day, from the old oak that had shaded the well for two centuries.

Gen. E. W. Pierce quotes from Babson the description of a political meeting held in Gloucester, Mass., in 1806, when "the two parties struggled for the mastery through the day and amid darkness until half past ten at night. * * * The Democrats not unreasonably expected success, as they had the influence of the Pierce family."

His Chronicle adds:—"Indomitable perseverance is a trait that marks their character in every department of life and has generally crowned their efforts with ultimate success."

President Franklin Pierce was of the same stock; also Hon. Benjamin Peirce, Librarian of Harvard University from 1826 to 1831; Hon. Oliver Peirce of Maine, obit. in 1849, at 84; Henry Peirce of Brookline, Mass.; Hon. Andrew Pierce of Dover, N. H. obit. March 5th, 1875, at 90; Rev. John Pierce, D. D., of Brookline, Mass., obit. 1849, at 76; Col. Thomas Wentworth Peirce, President of the Galveston, Harrisburg and San Antonio Railway—but a list of those of the name and blood who have borne well their part in church, commonwealth and nation would weary writer and reader.

The Pierces are a rugged, indomitable race, physically, as is proved by a cursory examination of the tables of births and

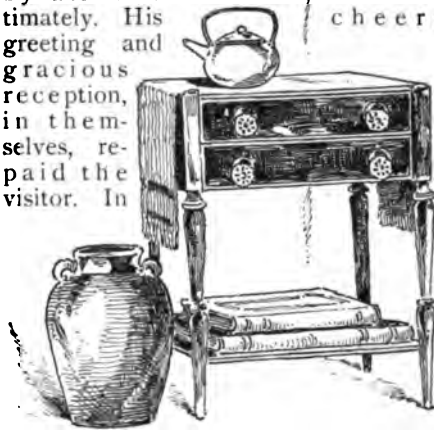
deaths within a quarter century. Two golden weddings have been celebrated upon what remains of "ye greate lotts." The first was that of Mr. Lewis Pierce, who married Sarah Moseley in 1808. Mr. Pierce died July 4th, 1871, at 85. The second, that of Mr. Lewis Francis Pierce, married to Melissa Withington, Nov. 30th, 1834, was commemorated Nov. 30th, 1884.

Since this article has begun, news has been received of Mr. Lewis Francis Pierce's death on Christmas Day, 1888, at the age of 80. *The Boston Advertiser* says of him:

"Those traits which gained the confidence of his townsmen capacity, made and companion by all who timely. His greeting and gracious reception, in themselves, repaid the visitor. In



of character for Mr. Pierce and esteem of in his public him as friend ion beloved knew him in cheerful



OLD JAR, TABLE AND TEA-POT.

conversation he was never at loss for a humorous turn or fitting anecdote. Though making no pretensions in a literary way, he was a reliable antiquarian, and his retentive memory was stored with facts of interest and value pertaining to the history of the town, which he took pleasure in relating.

"During the war he visited with others in an official capacity, the several companies at the front and was cordially received.

"This service, though of the civil routine, may fitly be mentioned as in a degree identifying him with the patriotic cause in this war, as his father, Lewis Pierce, had been in the War of 1812 and his grandfather, Col. Samuel Pierce, in that of the Revolution, both in the military service."

His son, Mr. George Francis Pierce, resides in the house built by his father within the grounds of the old homestead. This last is now occupied by Mr. William Augustus Pierce.

Marion Harland.



OLD CHINESE TEA-POT, IN PIERCE HOUSE.



BACHELOR BITS.

"*BOTHER the bachelors!*" exclaimed the cleverest woman at a meeting of the cleverest women in New York the other day.

Bother the bachelors? indeed, dear madam, your charming sex has done that, all along the time since the little episode in the garden called Eden. "The plague o' our life and yet how sweet."

Most clever lady, do not, I pray you, condemn us at one fell swoop and say, "bother the bachelors all."

Remember in your impatience at least two things; first, that in your concentration of effort at individual reform you withdrew the inspiration from many a bachelor.

Again, mark you this, some men are born bachelors, a few achieve bachelorhood, while by far the most of us have this state of single cussedness (an' ye will) thrust upon us.

The arguments in the case, pro and con, are many, and the field too wide for me to compass, but I would fain ask, Oh, sapient madam, one question—would you recommend a man whose taste is only for *marrons glacés* to ruin his digestion and spend his life in a vain effort to be content on a diet of molasses taffy or peppermint stick?

You view us from the vantage ground of the inner circle of a happy home, a one-time bachelor its guardian, and, sad though be the thought, a possible bachelor its light and life; while we, alas, must talk back from what you have been pleased to call in a recent article the "circumference of home." Truly, our possible discontent may not reach you, and from your point of view, to pity us would not be consistent.

Bachelor home-making—it does sound a bit paradoxical, does it not? and yet,

you know, we have to live just the same as other people; have to eat, and sleep, and have an abiding place just as much as if we all had wives to meet and greet us (perhaps) and youngsters to demand needed shoes or desired sweets (inevitably).

We may, or may not, consider "marriage a failure." We may, or may not, know that of the marriages contracted in this country an actual quarter are terminated by divorce, and hesitate at aiding to make it a half at the next census taking. We may be cynical duffers, with a disbelief in the divine unselfishness of love and a rooted aversion to curl papers; in fact, we may, or may not, be a host of things, but surely in all of us the spirit of self-preservation is strong, and an abiding place, if not a home, we all insist upon, and you see, to one who has not seen the sun, a Rochester lamp seems a very good light indeed. So to us who have not enjoyed the "within the circle" happiness, our more or less artistic camping places on the "circumference" seem not so bad after all.

The increase in the number of these poor chaps, doomed for a time to walk this earth alone, is undeniable. Here we are; that we are *as* we are may be regrettable, but the melancholy fact remains, and we can only ask, with the Indian and the Negro, what are you going to do with us?

This problem is largely solved by the many houses built in apartments, in which, for a usually very considerable consideration, the bachelor may set up his Lares and Penates in at least a very tolerable imitation of a home.

Have you ever paid a visit to any of these periods on the line of circumference? If you will do me the honor one day of climbing to my den up in the top of St. Anthony, I will show you my illustration of how a bachelor may live; true, it is up a many stairs, but I will give you a cup o' tea, which will refresh you, and will show you some rooms unique in that their decoration is for the most part the work of the hands of the bachelor who enjoys them.

You see, I am not one of the bondholder bachelors, who can go to Messrs. Herter, or Beck, or George, and say: "gentlemen, here are my rooms, make them to blossom as the rose"—on the contrary if my small bush blossom at all, it must be as the result of my own trowelling and sprinkling.

Shall I tell you how I have done it? It may interest you to know how one poor

bachelor has struggled to make habitable his resting-place, and I modestly hope it may give you a little better opinion of the home-making ability of my offending class.

In the first place I secured my rooms, one large, well-lighted, and airy, the other a cozy little sleeping-place, the two connected by large double doors. The St. Anthony was new, and the walls a glare of white plaster; the woodwork, fortunately, was good simple pine with an oil finish. My first work was to get my walls into possible form. I did that by covering them with ingrain wall paper, of a warm terracotta shade; for a frieze, I used a paper which is made to put under carpets; it is a cream color, covered with indentations like nail-tops. After my frieze was up, I dusted these nail-tops with bronze, and the effect was very pretty; a copper picture molding was added, and my walls were ready for pictures and drapery.

My windows were high, and I did want some open woodwork to put at their tops, but that was very expensive, so I devised as a substitute some frames of pine to match my woodwork, into which I laced a heavy cord, making a network which I gilded; the result was very effective. From the bottom of these frames I hung my curtains, a dull silk in stripes of terracotta and old yellow, with sash curtains of white muslin tied back with white ribbons.

My floors I stained a very dark red. It is not difficult to do, and the rooms looked like quite another place. I had a few good rugs, to which I added some straw mats and a strip of rag carpet which is my special pride, and my floors were in condition. My furniture is made up of odd bits, picked up here and there, some bookshelves bought at a bargain, a china closet made of a raisin-box, painted and with a glass door.

A most sumptuous and expensive-looking divan has for its foundation a couple of packing-boxes and a cheap mattress, over which is spread a Bagdad curtain; on this divan is a riot of cushions, my one luxurious dissipation, cushions large and cushions small, cushions grave or gay, redolent of perfumes, and inviting to the weary head.

Over the divan a swinging iron lamp and some shelves with Turkish curtains before them complete quite an Oriental-looking corner. My door panels I have decorated with conventional designs painted on blue linen; the gas globes are

covered with paper lanterns which soften the light very pleasantly.

For the large doorway I have first a curtain hung straight, of bamboo and beads, not, believe me, one of those you see in the shops, but one made from bamboo, cut in short lengths, and strung upon cords, with large green or clear glass beads between, and each strand terminated by a tiny bell, so that one's coming and going is heralded by a musical tinkle.

Outside the bamboo curtain hangs a pair of portières made of coffee sacking, decorated with rings of plush and fringes of Chinese coins. Here, though I blush to tell it, I was obliged to call in feminine aid, for handle a needle I cannot, and the plush rings must be sewed upon the curtains.

The terra-cotta walls make a pretty background for pictures, mirrors, and drapery.

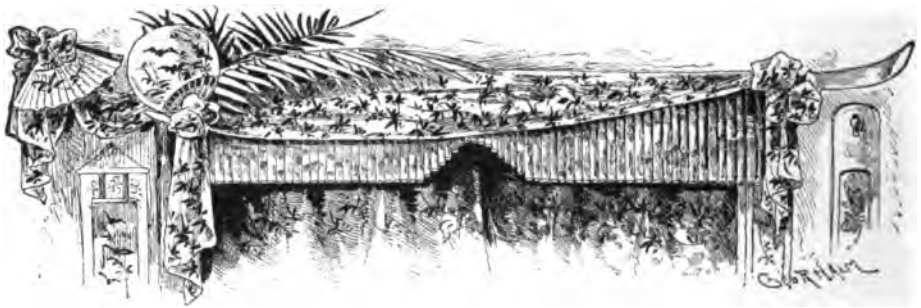
A mantel is between two of the windows,

new kind of weather strip or urging the merits of a patent clothes wringer!

Not long ago it was considered effeminate for a man to have a decorative and artistic room; a pair of foils, a fishing rod or two, or a pair of Indian clubs might be permitted, but drapery, dainty bric-à-brac and luxurious pillows, ye gods, no! A man having such was considered ultra refined, and regarded with almost contempt, by his probably not more athletic fellows.

Now behold the progress of the time; some of the most artistic, luxurious and beautiful rooms in New York are the bachelor quarters, where members of my selfish class lead their not always useless and selfish lives.

Up in the top of a swell apartment-house, not far from Gramercy Park, are a number of tiny rooms rented to bachelors. A dozen or so light-hearted fellows, all more or less artistic in tempera-



BAMBOO AND CHINTZ LAMBREQUIN.

draped with an artistic old curtain; over it a water-color bearing the legend,

"Oh, the Ingleside for me!"

and beneath, a cheerful log, burning on my old fire-irons, make up an establishment not so unhomelike as might be, and when of an evening the "blonde young man" drops in, and we draw our chairs before the fire and enjoy that tête-à-tête of intimates which needs no effort of entertaining, puffing great fragrant clouds of smoke, gazing into the fire, and indulging in the always delightful reveries of a bachelor, the whole thing is, as our friends across the briny would say, "not half bad."

I think I should almost remain a bachelor for the pleasure of those same reveries, the dreams of possibilities which, realized, would lose half their charm.

Fancy a man reverizing with a wife beside him, arguing the desirability of a

ment and taste, occupy them.

They vie with one another, these clever fellows, in pretty and unusual decorations for their rooms. The result is in every case charming.

You go into one little room, and looking across, you see, through softly parted curtains, another room of equal size and similar decoration; and until you step over to draw the curtains you do not discover the clever trick, which is simply strips of looking glass fastened to the wall at the parting of the curtains.

In this same room is a pretty frieze, made of palm-leaf fans, finished alternately in gold and silver.

In another room, one side wall is covered with a fish net in which are tangled many fish of many colors; you can buy such fish, if you are minded to try the scheme, at any of the Japanese shops.

The next room has a frieze of the corrugated paper designed for packing bottles, cut in squares, and tacked up with ornamental nails, so that the corrugations on alternate squares run in different directions.

The side walls are done in burlaps, laid on flat, and covered with chrysanthemums stencilled on in metallic colors.

Down on Washington Square is another bachelor haunt, that quaint old building about which always hangs the romantic atmosphere of "Cecil Dreeme."

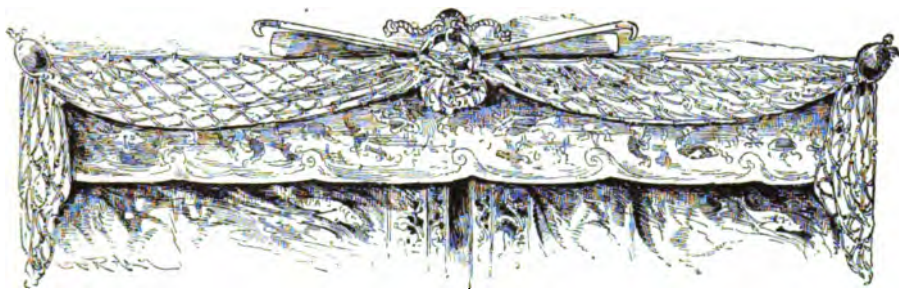
High up in one of its towers dwells my little artist friend, a veritable Bohemian, in rooms so tiny that when he first secured them and I inquired how he liked his new quarters, he responded: "Very much, but I don't call them quarters; they are too small; I call them *eighths*." Do you suppose, had he a wife, he would ever have gotten into rooms small enough to say so

ful rooms, containing all that refined, artistic taste can suggest or clever hands construct, and yet about all an air of *mannishness* that is unmistakable.

Bachelor homes are made sometimes in queer places. I know one man who has some charming rooms over a *stable*, rooms as dainty and as artistic as if fashioned for Madame la Marquise.

The society which many bachelors in New York most affect is very delightful. It is mostly found in that pleasant land that lies just between Vanity Fair and Bohemia, a country whose inhabitants number all sorts and conditions of men—and women—and the passport across whose border is only to be kindly, and witty, and wise.

There are many delightful and homelike bachelor living places, all in and about our busy city, *some* where the foot of charming woman never falls; more that are bright-



FISH-NET LAMBREQUIN.

witty a thing about? The artist's "eighths" are, perhaps, more like studio and workshop than home; still, there is a pleasant air of comfort and many novel bits of decoration.

In that great city across the river, that "city of the future," the bachelor's lot is quite a happy one, and his state of bachelorhood is apt to be transient.

Brooklyn offers little inducement to the really confirmed bachelor. The young unmarried man in the City of Churches usually does his home-making in a boarding-house, where he is made so much one of the family that he must be a very hardened case indeed if presently he is not truly one of the family, as attaché to a sister, cousin, or aunt of the house.

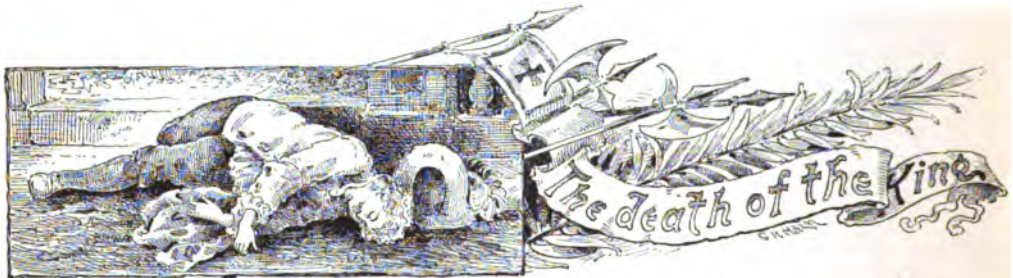
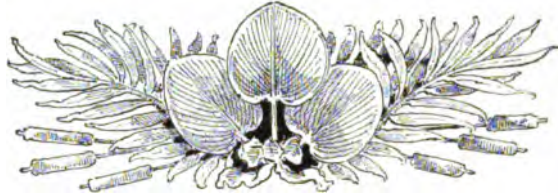
I only know one set of real bachelor quarters in Brooklyn, and therein the "blonde young man" has established himself; beauti-

ened, now and again, by exploring parties from the world, who come to a bachelor "afternoon tea" or an evening "at home" in Singleman's Land, bringing to our lonely quarters the bit of needed brightness, just as a man who may not have a conservatory or a garden may now and then brighten a day with a knot of violets, or a bit of *mignonnette*.

To be sure there are bachelors and bachelors; some are satisfied with a hall bedroom with its usual encumbrances, but most of us do care a bit for the amenities of life and have made efforts to gather about us pleasing and comfortable household goods and gods. Some of us like it; some of us *don't*. The situation of many reminds me of a little story I heard the other day. A charming girl in Brooklyn—that city of charming girls—has a Sunday-school class of seven little maids. One

Sunday, just before the recent election, the conversation in class (after the lesson, let us hope) turned upon politics. Six of the little maids, with their teacher, were staunch Republicans, the seventh was as staunch a Democrat. Party feeling waxed high, and the six little protectionists drew their skirts away from contact with the little free

trader and crushingly sent her to Coventry. The little one stood it for some time, until human nature got the better of her, and, with brimming eyes and a sob in her voice, she cried: "Teacher, I wish I *wasn't* a Democrat; I think Republicans are much nicer; I don't *want* to be a Democrat, but I *have to be*!" *Frank Chaffee.*



A King once fainted, in the days of old
(So runs a Spanish legend I have read),
And lay with pallid face, so still and cold,
That all the people cried, "the King is dead!"

So, in the custom of those ancient times,
They made a monk of him who was a King,
That thus his soul might rest from royal crimes,—
They shaved his head,—they took his signet ring,

And placed within his lifeless hand, instead,
A crucifix, and holy vows they spoke;
The cowl usurped the crown upon his head.
When all was finished, lo, the King awoke!

Awoke to find that he was dead indeed—
His reign was passed, his power, his greatness fled.
No more victorious armies would he lead,—
How could he be a King when he was dead?

He left his throne, his court, his royal halls,
 He left the grave wherein he might not hide,
 And in the Abbey's silent, holy walls,
 He lived a monk, who had a monarch died.

* * * * *

Why am I haunted by this tale to-day?
 Why in my thoughts so sadly does it ring?
 Is it because a life has passed away
 That leaves me throneless,—I, who was a King?

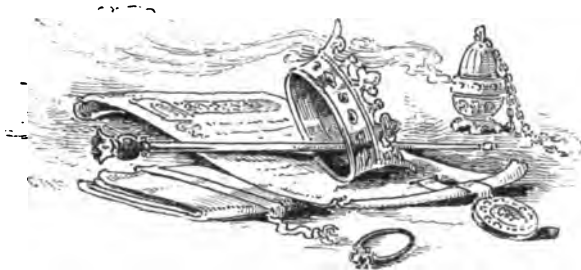
The King of one true heart! Was I not blest?
 But now,—I live, and yet my reign is past.
 My spirit in dull robes has Sorrow drest,
 And Grief, with many vows, has bound me fast.

I watch the world go by, with alien eyes.
 I seem a strange marked creature, set apart.
 And though I talk with men, 'neath sunny skies,
 Am still walled-in, with silence in my heart.

Ah, Life may say, "Come rule me once again,"
 And Joy may plead, "Come follow where I tread,"
 And Love may cry, "Oh, be my King!"—in vain;
 How can I be a King, when I am dead?

And yet,—did he grow holy, that dead King,
 In those calm, cloistered days, when life was past?
 And can there be so strange, so sweet a thing,
 That in this death, I find my God at last?

Bessie Chandler.





"MAMMY'S SAWNEY."

"MAMMY'S SAWNEY."



MRS. BLAND was in her kitchen peeling potatoes to make yeast. It was a pretty room, quite a dainty and most sweet-smelling apartment, worthy of the mistress. She stood at the big table, with the shining utensils spread upon it, and the sun shone in on her shapely white hands and made bright spots on her brown hair. She was a Southern gentlewoman, and had "seen better days," as we say, but as she sang cheerily over her rather disagreeable task, she was not by any means thinking of the days when her own maid was ever at hand to prevent "Miss Pen" from exerting herself in the least degree, and when there was a servant or two for each department in the huge household of her mother. But the old days were brought to her mind, when she was farthest from thought of them.

There was a gentle tap at the door which opened from the kitchen on a long shady piazza, from which a few steps led down into the green yard at the back of the house. Mrs. Bland opened the door,

and started back, for a moment, at sight of a thing which, in face, resembled a very old monkey, more than anything she had ever seen. It was, however, a little old man, very bent and out of shape, clad in the most astonishing raiment. His clothes, though good, were of antique cut and style, and over his coat he wore, pinned about his shoulders, a very small black shawl. On his head was a yellow and brown checked gingham night-cap, tied carefully under his chin, and surmounted by a most shocking old hat. But his face soon drew all attention from his clothes. It was covered with a net-work of wrinkles, and the skin was like very dirty parchment. He had very few teeth, and his eyes were yellow where they should have been white, but the black part of them was not dimmed with age, for they gleamed out most weirdly from under his shaggy gray eyebrows. Mrs. Bland could not remember ever having seen her visitor before, and she stood waiting for him to make known his errand.

"Lor'! mistiss, you know Sawney? You ain't forgot yo' mammy's Sawney, is you?"

The door was thrown wide open, the little white hands took hold of the withered old black ones, and with her eyes full of tears, and a queer thrill at her heart, Mrs. Bland drew the forlorn old man inside, and made him sit down in a big easy chair, close to the open window, in the sunshine.

In a moment the years rushed back on her, with all their undying memories. She was a little child in Richmond, away down in Virginia, and her own mammy was taking the other children and herself, who were little mountaineers, and not used to city restraints, down into the suburb called "Butcher Town," to see their father's mammy, who was, even then, an old woman, and lived quite grandly, they thought, in a cunning little house, all to herself. She could see the dear little old woman, dressed in a linsey gown, with a big white apron and cape, and a bright red and yellow handkerchief tied on her head, turban-fashion. She could see the funny pictures on the walls, the relics on the mantel-shelf, the clean white bed, the split-bottomed chairs, the little stools covered with patch-work, the table in the middle of the floor—*always* spread with

Low-Country dainties—oysters, sweet potatoes, cornbread, and various sorts of preserves, which were served on odd plates and saucers, each of which had a history; for all had been given mammy by "master's children" or some of her "white folks," and all were precious beyond words to mammy. She remembered how they thought that never had anything before tasted so good as those things did. And then the stories she told them of the boyhood of that dear father whom they had lost, and of the other nurslings who were to her as her own heart's-blood, and how those of them who were left took care of her, and let her want for nothing, now that her life-work was over and her race almost run. And then the years went on, and Mrs. Bland remembered how after the war was over, and the youngest of mammy's babies had got safely through that awful time, and come to the mountains to make his home with his kindred; and, later, to marry, and settle in that chosen spot, so dear to the hearts of its children, wherever in the world they might wander, that he was not content until his old mammy packed up her "things" and came to take proud possession of a cabin in the yard, at "Marse John's." Here, she had been like an old queen, and held her court right royally, and here she received into her arms the children of the third generation, whom she loved and served as faithfully as she had their grand-parents.

And she remembered that mammy used to tell the children in those far-away years in Richmond, of her own child, Sawney, who was "so bad that marster couldn't do nothin' with him," and how at last he had run away from home, and gone to Mississippi, where for years he had been lost sight of. But after the war he had wandered back to old Virginia and found his mammy, with whom he lived now and then, though he was such a wanderer by nature that he did not stay long in any one place. All this passed through Mrs. Bland's mind as she stood looking with kindly eyes down at the old negro. Then, after a while, as she moved to and fro swiftly, making ready a comfortable meal for him, she told him how glad she was to see him and to hear about "dear mammy." His queer old eyes followed her every movement, but he did not speak, or apparently hear her questions until after he had refreshed himself with a pint of boiling hot coffee, which he poured out for himself and drank

from a shining tin cup. Then he said, as Mrs. Bland again asked for news of mammy.

"Lor', mistiss, don't you know my mammy's *dead*?"

"Dead!"

"Yes, mistiss, dead. I'll tell you de day she die," and he fumbled in his pocket and brought out a little book, which he gave her, telling her that in it she would find the date set down.

She looked at the dingy pages, and on one she found the entry: "Giddie Thomson—died, January 22d."

Pathetic little obituary! Mrs. Bland could not keep back the tears. Was this all that was left in memory of that faithful soul who, night and day, in sickness and in health, in prosperity and in great adversity, had followed the changing fortunes of her master and her master's children! She had seen them all borne away to the grave, even the beloved "Marse John," her special idol; had seen their homes desolate, their children scattered all over the land, working for an honorable living, their only heritage the names and patriotic deeds of a long line of upright men and noble women; and she too, had passed away, and all this wealth of faithful devotion was a thing of the past—with the last of these old family servants would perish forever that wonderful tie, more binding than that of blood, the tie between the white baby and the black mammy. Never again could the races be so drawn and bound to each other. It was one of those conditions which could never be restored.

Mrs. Bland waited on old Sawney, and questioned him no more until he had eaten and drunk to his satisfaction, and then she asked for an account of Mammy Giddie's death.

"Well, honey—mistiss I mean," he began, settling himself comfortably for a chat, as all his race so love to do. "You know my mammy was monsome ole. I ain't no chicken myself, an' sence Marse John died, she been mighty feeble-like, an' when she hear in de winter 'bout Miss Sally done die, she shake all ober, an' never say nothin'. She was awful contrary, too, she was, I tell you. She moan to be tuk up an' sot by de fire, an' I do it an' went out, kase I had to leave her sometimes, an' while I was out, she tuk fire! When I come in, she holler at me, 'You sot me here to tuk fire! You sot me here to tuk fire!'

"I look, an' mammy's frock had a hole in

it big as a silver dollar—I said, 'Mammy, I gwine sot you here no mo'.' But nex' day de same cry, 'Sot me by de fire, Sawney,' an' I had to sot her by it, an' she tuk fire agin, an' she holler out, 'You sot me here to tuk fire,' an' I say, 'Mammy, Fore Gawd, I'll sot you here no mo'.'

"So de days run by, an' she got feebler an' feebler, an' de roads was awful bad, an' Miss Willy, she was sick, an' couldn't come to see 'bout mammy like she used to (yo' mar was always good to mammy, chile) an' so de ole woman she fade an' pine, an' want her white folks, an' she didn't have nothin' but ole Sawney! An' one mornin' come, an' I make her tea, an' tuk it to her in a chiny cup Marse John used to drink outen, an' I tu'n to de fire, an' I hear ker-flop! an' I look, an' de cup done fall outen her han'. I say,

"'Heigh! you want 'nother quart o' tea, does you?' An I look, an' mistiss,—my mammy was *dead!*'"

Sawney paused, and looked at Mrs. Bland appealingly. She could not speak, but he seemed sure of her sympathy, and heaved a long sigh of contentment. Then a smile began to spread slowly over his droll countenance, spreading his mouth, and showing its cavernous expanse, as he chuckled to himself.

"But she had a splendid buryin', honey, 'deed she did," he said. "All 'de white folks come in dere kerridges, an' de bearers was Marse Rob, an' Marse Hugh, an' Marse Jack, an' Marse Ran, an' Marse Bev, an' Marse Tom, an' you mar was dere, an' she was dat 'huted dat mammy die 'thout her knowin' on it, dat she cry 'bout it, she did indeed."

He rubbed his withered hands together with satisfaction, as he recalled all these pleasant memories of mammy's funeral.

"An' dey buried her down at de Ole Chapel, whar all de white folks res'," he went on. "An' I know mammy glad 'bout that, kase she did long to be wid white folks! Dey call her "Faithful Giddie" an' I reckun dat very good name for her. Well, mistiss, thankye kinely, an' I mus' go. I'se visitin' all de family now, once mo' 'fore I die, and I'se glad to see you lookin' so well, but, honey, 'taint kerrect for ole marster's gran'chile to be cookin' an' wukin in de kitchen. Whar is yo' cook?"

When Mrs. Bland told him she could not afford to keep one, he was much distressed. He remembered the days when the old plantation was alive with young darkies,

and each one of "ole marster's" boys had his own special body-servant, and each girl her maid, between whom was waged an unceasing and bitter strife as to the superior charms of their respective young masters and mistresses.

"Dey's all gone now, chile, all yo' gran'-par's children is gone, an' Miss Willy, yo' mar, she's de onliest one lef', an' she ain't but only yo' granpar's darter-in-law, but he love her all de same as if she was his own, an' my mammy, she love Miss Willy too. When you gwine to see yo' mar, chile?"

Mrs. Bland told him she hoped to go very soon, and that he must come to see her while there, and she added, "Dear mammy's son will always be welcome in the homes of her 'white folks,' uncle Sawney, and you must promise to let some of us know if you are sick, or in need of anything."

The old man rose up slowly and with difficulty, and took her hand in his.

"Bless yo' heart, honey, so I will," he said. "Lord love yo' sweet eyes, you is de livin' image of yo' par. Me an' him was boys together on de ole plantation, an' many an' many a lickin' has my mammy give me kase I sarsed Marse Phil; but Lord! *he* didn't mine sarse, an' he use to git dat mad at mammy for lickin' me! Dem was good days, chile, dere ain't no mo' sech now. Well, Sawney mus' be goin'. De Lord keep you, mistiss, an' good-bye to ye."

He put on his old hat, after making a low reverence, and departed, leaving Mrs. Bland half-crying, half-laughing over the poor old fellow. She knew he had a comfortable cabin at her uncle's old home, but there was no one there to be good to him, for the children were all scattered, and the place in charge of a plain man and his wife. She knew it was misery to Sawney, one of the "old régime," to have no "white folks" of his own at hand. But she comforted herself with the recollection that he was near enough to her mother's place to receive sympathy and solid help from her if he was in need of either, so with a smile and a sigh she closed the kitchen door and went back to her work. But, somehow, that homely work had lost its zest, and her thoughts would keep going back to that long-past, but blissful time, when she was not allowed even to see the inside of the kitchen at home, because Aunt Dizie, the cook, was one who "didn't hold with white childun in *her* kitchen."

How she longed for its forbidden pleasures then, and how tired she was of them now!

But she was a sensible woman, so she went steadily on until the yeast was finished, then she tidied up her pretty, cosy kitchen, and went through the long hall

to her own special sanctum, where, picking up the book she had laid down an hour before, she soon forgot, in the fascinating pages of "Off the Skelligs," not only the glories of the past, but the privations of the present.

Maria Pendleton Kennedy.



The Corsican Mother's Revenge

Revenge is un-Christian you say, holy Father,
And urge me to fasting, alms-giving and
prayer?

Ah! little you know how far I would rather
In hell burn forever than *his* life to spare.
Spare his? The vile murderer! Base
Romanetti!

I'll hunt him and track him and hound him
to death.

Nay—prate not to me, for I ne'er will forget! He
Slew my brave boy, the laugh yet on his breath.

Ah! hearken my Father, but hearken again.

For the tale I must tell of those Carnival hours,
(Forever they're haunting and burning my brain!)
So gay with their music, so scented with flowers.
Ill deeds of the past were all buried away,

This hour we lived only for laughter and song,
For kissing, for loving, for feasting and play,
But bright hours are short, as the sad days are long.

None saw him—the caitiff!—in deep darkness cowering
Near traitorous vine of my very doorway,
All starless the night was, a heavy and lowering,
When out from the leafage there flashed forth a ray
Like fiery red gleam from a window of hell;
And prone in the arms of fair Elise di Margo
The Pride of our Island all helplessly fell,
My darling! My Felix of Pozzo di Bargo.

Oh! I'll have revenge for thee, bloody and sweet!
 Stout-hearted and manlike I'll be for thy sake.
 His mother shall plead for him, kissing my feet,
 While my hands shall tie her vile son to the stake,
 And who is this speaking? The priest? Ah, 'tis true
 I'd forgotten.... but I will no more of his praying,
 I cannot attend, for all Corsica through
 Must I seek Romanetti, no time for delaying.

From thicket to thicket I stealthily creep;
 From grotto to grotto, from steep unto steep.
 From valley to mount though he tremblingly fly
 No refuge avails him; I've doomed him to die.
 No food have I tasted, no sleep have I known—
 For hatred like mine is more forceful than wine,—
 I've found him and bound him; he shall reap as he's sown,
 And *his* mother's heart shall be rent as is mine!

What's that he's asking? A favor? From-me?
 But he's bold! Well....I've hunted him down....
 He cannot escape....so....I'll hearken his plea,
 (A tear in my eye? Nay, nay, I but frown.)
 Ay—wretch—I hear thee, and grant thy desire.
 The priest is not far and thy soul shrift shall give,
 I seek but a life for a life, and the fire
 Of hatred not longer than this world shall live.

Poor wretch! Firm he is, too; unflinching and brave,
 'Twas well he asked not that his life I should spare.
 His mother—poor woman! I'll join in her prayer
 To the Good God above us her son's soul to save.

Hot tears are fast flowing and blinding my eyes,
 The first I have shed since that Carnival night.
 The priest has absolved him....He's ready to rise
 From his knees....He has risen....They are binding him tight.
 They are taking sure aim.... My revenge now is reached!
 I ought to feel happy....They are counting his fate—
 (*One!*) He is young to die so, and Christ preached,
 Says the Priest, (*Two!*) that Love should stay Hate.

Oh, Christ! I will follow thy word. 'Tis my arm
 The murderer shielding! They may shoot if they dare,
 Their bullets to me, not to him, shall do harm,
 'Tis the mother of Pozzo di Bargo bids—Spare!

Revenge, have I now for him, holy and sweet,
 Lord Jesus! My pardon I seek at thy feet.

Helen Evertson Smith.



PART III.

TO MAKE A BIRD ROOM.



SO much interest and curiosity have been expressed in regard to keeping a variety of birds free in a house, that perhaps some hints in the matter will be acceptable.

In the beginning you should be very sure that you are prepared to make the sacrifices of time and comfort necessary to success, for no half-hearted ways will do, and many sacrifices will be called for. It is better not to begin and accustom your captives to the freedom of a room, unless you are fully prepared to carry it out, however great the trouble; for, after they have enjoyed the larger liberty, to return them to their cages is as cruel as their first imprisonment and should be as repugnant to one who loves them. Just here I should like to utter an earnest protest against any one trying to keep birds except a genuine bird-lover.

If you have a room that you can devote exclusively to this purpose it is comparatively easy to manage, but it is perfectly feasible to enjoy a bird-room that is also a study, and even a sleeping-room. It is the latter that I will describe, since few in the city have an extra room, and this combination of uses for our apartment is, I believe, quite unusual.

In the first place, you must give up your "pretty things." The floor must be cov-

ered with matting that can readily be wiped off and throws out no dust. Bric-à-brac, lace curtains, upholstered furniture, all the thousand and one objects that ladies like to see in their rooms, must be banished; partly because the inquisitive birds will be too much interested in them, alighting on nick-nacks, and catching their claws in lace and "drawn-work;" and partly because they require so much dusting, which is injurious to creatures used to life in the open air. The room need not look bare in the least, but the furniture should be of wood and cane or rattan, and the furnishings of dressing-table and bureau simple and not fussy; books should be kept on shelves, and boxes that you care for—in another room.

As a rule, if well supplied with perches in different parts of the room, so that they can gratify their curiosity on all sides, birds will keep to them exclusively, and by laying newspapers under them on the floor, the room is kept entirely neat.

When the cages are opened there should be a perch leading out of every cage-door half a foot or more into the room. For these, and for most outside perches, the most convenient things to get are strips of "doweling," which may be bought at a house-furnishing store, three feet long and a half-inch in diameter, for a cent or two a strip. Half of one of these pieces, thrust through the open door, and between the wires at the back, will make the door-

perch spoken of. Across before each window, about half-way up, should be a perch, and a small screw hook in each casing makes a good rest for it. Other plans must be contrived for these conveniences, as from a side gas-fixture to a cage or the top of the lower sash of a window, and there should be as many as possible, all easily adjustable so that they may be taken down when doors are shut. It is important, also, that they should all be about the height of the cage-doors, for birds do not like to fly down; if the perches are lower than their cages, they will prefer to stay on top of the cages; if the perches are higher, they prefer to stay on them, and do not readily find their way home.

Before one of the windows, for the light and the sunshine, should stand a table with one or two bathing-dishes. These should be wide and shallow. The best I have found, in a tolerably exhaustive search, are pressed tin pie-plates, about an inch and a half deep, with a flat rim three-eighths of an inch wide, which makes a nice standing-place. To avoid the glare of the tin, as well as to prevent rust, it is well to paint them some dull color, and while the paint is wet, scatter bird gravel over it. When dry, enough of the gravel will adhere to give a sure foot-hold and prevent the slipping almost inseparable from wet tin. A perch on the table is necessary, that the bird may alight and examine the arrangements for his comfort. A short piece of the doweling, wired on to a tin box filled with sand to steady it, will do nicely for this.

All these preparations made, the cage-doors should be fixed to be held open, and yet to be readily closed from afar. This is done with a little ingenuity, by a series of fine, strong twines, led by staples in the woodwork to your usual seat, ending at that spot in a loop to slip over a hook or nail, and at just the length that will hold the door open. When you wish to shut it, you simply lift the string off the hook and let it gently close by its own spring. Never allow it to slam and startle a bird, or you will make him shy of going home, and a bird hard to catch is a nuisance in a room.

The first thing every morning, while the tenants are all in their cages, put them in order for the day. The table which holds the bath serves now to hold the pan of hot suds, with its soft dish-mop, and the basket containing the various boxes of seed and food, as well as everything neces-

sary in the small but important house-cleaning. After preparing the mocking-bird food you will need, by grating the carrot and thoroughly mixing it with the food, set it aside and take from the cages every dish. Empty and wash every water-cup and food dish, fill up the seed dishes, and when dry, the water and food dishes, and then return them all to their places, unless they stand on the cage floor, in which case they must wait till the trays are cleaned.

Next take out every dirty perch, wash in the hot suds and place in the sun or before the register to dry thoroughly. Then, begin with the seed eaters, and one by one take out each tray, empty the gravel into a folded newspaper, wash in the hot suds, and wipe dry the tray, sift the clean part of the gravel back, and return it to the cage. Then replace the dry perches.

When this is done to every cage, and be assured it is no slight undertaking, for it must be thoroughly and faithfully done if you wish to live in the room, and to have birds healthy and happy, put up your outside perches. Now prepare the table for bathing by covering with enamelled cloth, with a towel over to absorb the scattering drops, fill the dishes with water—the chill taken off—place your door perches and open each door. Then sit down to rest and watch for your little friends to come out. (I am supposing they have become accustomed to this. In beginning it, of course, they must be set free one at a time to avoid panic, and get them gradually used to coming out and going back, to know their own cages, etc.)

In a few minutes—after they are used to the habit—every bird that wishes to leave his cage will do so, many of them at once interested in bathing, and all of them having a delightful time.

It is a good plan to give them this freedom till a certain hour, and they *must* be caught before dark—as early as half-past three in winter. If you wish to go out in the afternoon, it is better to accustom them to be shut in at noon. They will enjoy their three or four hours' outing, bathe and amuse themselves, and after a week will readily go home of their own accord at the usual time. Then the doors must be closed gently from afar (if you approached them they would probably dart out) and there they will sit and sing or chirp and be happy all the afternoon.

At night, before you open the windows for fresh air, in winter cover every cage with a blanket, a thick shawl, or a flannel cover. If either of the former, it should be folded under at the corners and pinned together, to keep the little fellow thoroughly warm. You needn't worry about his fresh air, he will get enough. Also, it is very desirable to be able to darken the windows closely, else they will begin, in spite of their blankets, to call and sing and disturb you long before you wish to get up.

To have open windows in summer when they are about the room, screens, of course, make all safe; but if you prefer to, you can have ordinary blinds, outside or inside, with little danger of birds going between the slats. A few, as the orchard and the Baltimore orioles, will creep through blinds and other openings, but with most of them a blind is perfectly safe. To keep the room light enough for the light-loving creatures, and at the same time have the air, blinds may be made to fit the lower sash to be removable and held by small bolts.

The first time you let a bird out, do it when the others are in the cages, if possible. He will accidentally stray upon the door-perch, and nearly always be frightened to find himself outside. In almost every case he will at once take flight, if he is able to fly, for the out-of-doors he sees through the windows. He will bang against the glass and usually drop to the floor. Do not go to him; he is only stunned, and will be alarmed if you move. In a moment he will fly up entirely recovered. Usually one or two lessons of this sort are enough. If he is persistent it is well to cut a strip of coarse lace or white mosquito netting the size of a window shade, pin it to the bottom of your shade by half a dozen fine pins, then when the shade goes up it leaves a lace shade, and however coarse, a bird never tries to pass it.

In general directions for the care of our pets, proper food has been spoken of. It would not seem necessary to caution any one against giving a bird such things as hot bread, muffins, or cakes, or sweets such as candies, etc., if it were not for the fact that birds die every week from just that thoughtlessness. But more delicate birds are sometimes killed in an hour by a bit of fresh biscuit or bread.

An easy and very pleasant way to keep a

large number of birds in comparative freedom is to set up an aviary, either a room entirely devoted to their use, or an alcove or large bay-window shut off with coarse wire netting from the room. This is much more simple than the bird-room plan. The cages are left open day and night; in fact, there need be no cages at all, only plenty of perches, many food dishes, several baths, and a floor covered with gravel. The dishes as well as the perches must be kept scrupulously clean (all perches should be scalded frequently). The gravel should be swept out and replaced every few days, and as the inmates cannot be covered individually, the temperature should be looked after.

In either bird-room or aviary, if a bird is unable to fly, he must be supplied with a ladder, for he does not readily learn that he is crippled, and he will, at least for a long time, try to fly and fall to the floor. Then there must be a long, light ladder, with rounds about eight inches apart, reaching from the floor to his own door. When he falls, he naturally runs for the first perch he sees, which will of course be the lowest round of the ladder. Seeing another just above him he cannot resist the inclination common to all birds to "go up higher." This in a few minutes leads him to his own door, to his surprise, when he runs in, relieved and delighted to be safely at home. Such a convenience is very easily made by tacking, or lashing, or wiring short strips of perch doweling to two long light strips which can be procured of any carpenter.

A charming picture exists in my mind, which I hope some day to see realized. It is of a lofty and well-furnished greenhouse, with a tiny streamlet running through, winding around small rocks and roots of trees, abounding in nooks and corners that birds love for bathing places. In this place are trees beloved of birds, cherry trees, mountain ash with brilliant berries, and other trees and shrubs to their taste, with plants that cannot hurt them if tasted, and not so rare as to need protection.

Doubtless this has been done. In fact, more than fifty years ago an English naturalist tells about a similar thing built by an Englishman in China; but the picture in my mind is still only a picture to me.

Olive Thorne Miller.



WITH THE HOUSEWIFE

EDITED BY CHRISTINE TERHUNE HERRICK.

FLAT NOTES. No. II.



I HAVE been reading lately a sensible and well-written little book on housekeeping. I found myself every now and then stopping to laugh at the ludicrousness of the comparison between my own housekeeping and "Housekeeping Made Easy." In the first place, we live in a flat, and of course that cuts off many of the conveniences of a house. Then, too, our income is quite limited, and that cuts off a good many more things which might serve as makeshifts. The writer of this little book speaks of two closets as dear to the heart of a housewife, those for china and linen. How does one feel when her only china closet is in the kitchen, and must serve also to hold all kinds of tinware and small household supplies?

My dining-room has two rather peculiar closets, with drawers where sheets and pillow-cases and table linen must be kept, and yet these are our only clothes closets as well.

It is so delightful when you want to get out clean sheets to plunge wildly into a thick darkness of dress skirts in order to reach the drawer, and to come out with your hair looking like a rats' nest. One of these closets has some high, almost unattainable shelves, where I stow away my more delicate dishes. Anyone might know that our landlord was an architect, *n'est ce pas?*

Our bedroom has a so-called closet, just about deep enough to hang a man's trousers in; but when you hang up a wrapper or a dress in it the door will not shut! Oh, the pride I take in my china and linen closets!

Would you believe it? we are on our second year in this flat, and have never yet had a window-shade, but have made

the inside blinds answer instead. A short time ago I became desperate, and rushed down town and recklessly bought very pretty scrim curtains for our bay window at the exorbitant price of nine cents a yard! Since then we have felt that our apartment had an air of elegance, for the casual observer would never suspect that we paid less than four times as much.

When we decided to take this flat we thought it might be convenient and economical to buy some things of the Smiths, who had occupied it for five years, so we asked Mrs. Smith for her prices. After consulting her husband, she proceeded to give us her list, and strongly urged the economy of our taking certain things.

Her terms seemed rather high, and we took time to inquire at the shops the cost of the articles when new. It was well that we did, for she was asking just about twice the amount required for new ones. She offered her folding wash-bench and wringer as a special bargain—her husband had paid ten dollars for it at wholesale, and we could have it for five. Of course, it was not new, but it was in perfectly good order. It would be another great advantage to us to take the pipes connecting the water back with the stove, thereby saving the plumber's bill, etc., etc. Her brass curtain pole fitted to the bay-window; that was offered as a special inducement. As she had no earthly use for it in her new home, she might be persuaded to part with it for the mere bagatelle of five dollars. I set my foot down then, and said I was not ready to pay that sum for a window pole. I paid one dollar and thirty-four cents the other day for a pretty, light wooden one, with brass trimmings and adjustable sockets, and it answers our purpose quite as well. Our new wash bench and wringer cost just a little more than half what she charged for her old one, and we found she had utterly

misrepresented the cost of new water pipes.

We sent up word at the last that we had decided to buy new things, and the good, thrifty woman was undoubtedly disappointed.

Possibly some one else has had the experience of living in the house with a man who keeps, supposedly, a scrap-book. Such is my lot. I regret to say that the cutting and pasting occur about once a year; so you can imagine the accumulation of daily papers. It has been a great puzzle to know where to store these bundles of papers, and at last I have solved the problem. We now put them under the spare-room bed, which it is impossible to move, even for sweeping, as the room measures eight feet eight and one-half inches, by six feet ten inches. The only trouble is, they will show when the hall door is open.

I think of devising a neat little valance, which may be tacked to the bed on that

side by brass-headed nails and embroidered at will. A spare-room closet in our flat must be reckoned among the "can't-haves," and I am seriously considering the practicability of putting hooks on the back of the head-board of the bed, and, if this were done, whether there would be room to hang anything there after all.

Why not invent a sort of trundle-bed wardrobe to be used in such cases? Sliding glass doors to keep out the dust would, of course, be a "must-have" under those circumstances. I may in time perfect this idea, and take out a patent on it.

Before I close, let me advise any one who may have to live in a flat, not to take one directly over a family too devoted to onions. We actually *suffer* three or four times a week from the very strong odor of fried onions coming from our neighbors below, and nothing will shut it out.

Helen Morris Gay.



BY-WAYS AND HEDGES.

THE amount of space in household papers devoted to new employments for women shows clearly the hold the question has taken on the public mind. That the practical is strongly in the ascendant in these articles is also significant. The ordinary girl, with no especial aptitude for anything, is no longer urged to fit herself to be a governess or a music teacher. Fine sewing and embroidery, trying alike to eyes and spine, are no longer advocated. Instead, gentle breadwinners everywhere are advised to turn their attention to doing some one of the so-called "homely" household tasks well. Instances are quoted where a facility for making fine sponge cake and good bread have staved off want from a whole family. There has been a great deal of fun made of marvelous incidents of this kind that have found their way into print, but the subject cannot be dismissed with a jest.

There are many needy women who must eke out their incomes by what they can do already, instead of going through an apprenticeship to a new trade. A feeling of absurd pride often stands in the way of such women utilizing the talents they possess, and it is time sensible people put the false shame down. There is no kind of honest work for which there is not somewhere a field. The trouble is that few of those who wish the service and of those who can yield it, ever come together. When they do meet, it is a fortunate happening for both.

A case in point occurred not a year ago, within a hundred miles of New York City. A busy mother of children was deeply distressed by her inability to secure a proper nurse for the weakling of her flock, a delicate little creature, who was still in arms, while its juniors were creeping and running where they would. Other home cares

prevented the mother giving her entire time to the charge of the helpless child. Conscientious care was required, constant rubbing of the weak limbs and spine, endless patience with the occasional fretfulness of the little one, close watchfulness for every encouraging or adverse symptom. High wages had been paid to a series of well-recommended nurses, who all ran well for a time, but whose zeal failed when they found that the situation included among its duties frequent watchful nights and tireless vigilance at all times.

When the mother was nearly desperate after a succession of changes, she received a call from the daughter of an old family friend. The woman was a lady in manner and speech, and plainly dressed in a widow's well-worn mourning. She said, with grave directness, that she would like the place as nurse. Her husband had left her penniless; she would not be dependent upon the charity of relatives.

"You don't know what you ask," said the mother. "Do you understand what is included in a nurse's duties in this case? Would you be willing to wash the baby's plain clothing and flannels, to dress and undress her, to wheel her out in her carriage, to take care of her at night, and to look after your own room?"

The other assented, quietly. That was just what she wanted. She understood the care of sick people, and she was sure she would have no trouble in giving the little one proper treatment.

"And you would be patient with my baby?" pleaded the mother, with a quick remembrance of other nurses who had not been tolerant of the child's weakness. The other's eyes filled.

"I have had children of my own," she said simply.

The experiment was a blessing to both mother and child. The little one thrived under the intelligent care it received, and the mother, from whose arms it had been crowded by younger babies, felt a peace hitherto unknown to her.

All women cannot be nurses. But there is one field widening every day, as the gastronomic civilization of the country progresses, for women who have made a study of cookery in all its branches. The woman who knows how to get up a lunch or a dinner party, how to set the table, how to engineer the successive courses that there may be no hitch, no confusion, no dearth of silver or china at critical moments,

should consider that she has her profession learned. There are many houses where the mistresses shrink from admitting a caterer's men to do havoc among their best china and introduce restaurant flourishes into a quiet meal, to whom such a directress would be a boon. Possibly the regular maid could do the waiting if she had some one to coach her at critical moments and to send in the different viands with the appropriate service and in correct sequence. The "lunch and dinner director" should be able to dress a salad or prepare a choice dish, charging a regular price for the work in proportion to the amount she performs and the length of time her labor consumes.

Still another mode of earning a living may be found in an aptitude for upholstering. There are some women who possess a dexterity that enables them to cover and tuft lounges, sofas, chairs, and ottomans so well that one would never guess the work had not come from under the hands of a professional. In an emergency this talent might be turned to account. A woman who could go to the house where the upholstering was to be done or else take it to her own home, could afford to do the work more reasonably than could the average tradesman.

The furnishing of houses as a business has been recommended for women, but this is a rather weighty undertaking, involving as it does the expenditure of large sums of money, and calling for an education in art decoration. A simpler task would be that of renovating the homes of those people who own good substantial carpets and furniture they cannot afford to throw away.

The woman decorator would not demand impossibilities in the way of costly hangings and new furniture. Learning, in the first place, what money she could expend, she would proceed to make the best of that. She would pull the chairs and sofas from their stiff row around the room and place them in more natural positions, sawing a couple of inches off the legs of the chairs so as to bring them within the reach of ordinary mortals. She would soften the marble mantel with a scarf or draping, take out the tomb-like "summer front," and put in its place a grate or a pair of andirons. She would break the stretch of a long parlor by a pair of portières and a screen, and fasten a bit of drapery here and there, over an easel or on the corner of a picture. She would hunt out a few choice bits

of china from the recesses of the china closet and display them on a stand or a bracket, and lay new books and magazines on the table instead of the family Bible and photograph album. If she were allowed to go further and to subdue the glare of the carpet with a few rugs or skins, or to hang two or three choice photographs on the walls instead of chromos or family portraits, her task would be even more successful.

The care of lamps is a branch of industry that has already been discussed in print. The woman who follows this work secures a *clientèle* who entrust the entire charge of their lamps to her. She makes her round

daily, setting the lamps of each house in order, charging a small sum for every lamp thus treated. With such work as this might be combined other occasional employments, as the putting up of woolens in the spring, and the overhauling and packing away of thin clothing in the fall. Such tasks as these are within the reach of most practical women, and if they cannot earn their bread by knowing everything of something, they may do so by knowing something of almost everything connected with household management.

Christine Terhune Herrick.



CHOICE RECIPES.

BAKED RED SNAPPER.

Clean, wash and wipe a fine red snapper, weighing about six pounds. Stuff with a dressing of bread crumbs, seasoned with salt, pepper and a *little* finely minced onion. Sew up carefully. Place it in a baking-pan, pour over it a cupful of boiling water, and cover closely. Bake an hour, basting three times with butter during that time. Lay it on a hot dish when done. Stir into the gravy in the pan the juice of a lemon, a tablespoonful of browned flour, and pepper and salt to taste. Pour the sauce over the fish.

BEANS PANACHÉS.

2 cups string beans, fresh or canned, cut into inch lengths.
2 cups white beans.
2 tablespoonfuls butter.

Juice of one lemon.

1 tablespoonful minced parsley.

Salt to taste.

Boil the two kinds of beans tender in separate vessels, drain off the water, and put the beans together in a saucepan. Add to them the butter, lemon, salt, and parsley. Stir until hot through, and serve.

CURRY CROQUETTES.

1 cupful cold chicken, duck, or veal, chopped.

$\frac{1}{2}$ cupful milk.

2 teaspoonfuls butter.

1 teaspoonful cornstarch.

$\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoonful curry powder.

Salt to taste.

Heat the milk to boiling, add to it the butter and cornstarch rubbed smooth together, cook until thick, stir in the chicken

and salt, and last the curry powder. Turn into a flat dish to cool. When cold and firm, shape the mixture into small croquettes, dip each one in beaten egg, and roll it in cracker crumbs. Drop into boiling fat. One minute should be enough to bring them to a fine brown. Serve around a mound of boiled rice.

BROWNED BREAST OF MUTTON.

Breast of mutton.
1 pint of broth from the bones.
1 pint water.
1 onion, sliced.
1 carrot, sliced.
1 bay leaf.
1 teaspoonful thyme.
2 sprays parsley.
2 cloves.

Put the mutton in the saucepan with the broth, water, and seasoning. Simmer for two hours, then remove the meat and put it between two flat-bottomed pans, with a heavy weight on the upper one. When cold, trim into neat shape, brush with a beaten egg and a dessertspoonful of melted butter, sprinkle with bread crumbs and set in the oven until heated through and nicely browned. Serve with a hot horse-radish sauce.

HOT HORSE-RADISH SAUCE.

4 tablespoonfuls grated horse-radish.
3 teaspoonfuls fine bread crumbs.
1 tablespoonful cream.
Pinch salt.
Pinch soda.
Heat all the ingredients together except the cream. Warm this in a separate vessel, adding to it the pinch of soda. Put all together just before serving.

SCRAMBLED EGGS WITH GREEN PEAS.

6 eggs.
1 tablespoonful butter.
3 tablespoonfuls milk.
Salt and pepper.
½ pint canned peas.
Heat the butter and milk in an omelet pan, break the eggs into this, and stir until

they thicken. Have the peas made very hot in another vessel. Drain off all the liquor from the peas, stir them into the eggs, season, and serve hot.

SCRAMBLED EGGS WITH MINCED CHICKEN.

Proceed as in the foregoing recipe until the last, when, instead of the peas, stir in a cupful of cold chicken, minced fine and well seasoned. Chopped ham or tongue may be used instead.

PEACH FRITTERS.

½ can peaches, each cut in half.
1 cup flour.
1 tablespoonful butter.
1 egg.

Make a batter of the last three ingredients, using the liquor from the peaches to bring it to the required consistency. About a cupful will be required. Dip the halved peaches into the batter, and drop them one at a time into deep boiling lard. Serve with powdered sugar. These are nice made of fresh peaches.

FRUIT IN JELLY.

½ box gelatine.
1 cup sugar.
1 cup sherry.
1 cup boiling water.
½ cup cold water.

Soak the gelatine in the cold water one hour. Pour the boiling water over it. Add the wine and sugar, and strain. Wet a mold, arrange preserved strawberries around the top and pour a little partially formed jelly on this. Next place a layer of preserved raspberries, then more jelly, and then a layer of pineapple, cut in small pieces. More jelly follows, and so on until the mold is full.

FRUIT IN JELLY, No. 2.

Proceed as in the above recipe, only using candied cherries, sliced crystallized pears, apricots and pineapples instead of the preserved fruit.

SOME LIGHT UPON LAMPS.

WHEN we moved into our suburban house and found that we must depend entirely upon lamps for illumination, we sallied forth with all the confidence of great ignorance to purchase such as we considered necessary. We had already a very good student lamp that we would use in the sitting-room, and we bought a plain one with a reflector for the kitchen, a chandelier to hang over the dining-room table, another one for the hall, a tall lamp for each of the sleeping-rooms, and two lamps for the parlor, one a large majolica bowl, and the other of the tulip-shaped variety. These two last, we reflected, would give tone to the establishment. None were very costly, and we congratulated ourselves that we had bought so many and such "genteel" lamps for the price.

Revolving Burns' sentiment that

"A man's a man for a' that."

we reasoned that a lamp's a lamp for a' that, and, though it might have a small burner, enclosed shade and narrow wick space, it would give a light

"For a' that an' a' that."

Just how mistaken we were in our estimates, how bitterly we repented this unpremeditated frittering of our substance, and how long it took us to repair damages and find what we needed, I would not care to say. But, as Mrs. Micawber remarked, "Experience it does it," and now we feel prepared to shed some light on this dark subject.

It seems too ridiculous for belief, but none of those lamps except the reflector in the kitchen and the chandelier in the dining-room were at all satisfactory. The majolica that was our especial pride had an oil receptacle that held scarcely a teacupful and could not supply the two wicks of the lamp for a single evening. And so, although when we were expecting company we lighted it just as the guests were arriving and turned it low, it was sure to go out with a splutter and a smudge by eleven o'clock. The "tulip" was pretty to gaze at, but not to gaze by, since, from its construction, the little light that penetrated the wavy amber chimney and shade was sent *upward*. One could not read even a dancing program by its rays.

The hall lamp, a long enclosed affair, hung so low that we were compelled to ask our tall guests to take thought and *subtract* a cubit from their height when passing under it. More than one Goliath, backing gracefully out of the parlor, was thrown into utter confusion and treated to a pyrotechnic display by a collision with this lamp. And then—can you believe it?—we could never get another wick to fit its circular burner. That lamp must have been the only one of its kind.

But most singular of all was the trouble we found with the slender, antique-y lamps that graced our sleeping-rooms. They were not expensive, and the light standards and long, slender stems that upheld the oil-bulb must have been of lacquered wood, for, when we came to fill the bulbs with oil, the lamps were top-heavy, and a slight jostle sent them over. We stopped counting how often we went to our rooms in the dark and by a groping ever so delicate, tipped over our "lightning rods." And the number of times that we hit them in dusting and in arranging the toilet fixtures, we have never told. Even a strong wind would overturn them.

Our lamps were not a success, and something must be done right speedily. We knew we ought not to buy others, and, besides, we were all seized with a diffidence and a lack of confidence in our own discrimination. So we set ourselves to the work of rectification. We fitted a small common burner with a single wick to the majolica lamp, and now, though the light is not powerful, it endures a whole evening, and the external appearance is the same, for we bought the burner to fit the chimney and globe. There was no help for the tulip, and that is used solely for ornament on a pretty shelf.

Then, we did quite a wonderful thing. We bought a common glass lamp having no handle, such as is often used in kitchens and must be carried in both hands, and painted it to imitate ground glass by giving it a coat of white paint thinned with turpentine to the consistency of cream, and "dabbled" it while wet with a duster rolled into a ball. When dry the effect was very good. Then we fitted a rim to it, on which we put a ground-glass shade covered with a frame-work of "looking-glass"

beads, as described in *THE HOME-MAKER* for October. When the lamp was completed, we set it in a bronze bracket. The whole had not cost quite a dollar, and the light was bright and clear.

We did the same thing with another lamp, only we painted that one yellow, and followed *THE HOME-MAKER* directions for making an amber shade and beaded cover. You can scarcely fancy how pretty the effect was.

We put a common lamp in the hall chandelier and removed it to an out-of-the-way corner where it would bayonet no one, and, in its stead, placed a light on the newel. We took a wooden stair-rod and set it deeply and firmly upright in the top of the newel-post and bought a little brass frame—these are easy to procure—to fit over the round ball on the end of the rod, and set a common lamp in the frame. This lamp we treated differently. We spread a thin layer of strong glue over the entire bowl and sprinkled it with "crystal frost" powder, which is only finely powdered glass and is very cheap. When it was dry, we blew off the superfluous powder and, as an experiment, fixed the shade in the same way with a remarkably pretty result. We feared, at first, that the heat of the chimney would melt the glue and cause our shade to "run," wax-doll fashion. But the glue was of the kind that hardens almost like cement, and no disaster has yet happened to our "crystal" lamp, and we have just made another for the newel in the upper hall.

At first, there seemed no remedy for the

upstairs lamps, but one day we hit upon a scheme. We cut off the stems as near as possible to the bulbs and re-set them in the standards. It was not difficult and, though they look a little like Chinese idols, we have the satisfaction of keeping them upright. We intend, some day, to buy a lamp that has a slide on the burner, so that the chimney need not be removed when the lamp is lighted, and we hope also to get one that can be extinguished, or raised, or lowered by moving an attachment.

We have found out that some lamps are ornamental but not useful, and some are useful that are not *vice versa*—as it were—and when you find one combining both of these qualities "don't lose the combination."

Our experience does not go to show that "boughten" lamps are of necessity poor. Far from it. But that "ye shall know them" not by the outside but by their works. And we have formulated three cardinal rules for buying.

First, See that the oil receptacle is adequate to supply the wick.

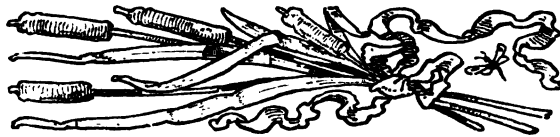
Second, If you want the lamp for its executive ability, get one the shade of which flares outward and downward.

Third, Be sure that you do not get a burner for which you never can procure another wick.

We have also decided that in lamp-buying as in other shopping,

"All that glitters is not gold."

Augusta Salisbury Prescott.



A PLEASANT REMEDY.

Roast a lemon slowly until it is thoroughly done—soft, but not broken. Cut a hole in the top while hot, *fill* it with granulated sugar, and eat just before going to bed, for hoarseness or sore throat. The effect is to induce gentle perspiration and to "cut" the tough mucus that alters the voice.

FOR FRYING

Beef-fat, suet, and even the coarser bits of fat, "tried out" carefully and strained, are nicer for frying croquettes, etc., than the all-dominant pigs' lard. Never throw away a morsel of suet or beef-fat, but keep in a cold place until you have enough for trying out.

TIMELY AND USEFUL.

AMONG the things which you ought never to do in housekeeping, are two or three so obvious that some readers may exclaim at the mere mention of them as superfluous. Nevertheless, the practical woman will pardon a reminder for the sake of the weaker sisterhood.

Never leave a dust-pan, brush, or other obstacle on the stairs.

Nobody ever does this fiendish thing on purpose, but careless maids and absent-minded mistresses sometimes do heedlessly, and

"Evil is wrought by want of thought.

As well as want of heart".

Perfectly secure, taking no precaution against the snare, an elderly man or woman, a matron full of affairs, or a tripping child comes on with the momentum of descent, stumbles, falls, and is badly hurt. It may be your revered grandparent, your idolized mother, your beautiful Dolly or Daisy; and nobody doubts the sincerity of your love for each of them, yet the mishap is quite as distressing in its consequences as if it had been prompted by malice and planned with grim determination to an injurious result. I have personally known three individuals, one an old gentlewoman, one a child, one the eldest daughter and mainspring of the household machinery, who were severally laid up for months by falling down stairs over a dust-pan left for an instant in the way.

Never carry pencils, scissors, or other sharp-pointed missiles in your pocket, unless the points are protected by a sheath. A lady's pocket is an unsafe place for these weapons, and although present modes have rendered the precaution less necessary, since our pockets are cunningly located where we can least easily find them and are therefore trials to our patience, still accidents of a painful nature are not impossible, and should be guarded against by the simple method suggested.

Never leave pins in clothing which you are sending to the washerwoman. I can not imagine a more exasperating surprise than that caused by a lacerated scratch, received in the fleshy part of the hand while energetically engaged in rubbing a wet garment. It is a cruelty for which there is no excuse, thus to maim the person who is serving you. The presence of a pin in an article which should be tied with a string, or fastened with a button, is

a proof that the owner in her childhood was not well trained in housewifely thoroughness; but the leaving of the pin to wound the laundress is a proof of something worse.

Never leave poisons about unlabelled; or, if labelled, within the reach of little fingers. Oxalic acid, laudanum, creosote, chloroform, or other similar agents, each valuable in its place, is a deadly force, and should be surrounded with warnings and kept in a safe seclusion where no life may be imperilled by its accidental use.

A little thought would extend and multiply these prohibitory hints. Tacks left with the "business end" upward, broken glass on the floor, or in a dark corner of the closet, strings stretched across the grass plot at a convenient distance for catching the unwary foot, a confusion of objects left to clutter the floor of the chamber, so that a person stepping across it at night is in danger to life and limb, matches allowed to lie in proximity to papers, or kept without other protection in paper boxes; all and sundry are traps, which the good housekeeper will see are not permitted under her jurisdiction.

M. E. Sangster, in Christian Intelligencer.

CHEMISTRY OF A TEAR.

THE principal element in the composition of a tear, as may readily be supposed, is water. The other elements are salt, soda, phosphate of lime, phosphate of soda, and mucus, each in small proportions. A dried tear seen through a microscope of good average power presents a peculiar appearance. The water, after evaporation, leaves behind it the saline ingredients, which amalgamate and form themselves into lengthened cross lines and look like a number of minute fish bones. The tears are secreted in what are called the "lacrimal glands", situated over the eyeball and underneath the lid. The contents of these glands are carried along and under the inner surface of the eyelids by means of six or seven very fine channels, and are discharged a little above the cartilage supporting the lid. The discharge of tears from the lacrimal glands is not occasional and accidental, as is commonly supposed, but continuous. It goes on both day and night—though less abundantly at night—through the "conduits", and

spreads equally over the surface of the pupil, in virtue of the incessant movement of the lids. After serving its purpose, the flow is carried away by two little drains situated in that corner of each eye nearest the nose—into which they run—and called the “lachrymal points”. The usefulness of this quiet flow of tears to both man and beast is manifest. There is such an immense quantity of fine dust floating in the air and constantly getting into the eyes that but for it, they would soon become choked. Very little is requisite to keep the ball free, and when some obnoxious substance—smoke, an insect, or the like—that affects the nerves does make its way in, an increased flow is poured out to sweep it away.—*London Queen.*

WOMAN'S HELP.

MANY a man distinguished in the world of letters confesses that he owes much of his success to his wife. Mr. Gladstone loves to tell of all his wife has done for him. President Grévy also paid a generous tribute to his wife's usefulness. But when the world talks of all a man has done, it seldom takes note of the help some wom-

an may have been to him ; for instance, it is rarely said, although tolerably well known, that Mendelssohn's sister, Fanny, wrote several of the exquisite “Songs Without Words” that appear under his name and contributed much to his musical fame. Wordsworth's sister, it is said, wrote his famous poem of “The Daffodils” or the greater part of it, while almost every great man is indebted to his wife for as large an amount of research and clerical work as Richard Brinsley Sheridan's wife, the lovely Miss Linley, did for him before one of his great speeches in Parliament.

If the elective principle holds good anywhere it should in the appointment of work, all of which cannot be done by one person. Only do not let the man of many cares and affairs make the Sandford-and-Merton Tommy's mistake in fancying that the short end of the pole on which the burden hangs is the lighter for the bearer. His wife may not appreciate the chafe and weight of the load. In his most considerate mood he cannot over-rate the *neverendingness* incident upon the mother's office, the persistency of her responsibilities.

CORRESPONDENCE.

TROUBLE WITH A SINK.

DEAR HOME-MAKER :

The plumber says there is nothing the matter with my kitchen sink, “as he can see.” Pipes are large and tight, sewer connection perfect, etc. He “guesses the hard water makes the grease and the like more apt to stick onto the inside of the pipes.” After each of his visits, the delivery of said pipes is perfect for, perhaps, a fortnight. Then, the water runs more and more slowly until, as on this very morning, it takes half an hour to empty the big sink.

What is the matter, and where is the remedy?

Amy Le S.

LEXINGTON, KENTUCKY.

Answer :

In the first place, see to it that as little grease as possible goes into the sink. Scrape plates and other vessels well, and wipe off the fat with a piece of stale bread before rinsing in the dish-pan. If you have no dog, cat, or chickens to eat the greasy crumbs thus used, burn them. You save the pipes much in this way.

In washing dishes in hard water, you will find the task much easier if you use an ammonia soap powder called *Zomonia*, lately put upon the market by the Columbia Chemical Works, whose Household Ammonia is favorably and generally known. The powder is cheap, easily used, does not chap the hands as does almost every preparation of potash designed for cutting the grease in waste pipes, and keeps the

sink sweet as well as clean. A tablespoonful in a gallon of boiling water will soften it and carry before it all clogging oils. You need little or no soap with it, as it makes a lather of its own.

There are few hirelings who give needful attention to "flushing" drain-pipes. In a kitchen sink, this should be done every day with hot water. Let the faucet run for, at least, ten minutes with full force. Up-stairs, the same should be done twice a week in winter, daily in summer. Ironing day, when the boiler is apt to be overheated, is a good time for flushing all over the house.

Lastly, see to it that the sink is made *perfectly clean* after each tri-daily dish-washing. Servants consider this accomplished when the bottom and sides have been freed from crumbs, tea-leaves, and other loose bits. So long as the water stands in shrinking globules on the surface, the latter is oily. Do not be content with the sweep and swab of a dingy dish-cloth which Bridget considers all-sufficient. Scrub sides and bottom faithfully with soft soap, or with ammonia, and wipe dry before leaving it. There is an old saying that the character of a cook may be told by her sink; that of a chamber-maid by the washstand soap-dish.

HOUSEWIFELY PARAGRAPHS.

A REGISTER-COVER.

Some registers have a way of refusing to shut tightly. Almost every house has one that is stiff in the joints, or which has lost the wheel, or knob, or bar that used to close it. When the furnace is shaken, the dust rises through the gaping seams; when you would turn off the heat in a sleeping-room, or throw it from one part of the house to the other, you are baffled. Make a wadded square, just the size of the delinquent cover, of carpeting or other heavy material; tack stout loops to the corners, and when you would exclude cinder-dust and hot air, fasten these loops to hooks or brass buttons fixed in the wall or floor surrounding the register. For the drawing-room, the outer side may be made of satin or plush, bound with ribbon or galloon.

MUSTARD PLASTERS.

To keep a mustard plaster from blistering the skin, mix with it, or spread over it, a little sweet oil or lard. Thus mollified, it can be left on all night without danger of "drawing a blister."

HOT WATER.

Applied to a bruise, it will allay pain and prevent discoloration. It has superseded medicated "eye-waters" in the treatment of inflamed and aching eyes. An American author, whose excellent eyesight was wonderful, when one considered her age and the immense amount of literary labor she performed, attributed it mainly to the custom of bathing her eyes freely in water as hot as could be borne, night and morning, a habit continued for many years. For the bath, hot water is incomparably better than cold, which contracts the pores and thus roughens the skin. Florence Nightingale says: "One can cleanse the whole body more thoroughly with a quart of hot water than with a tubful of cold."

VISITORS' SOAP.

In preparing the guest-chamber for an expected visitor, *wash the soap well*, drying it with a clean, soft cloth. Cutaneous diseases are often conveyed by a cake of soap. In travelling, always carry your own. It is now believed that the unpleasant "barbers' itch" is caused by the lather-brush, not by the razor, as was once supposed.

THE OVEN-DOOR.

Many a cake and batch of bread are ruined by slamming the oven-door. A maker of celebrated sponge-cake will not allow any one to touch the stove or walk heavily across the kitchen-floor while the sensitive compound is baking.

PHOTOGRAPHS OF TRAVEL.

A pretty way of framing photographs of travel is to arrange neatly around the

margin pressed leaves and flowers, collected at the places depicted. Fasten the garland in place with gum-water or mucilage. You have thus a double souvenir of what you do not wish to forget.

FOR BURNS IN THE COUNTRY.

Almost everybody in town knows that linseed-oil and lime-water in equal quantities are good for a burn or scald. Few people in the country, where one cannot run out to a druggist's for this or some other means of healing, know that an excellent substitute is *wood-soot* and lard, mixed in the proportions of one-third soot, two-thirds lard, and beaten smooth together. Coat a piece of soft linen or cotton thickly with it, and bind on the scalded or burnt place. The effect will be speedy and satisfactory. Coal-soot will not do.

CHOOSING a home is something like choosing a companion for life. It is chiefly important to like it.

REPLIES that must do for a wife will not always answer a man who puts the same questions.

HALF the sorrows of women would be averted if they could repress the speech they know to be useless.

George Eliot.

MUTTON-TALLOW

While utterly unsuitable for culinary purposes, makes capital cream for chapped hands, if "tried out," strained, and when almost firm, stirred up well with a little rose-water.



NINETEENTH CENTURY VALENTINES.

THE scene is laid in a handsomely-furnished boudoir in a Fifth-Avenue mansion. Bric-à-brac is seen on all sides, and a guitar, banjo, and mandolin hang from the walls. Portières are in the doorways. The furniture is covered with pale blue cretonne. A fire of soft coal burns in an open fire-place on the left. On the right, Miss Lydia Stylish is seen, reclining on a luxurious couch. She holds a volume of Browning in her hands; at her elbow, stands an elegant low table of hammered brass, on which a very dainty tea-service is displayed, with the remnants of a late breakfast. Miss Stylish wears a handsome morning dress of pale blue cashmere, with slippers to match. On the floor beside the couch lies a pile of magazines, paper-bound novels, etc.

Miss Stylish (yawning and dropping her book on the floor). Dear me! I can't make head or tail of this poem! WHY must we read Browning—tiresome old party! I wish he'd go out of fashion! If he would only say what he meant now—or mean what he said. (*Enter Miss Amanda Gusher in street costume—she wears a hat with an enormous brim and adorned with a small forest of ostrich plumes, a long coat with flowing sleeves, etc.*)

Miss Gusher. Oh, you dear thing, how do you do? I'm so delighted to see you! (*She rushes up to Miss Stylish and embraces her enthusiastically, hitting Miss S. in the eye with her muff.*)

Miss Stylish. Don't knock all my hair-pins out, Amanda—you are so dreadfully impulsive—you've nearly put out my eye!

Miss Gusher. I'm so sorry—let me kiss

it and make it all well again! (*She raises both arms, still holding her muff in one hand.*)

Miss Stylish. No—no—don't, Amanda, you might put out the other, you know—come, sit down here beside me and amuse me a little—I've been reading that pokey old Browning.

Miss Gusher (*rolling up her eyes ecstatically, and clasping her hands*). Dear Browning! I simply adore him.

Miss Stylish. Yes, yes, of course, so do I—in his proper place, on the book-shelf—but he wasn't meant to read, Amanda, no, no! I draw the line there. I'm very willing people should go into rhapsodies about him and—well, quote him perhaps, but—now this is in strict confidence, you know—I just hate to read him!

Miss Gusher. Ah, Lydia! You always were so amusing.

Miss Stylish. No, I really mean it—it's like digging out Greek roots to read him—not that I ever dug out any—but he makes me groan (*she groans dismally*) just as brother Tom does over his classics! Heigho!—do you know that this is St. Valentine's day, Amanda?

Miss Gusher. Know it? Why, Lydia, I've nearly turned gray trying to write some verses—not to send myself, of course—but for a friend, and oh, I had such hard work! Lydia, you don't know how hard it is to write a valentine!

Miss Stylish (*drily*). No, I don't—I find it hard enough work to read them. I think valentines are very tiresome, stupid things—they're always just alike—either some mediocre anatomical verses, with everlasting hearts and darts and pains and bleedings to death and such things—or else boxes of candy, or bouquets of flowers—and I'm sick of candy and make-believe poetry, and—well no, I'm not really sick of flowers—but it's an awful bore to thank people for sending them—isn't it now, Amanda?

Miss Gusher. Oh, no, Lydia, how can you say so? I love to thank my friends—even for a bunch of coxcombs—or (*speaking very lackadaisically*) for a little faded flower!

Miss Stylish (*laughing*). A bunch of coxcombs is good, Amanda—you're clever if you do write poetry. A bunch of coxcombs in evening dress are sometimes amusing with their patronizing "la-de-da" airs, but a single coxcomb is a most insufferable bore.

(*A knock is heard at the door.*)
Come in, Fifine!

(*Enter a trim French maid, bearing a dainty note on a silver salver.*)

Miss Stylish. I believe that really is a valentine. (*She sits up with an animated expression, and takes the note from the salver.*) How ABSURD to feel any interest in it—what are you waiting for, Fifine?—no, there's no answer; valentines don't need any answer—you may go now! (*Fifine retires slowly and reluctantly.* *Miss Stylish opens the letter, and a flat package drops out which she opens eagerly.*)

Miss Stylish. Pooh! Only a diamond ring! What a prosaic, what an everyday sort of affair! (*She examines it carefully.*)

Miss Gusher. Oh! what a beautiful diamond! (*sentimentally*) a diamond from the mine—a glittering gem!

Miss Stylish. Good gracious, Amanda! why, of course, it's from the mine—some dirty, dingy old mine, I've no doubt. (*She turns the ring over in her hand, reflectively.*) Yes, it's an enormous diamond, and worth lots of money, no doubt.

Miss Gusher. Who could have sent it, Lydia?—but of course you haven't the least, not the faintest idea.

Miss Stylish. Oh, yes, I know perfectly well who sent it—Mr. Gold-bags must have done it; none of my other beaux are rich enough; (*stamping her foot in sudden rage.*) How dare he take it for granted that I will accept diamonds from him!

Miss Gusher (*starting, and looking very much surprised*). Oh! Lydia!

Miss Stylish (*tossing her head*). The mean, underhand thing, to go and send me such a jewel, as if he were a thief, and was ashamed of his name (*she grows more and more excited*) just so as to compel me to accept it.

Miss Gusher (*speaking in a very high key*). Be calm, Lydia, be calm! don't say such unkind things, or call a man a thief, because he makes you a gorgeous present (*relapsing into her soft, sentimental tone*) from Golconda!

Miss Stylish. Of course, I don't know to whom to return it, but I won't be under obligations to him! (*she rises, and begins to walk rapidly up and down the room, Miss Gusher following and trying to soothe her in dumb show*) I'll advertise him, the mean, contemptible fellow!

Miss Gusher (*pausing in her walk and holding up her hands*). Well, I never heard of calling a man mean because he sent one a thousand-dollar ring.

Miss Stylish. I won't be bought and sold in this way, and a cheque or a ring—it's all the same thing—sent in just as if I were a horse! Sending me anonymous letters, indeed, because this happens to be Valentine's Day!

Miss Gusher (stooping to pick up the letter). Did you read the letter, dear?

Miss Stylish. Why, no; but I know what's in it without looking.

Miss Gusher (very tenderly). Shall I read it for you, dear?

Miss Stylish (carelessly). Yes, if you like. Of course, it's only a valentine. (They sit down side-by-side on the couch. *Miss Gusher* adjusts a pair of eye-glasses.)

Miss Gusher. Only a valentine? Only an outpouring of the heart—a flood of love—affection's offering.

Miss Stylish. Well; let's hear "affection's offering," Amanda.

Miss Gusher (reading very sentimentally). "Dear Miss Stylish,—I know that you hate bad poetry, and I can't write like Browning."

Miss Stylish. To do him justice, he can't, and I'm rather glad of it.

Miss Gusher. "So in plain prose let me say that I LOVE (she sighs deeply), that I love and respect you very deeply. You are the only woman I have ever really loved."

Miss Stylish (in a business-like way). Yes, yes, they all say that.

Miss Gusher. "And if I am not poetical and high-flown enough for a Valentine, may not I be your ORSON?" Oh, the monster! the wretch! Lydia, I can't read such wild-beast kind of sentiments!

Miss Stylish (taking the letter from her friend). Oh, he is weak on his Middle Ages, my dear, that's all.

He doesn't mean anything by that. I'll finish the letter. (Reading.) "In plain English, will you do me the great honor of becoming my wife? I shall call to see you this evening, and if my ring is on your lovely finger (that's taffy!) I shall consider that a favorable answer to my humble and earnest petition. Yours devotedly, Percival Gold-bags."

Miss Gusher (with a romantic air). Yours devotedly, Percival—what a grand name! The eternal fealty of—Percival!

Miss Stylish. I suppose that my worldly old aunt would think more of the eternal fee of his gold-bags! To do him justice, his letter is very manly and straightforward—very little slopping over; I do

object to slopping over and making scenes. (A knocking is again heard.) Come in, Fifine!

(A whining and scratching sound comes through the door.)

Miss Gusher. Oh, Lydia! It must be a rat!

Miss Stylish. Now, Amanda, don't be absurd. Did you ever hear of rats scratching and whining at a door to be let in like a person or an animal with common sense? (*Miss Stylish* opens the door and admits a pretty little fox-terrier, who jumps upon her dress, wags his tail affectionately, and tries to lick her hand.)

Miss Stylish. Well, upon my word, what a queer set of valentines I am having! So Tom Taylor has actually made up his mind to part with his most favorite animal—except himself, and to bestow *Trusty* upon me. Here, old fellow, come here! (*She sits down on the sofa, the dog jumps up beside her, and she observes for the first time that he has a note tucked under his collar. She takes it out, opens and reads it.*) Listen to this, Amanda. "Love me, love my dog. Distractedly and eternally yours, T. T." Hum! Not much mystery about these valentines! (*Patting the dog's back.*) I fear you can't be mine on these terms, old fellow. (*She rubs his nose against her cheek.*) As a doggie I love you dearly, but as an entering wedge in the hard oak of my affections (*she puts him down on the floor*) you are not to be thought of!

Miss Gusher. I'm so glad he isn't a rat. I hate rats. Come here, nice doggie!

(*Miss Stylish* rings the bell. *Fifine* enters with surprising promptness.)

Fifine. Mademoiselle désire quelque chose?

Miss Stylish. Oui, Oui, prenez *Trusty* dans le kitchen, *Fifine*, et give him a good breakfast, vous savez.

Fifine. Oui, Mademoiselle. Come, *Trusty*, venez, *Trusty*.

(*Exeunt Fifine and dog.*)

Miss Gusher (rising). I must leave you, Lydia; good-bye. (*She kisses Miss Stylish on both cheeks.*)

Miss Stylish. Can't you stay to lunch, Amanda? do, like a good girl.

Miss Gusher. Oh, I couldn't possibly. I hate to go, but I must, really. Good-bye again. (*She embraces Miss Stylish again.*) Good-bye, I must tear myself away!

Miss Stylish. Well, if you must go, I suppose we must bear the strain of parting for twenty-four hours!

(*Miss Gusher finally gushes out of the room with many last nods and wavings of the hand. Miss Stylish lies down on couch, picks up Browning with a deep sigh, and is about to resume her reading, when a knock is heard at the door.*)

Miss Stylish. Come in, Fifine. (*The knocking continues.*)

Miss Stylish (in a louder voice). Come in! (*A rattling is heard at the door-knob.*) Dear me! more animals, I suppose. Perhaps Harry Harefoot has sent me his chestnut horse, or Tom Scatterbrain may wish to make over his pet raccoon to me!

(*She opens the door and discloses a diminutive figure, about four feet high. He wears a long overcoat, down to his heels, with a cape over the shoulders, and a white silk handkerchief is bound around his eyes. In one hand he carries a bow and arrow, in the other a letter.*)

Miss Stylish. Come in, my little fellow; and who may you be, pray?

Little Boy. Cupid, my pretty young lady, at your service!

Miss Stylish (a little sharply). What makes you think I am young or pretty? How do you know but what I am old and ugly? You can't see with that handkerchief over your eyes!

Little Boy. No (*with a sigh*), nor can I see any better without it. Cupid is blind, you know.

Miss Stylish (with an exclamation of pity). Are you really blind? my poor little fellow!

Little Boy. Yes, but I'm not poor—at least, I'm not a pauper; and by-and-by I'm going to earn my own living!

Miss Stylish. Well said, Cupid, but you haven't told me yet why you think I am—well, not ugly.

Little Boy. I know that you are young because your voice is so sweet and fresh; and I know that you are pretty because you—well, you speak as if you were.

Miss Stylish. Good gracious! Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings! Does my voice sound so vain, Cupid?

Little Boy. No, it's not that—but it sounds as if you always had your own way, and yet it doesn't sound cross. No, I'm sure you must be fair to look upon!

Miss Stylish (glancing in the glass over the mantel and arranging her crimps). I don't know, Cupid, perhaps you're right. I'm like a spoilt child, eh?

Little Boy. Yes, like a nice one!

Miss Stylish. What wonderful ears the

child has! Come here, Cupid, and rest yourself awhile. (*She leads him to the couch and lifts him up beside her.*) Why, your little legs hardly reach to the floor! How tall are you, Cupid?

Little Boy. As high as your heart, I hope, my lady, for I was bidden to reach it!

Miss Stylish (with mock severity). That's not a new sentiment, Cupid. However, I'll forgive you, for you can't be expected to originate new ideas all the time at your age. And, pray, how did you get here?

Little Boy. Oh, on my tricycle!

Miss Stylish. On your tricycle! And weren't you afraid of falling off?

Little Boy. Somebody came with me part of the way—and when I got to Fifth Avenue I felt for the crossings with my bow, and the policemen or the passers-by helped me over them.

Miss Stylish. And where do you live, pray?

Little Boy. Oh, I live at the Kindergarten when I'm not on Cupid's errands; and when I am, I live—oh, on roses, I think—not on stiff bunches of tied-up roses, such as the florists keep in the ice-box until they have no more sweet smell, but on lovely great beds of roses!

Miss Stylish. I'm with you there, Cupid. And pray, who sent you to me, my dear little man?

Little Boy (clapping his hands and looking very much pleased). Is he your dear little man? Oh, I'm so glad! and he'll be so delighted!

Miss Stylish. He'll be delighted? Who will? I said that you were my dear little man!

Little Boy (sighing). Oh, I thought you meant somebody else! I'm everybody's dear little man, of course, or else I shouldn't be Cupid! Can you guess who sent me to you?

Miss Stylish. Oh, of course (*blushing and stammering*)—that is, I mean no—I've—I've no idea!

Little Boy (holding out the letter). Perhaps this may give you some idea!

Miss Stylish (opens the letter and reads it to herself. As she does so her face lights up with a bright smile). And so you are one of his patients, Cupid, and he hopes to heal your poor eyes?

Little Boy (gravely). Yes, I'm one of his little patients, and if I can wound your heart, as I am bid, why, you'll be another!

Miss Stylish. Truly, this is a curious comedy! Miss Lydia Stylish refusing two rich and handsome young men, to throw herself away on a young doctor, who hasn't a penny, though he has the best and noblest heart in the world.

Little Boy (interrupting). It's all yours, lady! And he has a glorious future before him!

Miss Stylish (doubtfully). Ye-es, honors he cannot fail to win, with his energy and talent—and the blessings of the poor.

Little Boy. He has those already.

Miss Stylish. But hard cash, Cupid; I don't know about that. I fear he'll never win much gold.

Little Boy. Is gold so very beautiful? I've never seen it. People seem to make a great time about it—but it *feels*, oh, so cold and hard—and heavy! But I must go now, and I was bidden to take your heart back with me. I hope that's not heavy?

Miss Stylish (laughing). I don't know. You've won it for yourself, Cupid (*kisses*

him), and as for your master, you may tell him I gave you a kiss for— (*The portière is hastily pushed aside, and a tall, good-looking young man hurries n.*)

Dr. Kindly. For me—may I take it now? Miss Stylish—Lydia! I heard all that you said! You won't throw me over for Gold-bags?

Miss Stylish (taking his hand). No, Jack; no, I will not. Gold is heavy, and sits heavy on the heart. Cupid has pleaded your cause so well that—yes, you may, if you *must*.

Dr. Kindly (kneels and kisses her hand). In the presence of Cupid, then.

Little Boy (clapping his hands). Oh, I'm so glad? Cupid has won, and gold has lost the day!

Florence Howe Hall.

NOTE.—At the Kindergarten for the Blind, near Boston, the children do ride on a tricycle, so that the text presents only a slight exaggeration of the truth.

KEEPING BOYS BUSY.

“ROBERT,” said a mother one day to her ten-year-old son, “here is a note for Mrs. C. Please take it to her at once.”

Mrs. C. lived fully a mile away. The boy glanced sharply and disapprovingly at his mother.

“Now, mamma,” he protested, “you’re just making up that errand for me on purpose to keep me going—now, aren’t you? I want to play now—do let me!”

“No,” said his mother firmly. “I am sorry to interrupt your game, but I see Tommy Miles coming yonder, and when Tommy Miles comes, you must always go. Yet I want you to have the open air,—and you will enjoy the walk when you are once well started.”

Her words confirmed the boy’s suspicions, but he trudged obediently away, he knew his mother had the right of the case.

Robert’s mother was a member of a “Mothers’ Society”. At one of the meetings of this society one day the subject under discussion was the training of boys. She had delivered herself of some emphatic sentiments upon this theme, when one of the other members turned to her and said: “I really believe, Mrs. J., that you think it right to make up errands just for the purpose of keeping your boys busy.”

“I not only think it right to do so,” returned Mrs. J., quietly, “but I am constantly reproaching myself that I do not make up more.” She quoted at her neighbor Mrs. Browning’s oft-repeated lines:

“Get work! Get work! Be sure
That it is better than anything you work
to get!”

—but her skeptical friend was still unconvinced.

"I think it's real hard on the boys," she protested. "When they have worked all day in school, to make them trudge a mile, or maybe three miles on a useless errand. It would be bad enough if there were a necessity for it."

"But," argued Mrs. J., "the errand is not useless. It never could be, however futile the messages or unimportant the ball of yarn the boys carry. A sense of occupation, and the occupation itself, are worth more to the boy than all the material results he could show for his toil."

"But should boys have no time to play?" asked the critic, triumphantly.

"I play games with my boys nearly every evening of my life," returned Mrs. J., "and on many a stormy afternoon. But, you must remember, my friend, that our average town boys,"—for these ladies were obliged to bring up their children within the hindering walls of a city,—“our average town boys do not have the resources of the country to fall back upon. They have no pet heifers, nor lambs, nor flocks of chickens to busy themselves about, no hunting for eggs, nor cutting of feed for the animals, none of the healthful chores which give the country boys plenty of stirring work every day. The few games which the limitations of our streets permit, I love to have my boys enjoy. On the school play-ground under the supervision of teachers in whom I have confidence or within sight of my own home I consider them well enough employed when they are playing ‘Leap frog’ or ‘Black Tom,’ or any such plays,—but among the miscellaneous crowd of boys, which, even in the best quarters of the city, gathers for play, there are many whom a careful mother would not let her boy associate with, any more than she would let him touch pitch.

"When I see one of those boys coming,—or when I hear hard words rising,—or the game takes any sort of a turn which I do not approve, be sure an errand is devised upon the spot. Often some favorite companion accompanies the boy upon his journey, and there are Charlotte Russes or a pound of candy to buy for dessert—as many mitigating circumstances are made to surround the errand as possible. I often wish," added the hard-hearted mother, "that I had some regular work for those boys to do every day out of school. I would get an evening-paper route for them, only that there are so many who need the money that I cannot bear to have

them stand in their way; or I would get the neighboring butchers and grocers to let the boys deliver goods for them, but for the same reason. It is in art alone," she added parenthetically, "that it seems ever right for the well-to-do to disregard the competition of the poor. In art we must have the best work of the best brains, be the worker poor or rich—if art is to get on. But," she added, "I do manage to devise a little fairly regular work for my boys. They sew on their own boot buttons and make their own beds."

"I am surprised that you do not insist upon their sweeping, dusting and cooking," commented her sarcastic critic. She evidently considered Mrs. J.'s methods very objectionable.

Not that it conduces at the time to the happiness of one boy in a hundred to impose a daily task of this sort upon him! Very often a severe struggle is required, even with well-disposed boys, before such tasks will be faithfully and regularly done; but into most tolerably disciplined boys it is possible to instill a pride in good work and a feeling of importance in the responsibility for it. A boy should have something to do in the daily routine of the family, if it be nothing more than the winding of a clock or the feeding of a bird. Even one small care upon his mind, if he be strictly held to accountability for it, will do much toward forming his character.

If one stops to reflect upon the matter it seems almost useless for our town-bred boys to think of ever attaining great eminence. Read of the legions of the famous who have sprung from the rural districts, and then count on your fingers the city boys who have ever gained the top of Parnassus. Has this been so because the country boys learned habits of industry more thoroughly than their urban brothers?

And, again, what nonsense it seems for us, in the light of history and biography, to expect boys who have always had decent clothes to wear and three meals each day to come to anything in particular, anyway!

Think of Daniel Webster, studying voraciously as he ran the logs through his father's saw-mill; of Samuel Drew, a "buddle-boy" at eight, a shoemaker's apprentice at eleven; Benjamin Franklin, too; Robert Burns, grubbing in the soil till he was grown-up; Henry Clay,—“the mill-boy of the Slashes”; John Leyden, tending sheep upon the Scottish braes; Nathan-

iel Bowditch, a ship-chandler's apprentice ; David Livingstone, at ten a piercer in a cotton factory ; Oliver Evans, Robert Fulton, John Kitto, Amos Lawrence, Stephen Girard, a cabin boy at ten ; Samuel Crompton, carding, spinning, and weaving nearly every moment when out of school, and at fifteen tending the loom continually ; Jacques Laffitte, George Peabody, Bayard Taylor ; Bertel Thorwaldsen ; and Mozart, obliged to hammer away at operas, or anything he could get pay for, at fifteen, Says Mrs. Sarah K. Bolton, "he had no childhood."

Then remember Oliver Goldsmith, Michael Faraday, Horace Greeley, William Lloyd Garrison, Meissonier, Abraham Lincoln—but why prolong the endless list ? As one reads it one feels almost like apologizing to one's own children that fame has been put further away from them, and made harder to gain, by the exertions of their parents to keep off grinding poverty ! And yet what uncounted millions have sordid want and the vice which is so apt to follow in its train hurled to destruction ! Agur's prayer recurs to the mind and gives it ease once more. But, after all, it is not the character which is "wafted to the skies on flowery beds of ease" (if there be such) but that which has learned to "endure hardness" which is likely to be most manly and stable.

Men have tried to point out the "elements of success" ; but it is not only poverty ; it is not only riches ; it is not only being helped ; it is not only being thrown upon one's own resources, which tells one way or another. "That by which a man conquers in any passage is a profound secret to every other being in the world", says Emerson. Yet, surely, a distinguishing characteristic of all who achieve a great place in the world has been a power of persistent application.

Not only, then, does the keeping of our boys busy become important to detain them from mischief, but as a necessary qualification for accomplishing any special work in life.

When one reflects upon the small span of human existence, there is little enough time in it for the accomplishment of a great work, make the most of it we may. Think of the hours the poor weak body requires for sleep ; for the taking of food ; for exercise in the open air ; for the making of a merely decent toilet ! No wonder the Squire of Murewell shook his head when

he heard that Robert Elsmere could give only his brief mornings to his profound historical studies.

"Work is the weapon of honor, and who lacks the weapon will never triumph."

The direction in which one shall spend one's effort, however, is of quite as much consequence as the effort itself. A certain boy named Elmer had a passion for trading, and he was so shrewd at a bargain at eight years of age that he invariably came off best in one.

"Just see," remarked his proud mother one day to some visitors, "Elmer has traded off his old, one-bladed knife for this good backgammon board. And there's a pretty squirrel and a cage he got for his old croquet set. Did you ever see a boy with such an eye to the main chance ?"

"But he hardly gave fair value for what he received, did he ?" ventured one timid listener.

"Oh, the other boys seemed perfectly satisfied," returned the mother carelessly, as though it was immaterial how many people we "got ahead of" so long as they were ignorant that they had been cheated.

The heart of one mother present sank very low.

"What notion of honor can our boys get," she cried out within herself, "if a mother—a professor of religion—is so obtuse as that to the distinctions between right and wrong ?"

She longed to take Master Elmer in hand and put a stop to the exercise of his trading proclivities at once—at least until his moral eyesight was clearer and moral intentions better pointed. Still, when Sir Henry Bessemer is held up as a model of business integrity, when selling his bronze powder at a profit of 300 per cent., may we not expect that those who read about him will think it right to squeeze out all they can from those at their mercy ?

And here we want to remember that our boys should be taught perpetually that "success in life" does not necessarily mean money.

"I'm sorry your husband has not been more successful," said a stupid rich woman in the West to the wife of a distinguished and high-minded professional man.

"My husband not successful !" exclaimed the wife, with crushing emphasis. "I have never heard his career spoken of in that way. I am proud to my heart's core of his success !"

Says Mrs. Elizabeth Champney: "I would punish my boy if I heard him avow that the efforts of his life should be directed to the amassing of wealth!"

Yet, still, while the right development of soul and mind should forever be the most prominent object kept before the ambition of the young, and Christ's awful warning to the rich should be constantly impressed upon them, a proper regard for thrift and accumulation must assiduously be cultivated. It is a good deal worse to be dependent upon others for support and to have no provision for one's old age than it is to be a millionaire!

And ever and ever must the laziness which poisons us all be combatted in our boys. Activity, the evolution of a strong and forceful character, must be stimulated by every means within our power. "A man is forced to be vehement, and even rough, if he would keep his head above water," says Goethe; and, again (this is for our young geniuses) "No man ever became a painter"—he might have added, "an artist in any field"—"without unwearied practice."

We cannot begin too early to impress upon our children the lesson that—

"In life the roses blow

Forever where the sharp thorns grow."

—that they must find things hard and disagreeable if they would get on in the world. Let them choose their life-work with never so much regard to their own likes and talents, yet, still, its doing will often be irksome.

"It is seldom," says Dr. Johnson, "that a man's business is his pleasure." But there is a delight, to drop into truism, in the consciousness of duty done, which outweighs all the mere passing joy of what is commonly meant by "the pleasures of life."

It would be a good thing if the boys of every family should be taught by heart the following lines, which no amount of repetition can ever rob of their power:

Labor's life: 'tis the still water faileth;

Idleness ever despaireth, bewaileth;

Keep the watch wound or the dark rust assaileth;

Play the sweet keys, would you keep them in tune.

Kate Upson Clark.

A TREE-POEM.

MANY years ago, two tiny seeds, one of a fig, the other of a date-palm, nestled closely together beneath the sands of the island of Key West. Warmed by the tropical suns, the germ of life in both stirred at the same time, and, pushing their way upward, the vigorous shoots found themselves obstructed by a coral formation.

This afforded but one point of egress large enough for either of the struggling rivals. By some means the fig secured the right of way, and, filling the aperture with its succulent body, worked fast toward the light. The more robust date, equally eager to rise in the world, and as sensitive to the quickening influences of sunlight and sea-breeze, absolutely thrust its head through the heart of the young fig-tree, and shot up a straight, hardy stem above

the surrounding grove of wild lemon-trees. In the shade of the umbrella-shaped leaves of its aspiring rival, the wounded heart of the fig-tree found healing and strength. The bark closed firmly about the stalk of the palm; a broad tent of fig branches was spread above the roots so strangely blended.

To-day, the traveller in Key West—that wondrous treasury of rich and rare vegetable growth—marvels at the anomaly of the alien twins represented in our cut. Both trees are flourishing and each beautiful of its kind.

We have called the hale harmony of the dual life "A Tree-Poem." It is an object-lesson to which we invite the attention of our young readers. Will not some of them interpret it, and let us have their reading of the beautiful problem?



A TREE POEM.

From Photograph by J. P. Reymond.

THE TRAVELLERS' ASSISTANT.

I WAS one of that large class of girls, anxious but not aimless, who need employment. The difficulty was to find work for which I was fitted; work that would benefit my kind was my aim, as well as to become self-supporting. I pondered deeply on what I could do. I was not sufficiently educated for a teacher or even a nursery governess; I dreaded to become a saleswoman, nor had I experience in that line; I was incompetent to do fine sewing, and at coarse sewing no one could make a living; even housework was beyond my knowledge, for I had always gone to school, and home duties had not fallen to my share.

While this was puzzling me, I had occasion to visit the great railroad depot where my father had been clerk. Waiting for the train, my attention was attracted by a young mother who endeavored to purchase her tickets hampered by parcels, baskets and a peevish two-year-old who clung persistently to her arm and whimpered loudly. I never could resist a baby face or baby pleadings, and drew him to my side while the grateful lady finished her business.

"Thank you very much," she said with a smile. "You deserve a medal engraved with 'Child's Friend,' or 'Travellers' Assistant.'"

She took her train, and I never saw her afterward, but her words gave me an idea which I acted upon the very next day, when I again visited the depot and sought the president of the road. It was with difficulty that I was admitted into the presence of this mighty man, but a porter, who had known my father, befriended me, and I stood beside the president's desk, much abashed, and for the first time feeling that my little scheme might appear foolish and impracticable to others.

I commenced my short speech, with a beating heart.

"My name is Margaret Churchill. My father was before his death a clerk in this office. I need to obtain employment, and would like to try the experiment of assisting travellers as they pass through this depot—"

"The ladies' room has a matron and several assistants," he interrupted.

"I do not wish to interfere with their work, but to supplement it," I replied, gaining courage. "That is, I could care for children, or purchase tickets, or direct strangers to their destination, or render any service whatever that was called for."

"But the corporation has so many paid employees," he said.

"I expect to be paid by the travellers," I replied eagerly. "I only ask of the railroad that it give me permission to make the ladies' room my headquarters, and if you, knowing me as the daughter of an employee, would allow me to use your name as reference, it would be of the greatest benefit to me."

He paused and reflected, looking gravely at me before he answered: "You are young and inexperienced, and while I give you permission to make this attempt, I also warn you that the greatest dignity, self-respect, and circumspection will be necessary to make your business a success. I sincerely hope you have these requisites, and I wish you all good fortune."

He touched his bell, the porter showed in several gentlemen, and I withdrew, uttering hurried thanks.

I occupied a few days making some changes in my attire, for I knew that dark garments sometimes terrify young children. I prepared a plain brown dress and wrap, and I may as well say here that when this wore out, I selected another of almost similar color and design, that a change of dress might not render me an unfamiliar object in the eyes of those who had only met me once or twice.

I also called on the pastor of the church nearest us, who had been most kind and friendly. This busy man, overwhelmed with many visitors and claims, yet listened patiently to my plan, wished me success, and bade me use his name as a reference.

Soon a few circulars which I had ordered printed were finished. They read somewhat after this fashion: "Margaret Churchill, travellers' assistant, will purchase tickets, care temporarily for children, direct strangers to their destination, call carriages, do shopping or accompany those who desire it, and attend invalids. Will make herself generally useful. Refers to the President of this road, and to the pastor of

the Heaventh church." There was one more clause in the circular which had caused me much anxious thought ; it related to compensation. Consulting my pastor, he counselled me to ask pay by the hour for a long engagement, and to make special fees for slight services entailing a few minutes' time. Experience taught me in a few weeks what was upright in this matter, that is, what was a fair return for my time. thought and labor, and what the public were willing to pay.

Equipped for my new venture, I walked into the depot one morning ; a train had just arrived, and one was departing. The air was filled with the turmoil of a crowd, laughing, talking, the sound of escaping steam, the cries of hackmen. I moved toward the ladies' room and came upon the president of the road, who led two children by the hand.

"I was looking for you, my young friend," he said pleasantly. "These are my grandchildren, on their way to fill an appointment with the dentist. Sudden sickness in our family prevents their usual companion from being here, and I wish you to go with them, stay during the necessary operations, afterward take them to dine," naming a fashionable restaurant, "give them a good sensible dinner of soup, meat, vegetables, plenty of bread and butter, no sweets except ice-cream ; then have them at the depot to meet me at the 3:30 train. This is to pay all their expenses, and what is left will be your fee."

He put a sum of money in my hand, and was gone in a moment.

I had not spent so happy a day for months. The children were good and lovable, it was an occupation after my own heart, the weather was delightful, everything conspired to make a promising beginning in my novel venture. I conducted the children back to the depot, where they were met at the very last minute by their grandfather. After paying all the expenses from the money which he had advanced, there was a sum left nearly double what I had fixed upon as a day's wages. I endeavored to tell him so, but he hastily answered that it was quite right, and departed. I felt very grateful to him, and have never been sure that the errand that day was not manufactured by him solely for my benefit, he being well known as a philanthropist and friend of the working classes.

The next day when the depot was full, I passed through the ladies' room and dis-

tributed my circulars, and then sat quietly down ; a lady after a while addressed me, asking something of my business, and finally left her child with me for an hour while she shopped. I took the little one for a walk in the park and told her stories, so completely winning the childish heart that when the mother returned, she said again and again ; "Oh, do go home with mamma and me !" For this service I charged by the hour. The same day I assisted an elderly lady, who was lame and deaf, to a horse-car, carrying her bundles and making the conductor understand where to leave her. She paid me nothing for my service, which indeed occupied less than ten minutes and was rendered with a feeling of gratitude that I might do an act of gratuitous kindness.

The matron of the waiting-room and her coadjutors were inclined to be jealous of me at first, but they soon discovered my wish was not to interfere with them in the least, and after that a kinder, more cordial set of women I never saw, and they often threw a stroke of business in my way, as when the matron had a cousin from the country come to town to buy her wedding outfit and engaged me to assist her. Unweariedly we trudged from store to store, the pretty, shy, gentle girl confiding in me more and more as the hours passed, till she had opened her whole heart, and I had heard the story of the courtship. I did my best for her ; the sum to spend was small, but the list was short and unambitious, and a happier maiden never took a train than she who sought her village home that evening. Soon afterward I received by mail some wedding-cards and a box of delicious home-made wedding-cake.

People who rode in and out daily became acquainted with my face and avocation, and I began to have various errands to do. When asked my price, I invariably mentioned the small sum which I had first fixed upon, but many a generous person added to it, saying my services were worth more.

Sometimes I sat by a sick lady in the toilet-room, fanned her or bathed her head as she lay on the couch which is there provided, or brought her lunch from the railroad restaurant. I always carried with me a little satchel furnished with pins, needles, hairpins, white and colored thread, a thimble and a pair of scissors, a vial of ammonia and another of bay rum. I learned the distance and fare to all the neighbor-

ing towns, the times of departure and arrival of all trains, so they were at my tongue's end without searching the intricacies of a railroad guide. I learned, too, the location of all the wondrous and interesting objects in the great city, the nearest and easiest ways of reaching them, the stores, art-galleries, schools, museums, and churches. But all this came to me little by little; the first few weeks paid me hardly enough to live on; still I was making a connection among the travellers, and they who had once employed me were very likely to do so again or send their friends to me. I knew how to do delicate crochet-work, and this occupied my fingers when sometimes I sat in the ladies' room for hours with no one accosting me; when finished, I sold it to a fancy-goods store for a small sum. Besides, I joined a Chautauqua circle, and most of the required reading I did in the depot.

Before I had acted as travellers' assistant six months, I had an assured though small income, enough to support me with economy. All of the railroad employees, conductors, brakemen, engineers, knew me and were kind to me, and frequently directed inquirers to me, thus obtaining for me engagements.

About this time the dreadful accident happened which caused suffering and death to those who had light-heartedly taken an excursion train in the morning for a day of pleasure. The railroad sent a special car at once to the spot, carrying physicians, nurses, and every appliance and remedy which could be hurriedly obtained, and I was bidden also to go and make myself useful.

Then were the horrors of the battle-field somewhat unfolded to me, but with alleviations of mechanical appliances, quick attendance, and faithful nursing such as no battle-field can know. This painful experience has been mine but once.

On the whole, I thoroughly enjoyed my work; almost everyone was friendly, and if I encountered a person who seemed snub-bish or snobbish, my release came soon. I learned that serenity of mind and courtesy of manner made an impregnable armor, and tried always to wear it. This is but a partial record of my experience; many amusing and pleasant happenings were mine, and comparatively few distasteful, and I have never regretted that I chose for my lot that of a travellers' assistant.

Eleanor W. F. Bates.





EDITED BY MARY C. HUNGERFORD.

MANTEL DECORATIONS.—LAMP SCREENS AND HANGING SHELVES.—SCREENS.—SPLASHERS.—MEDALLION LACE.—BABY'S KNITTED DRAWERS.—ADVICE COLUMN.

IN the earlier days of our very young country, furniture was bought for a lifetime, and the guests at a golden wedding sat upon the slippery horse-hair seats that were part of the young couple's plenishing fifty years before. But now we have changed all that, and fashions in furniture, carpets, and hangings change oftener than people with short purses can conscientiously approve.

It would be folly for people in ordinary circumstances to attempt frequent, radical changes. The best plan is to buy durable furniture, and follow the mode only so far as objects of decoration are concerned. Naturally, one tires of the same panels, hand-screens, stand covers, and mantel lambrequins, and, when friends and neighbors freely borrow or steal one's ideas for ingenious decorations, and they are copied in all directions, it becomes quite necessary to make a new supply.

MANTELS.

LAMBREQUINS are now seldom used unless when the mantel is too hopelessly ugly to be left uncovered. Much can be done for an over-high mantel, by putting on a very broad shelf-board, with a short shelf below on each side, about twelve inches from the floor. The long shelf can be covered with a scarf of gray crash with a deep netted fringe of gray twine on each end. The material is tacked to the board, but does not hang below. An effect of drapery is given by looping a scarf of figured India silk in bright colors, directly in the front. The two low shelves are covered with crash and bordered all around with deep twine fringe. Tall vases or figures look best upon these shelves, but if no bric-à-brac of that nature is at hand, a few of the parlor

books, that seem out of place upon ordinary tables, may find a resting place upon them.

The mantel in a cottage sitting-room known to the writer, is artistically draped with a fish-net, depending from a pair of crossed oars near the ceiling. Upon the center of the shelf is an imitation of the upright bow of a row-boat, with two shelves secured across it for bric-à-brac. This, like the woodwork of the mantel, is stained to imitate cherry. The net, where it nears the floor on each side, is drawn together with ropes, which are ravelled to form large tassels. At irregular intervals the netting is touched with gold paint in large dashes. At the doors of the room, fish-net is hung across the lintel, falling half a yard upon each side over the serge portières.

LAMP SCREEN AND HANGING SHELVES.

A SHORT time ago, at an afternoon tea, I wandered beyond the reception-rooms into a small room, so agreeably lighted that I expressed great admiration, and was told by one of the daughters of the house that the method of illumination was a device of her own. In two corners of the room there were single, broad, triangular shelves, on each of which burned an ordinary kerosene lamp, of the kind usually set within a bracket. Upon the edge of the shelf, which was of black walnut, hung a fourteen-inch-wide bamboo fringe, and in front of the lamp stood a folding-screen made of five narrow panels of glass, which were cut to order at a glazier's. They were four inches wide, and sixteen in height, and sharply pointed on the top. Every other strip was deep red, the alternate ones being a rich blue. The edges of each panel were bound with thin, narrow ribbon, glued in place, and

afterward coated with gold paint to cover the stains. The panels were attached to each other by little strips of sticking-plaster, which were covered with paint and dusted while wet with gold "flitters."

In the same room with the glass screens was a set of three shelves hanging on the wall, which were covered with felt, and edged with a strip of cardinal-red plush, which supported an edge of antique lace made stiff with gilding.

Similar shelves have sometimes, instead of the lace, a fringe made of prickly sycamore balls, gilded or bronzed, or of acorns, strung in a network.

SCREENS.

RATHER a novel panel for a screen whose frame is of ebonized wood, is a large square of plate glass with a photographed head in the centre, partly surrounded with delicate maple leaves. The leaves are natural ones, dried and fastened to the glass with mucilage, and then carefully covered with silver paint. The head, which should be large, must be detached from the card-board, unless an unmounted one can be procured and have all the paper cut away. It is then coated with colorless varnish and pressed down upon the glass. After the varnish has dried perfectly a wet sheet of blotting-paper is laid upon the picture till it is thoroughly dampened, and carefully and gradually all the paper should be rubbed away, and only the black and white impression left upon the glass. The inner frame which surrounds the glass should be of grained wood silvered; or a good effect may be gained by covering the inner frame with folds of pale blue India silk, ornamenting each corner with a metal leaf, silvered to match the natural ones.

A beautiful panel for a brass screen is made by arranging ferns, after pressing and bleaching them, between two squares of dark red glass.

SPLASHERS.

AT one of the decorative art exhibits was shown a pretty splasher, made of the matting which comes around tea chests. The decoration was a boldly-drawn sketch in oils, of nymphs washing baby Cupids at a fountain. The top and bottom of the splasher were sewed over slender brass rods with acorn tips. On each end of the lower rod was hung by

a ribbon, two large brass rings to draw a towel through.

Even when not fastened upon a splasher these towel rings are much used. Large wooden ones are covered with druggist's cord in any color, put on in the same manner that eyes for cloak-hooks are covered with button-hole work. Two of the rings are attached by half a yard of inch-wide ribbon, which serves as a hook to hang them over the washstand.

MEDALLION LACE (Crocheted).

THIS is made with a series of oval lozenges, joined as will be shown later. To make one of the medallions, begin with a chain of sixteen stitches joined in a loop.

1st round:—*Three short crochets in the first stitch, seven short crochets in seven stitches. Repeat from * one single crochet in the first short crochet of this round.

2d round:—*Three short crochets in the centre stitch of the three stitches in same stitch of previous row, nine short crochets in the next nine stitches. Repeat from * one single crochet in first stitch of this round.

3d round:—Like second, except that eleven stitches are put between the widening. Turn the work upon the wrong side before working further, because that will form the right side of the centre piece of the medallion.

4th round:—Four chain, one long crochet stitch in next stitch * five long crochets with one chain between in every second stitch of last round; one chain, four long crochets, with one chain between in the next four stitches. Repeat from *.

5th round:—One short crochet in first loop; one picot made with five chains fastened back in first chain, to make a little loop: one short crochet in next loop. Repeat this all around the medallion. Make as many ovals as will be needed to furnish the right length, and join together at the sides with a needle and thread.

Having joined the medallions, work a scalloped edge in this way: one long crochet in the short crochet before the three picots of one end of a medallion, one picot, then one long crochet in same stitch: one picot, * one long crochet in next short crochet, one picot, one long crochet in same stitch, one picot. Repeat from * twice and work the same in the next

medallion. To make the top of the lace:—

1st row:—*One short crochet in middle picot of top of medallion, six chain, miss one picot, thread over twice, put needle through next picot, draw thread through, then draw thread through two stitches on needle, thread over, draw thread through opposite picot next medallion; draw thread through two stitches on the needle, then again through two, until there is but one loop on the needle. Six chain. Repeat from *.

BABY'S KNITTED DRAWERS.

AN appreciative friend of *THE HOME-MAKER* sends from Montreal a simple rule for making little drawers to add to baby's accoutrements when taken out for the daily airing. The instructions seem very clear, and the sender says she often wonders how she managed before she knew how to make the useful little articles. Other mothers will probably agree with her and be grateful for her suggestion.

Use soft white fingering wool, or any good washing wool of that size.

Cast on eighty-eight stitches, loosely.

First row, knit plain.

Make one row of eyelets for ribbon or elastic, then twelve rows of ribbing (two plain and two purl stitches). This forms the waist-band.

Knit seventy rows plain, take off from either end on a cord, thirty-two loops on the twenty-four stitches between, knit sixteen plain rows. Then increase one stitch at the beginning and end of each alternate row till there are forty stitches on the needle.

Knit twelve plain rows, and then decrease one stitch at beginning and end of each alternate row till there is only one stitch.

For the little leg take thirty-two off the cord, and take up eight off edge of sixteen. On these knit twenty rows of ribbing for little leg piece. Bind off very loosely.

After the whole piece is knitted join the ribbed band; then the large gusset will fit into place properly. Then join the little ribbed legs. The joining had better be done with a crochet needle, as the stitch is more elastic than sewing.

Mary C. Hungerford.

ADVICE COLUMN.

MRS. J. H. WATSON.—The manual referred to in an earlier month is published by Henry Bristow, 294 Fulton Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Mrs. F. T. M.—Your letter of appreciation is very welcome to the editors, who are certainly trying to make *THE HOME-MAKER* just what you say it is. The "loose drapery" you speak of may be, as you suggest, Canton flannel or something handsome. If too thin a material is used, it will not keep in good order unless lined. In throwing the drapery over a sofa, the effect is better if only a part of the back is covered, and do not confine it at any point. Let it have very much the effect of a large

shawl folded lengthwise, and thrown over one end of the sofa back, and drawn over the seat.

Mrs. D. G. THOMPSON.—See answer to J. H. W.

Mrs. J. B. T. will find a desirable rule for crocheted lace in this month's issue of *THE HOME-MAKER*.

A. Y. M. has scraped and pumice-stoned her old mahogany furniture, and wishes to know how to repolish it. Two of the principal furniture dealers in New York polish by several rubbings with rotten-stone, very finely powdered, and hot linseed-oil, leaving twelve hours between the rubbings. At another establishment they

advise refinishing mahogany with a mixture of beeswax and turpentine, melted together. The mixture is applied with a sponge, and immediately rubbed in with an old silk handkerchief.

MRS. T. H. GULELIUS, artist, CONNELLSVILLE, says she has had the opportunity of picking up some rare pieces of old furniture. She can give vouchers for their authenticity. She has three spinning-wheels which have been in one family 115 years. They are beautiful old oak, used for spinning wool (one with arm used for tow). One solid oak chair, 108 years old, painted with high polish, with branch of cherries on seat, and back decorated, solid enough to last another hundred years. Two chairs belonged to Major David Cummings, of war 1812, who was taken prisoner to England, and after return home bought these. They are light, elegant, cane-seated chairs, one black and gold, one white and gold, the black decorated with wallflowers, and the white with wild violets. They are artistic in appearance. One large cane chair and several black and white oak chairs, all in good order. One dining-table, with leaves that shut down, very old mahogany. A cut wine-glass, Bohemian, 130 years old. Cup and saucer of Dresden china, mark, star and crossed swords, 130 years old; also old silver toddy-spoons, suitable for gravy-spoons. Mrs. G. would be glad to sell all or any of these interesting relics.

MRS. AYMER, OF MILWAUKEE, wishes to know how to dress a bed in accordance with the most modern ideas, and asks what kind of pillow-shams to have. Answering the first question disposes of the latter, for, strictly speaking, according to the newest ideas, there is no use for pillow-shams upon the bed. If money is no object to Mrs. A. she can order a bed-spread with a wide border of old rose plush, and with a centre of satin in a paler shade of the same color. Close against the plush may be an embroidered pattern of poppies, with leaves and buds. In the centre of the square may be a shield, outlined with black rope silk. Within the shield upon the spread this description is taken from are three initials, occupying the upper part; the lower is filled with apple blossoms without leaves. The embroidery on both border and centre is in satin stitch. In place of pillows is a round bolster, covered with satin, gathered at each end, and tied with heavy cord and tassels. A band of plush, headed with embroidery, encircles the bolster near each end.

L. C. A.—You can order a set of unpainted pine furniture through any furniture dealer. A blue frieze will not be out of taste with your yellow paper. You can match curtains to either color you prefer.

Questions upon fancy work or home decoration may be addressed to Mrs. M. C. HUNGERFORD, THE HOME-MAKER Office, 24 West Twenty-Third Street, New York.



UNWASHEN HANDS.



BORROWING unconsciously many of our ideas of sanitary precautions from the Hebrew code given during the Theocracy, we have taught our children, as we were ourselves

taught when young, to wash the hands before sitting down to table. In coupling the injunction with the order to brush the hair and put on clean pinafores, we hide necessity behind propriety. The touzled locks and begrimed apron offend our eyes; the soiled fingers may work real evil to their owner.

The Pharisees were not in fault in insisting upon cleansing the hands before eating, but in cumbering the simple act with ceremony, and making profuse ablutions a religious duty.

Dr. Cyrus Edson, in a lecture lately delivered, startles us by suggestions of the danger consequent upon neglect of this duty. The air we breathe, the dust we stir in the neatest apartment when we move, the perfumes we inhale, are *alive*. In his interesting work upon "Floating Matter in the Air; or Dust and Disease," Professor Tyndall says:

"We find upon examination that dust is mainly organic matter, in part living, in part dead. There are among it particles of ground straw, torn rags, smoke, the pollen of flowers, the spores of fungi, and the germs of other things." In another chapter he demonstrates the theory of Kircher and Linnaeus that epidemic diseases are due to germs which float in the atmosphere, enter the body, and produce disturbance by the development within the body of parasitic life.

"As a planted acorn gives birth to an oak competent to produce a whole crop of acorns, each gifted with the power of reproducing its parent tree *** so, it is contended, these epidemic diseases literally plant their seeds, grow and shake abroad new germs, which, meeting in the human body their proper food and temperature, finally take possession of whole populations."

The story of the vegetarian Brahmin who, after seeing the squirming myriads of living things in a drop of water, chose to die of thirst rather than taste another drop of the accursed thing, finds modern correspondence in our recoil from scientific exhibits of spores, bacteria, bacilli and in-

fusoria. The conscientious cremation of the contents of our dust-pans is performed with shuddering eagerness that does not come from an instinct of neatness alone. Dirt is danger; dust is disease.

Baby's restless fingers lay hold of everything, clean or unclean. He rubs his eyes with dirty fingers and makes them smart. The lymph poured forth by the lachrymal glands washes away the irritating bodies. He puts his dirty fingers into his mouth, and the saliva carries "ground straw, torn rags, smoke, the pollen of flowers," (noxious and innocuous), "the spores of fungi, and the germs of other things" (comprehensive phrase!) down his throat. He picks berries, eats bread and butter, apples, sugar, etc. etc., with unwashed hands, and may convey therewith nothing hurtful into stomach, blood, or lungs. But there are risks and probabilities the wise mother should shun. Teach him as soon as he can comprehend an order, to keep his hands away from his mouth and never to touch a bit of food until they have been washed and dried. In time, he would as soon come to the table naked as unwashed. Consideration of this subject, as indicated in Dr. Edson's lecture upon the methods of conveying contagion, supplies another argument against eating between regular meals. The child who is allowed to munch biscuits, cookies and comfits whenever they are offered, not only spoils his appetite for stated relays of wholesome food, but redoubles the chances of taking infectious diseases and planting colonies of pestiferous animalculæ in his system.

This is not technical theorizing, but plain, every-day truth which the mother should lose no time in studying and reducing to household practice.

Marion Harland.

NURSERY JOTTINGS.

THE dangers of the winter are not over for children when the first mild days come and when the thaws of February set in. Rather are the perils increased for the unfortunate little possessors of delicate throats. The melting snow has a peculiarly unpleasant effect upon children with a tendency to croup. They

will often enjoy immunity from this scourge during the hard, bitter cold, only to fall victims at a time when, to the uninitiated, there seems least need of vigilance. While the snow is on the ground, it is no unusual thing to be obliged to keep croupy babies closely housed.

THE strict watch that mothers must observe over the younglings of the flock at this time of the year must be redoubled with the children who are old enough to run out-of-doors. The merry little creatures, absorbed in the delights of sledding, sliding, and snowballing, do not notice when the snow with which their feet and leggings are covered has been melted by the warmth of their heated bodies. It would be asking too much of child nature to expect any small boy or girl to make sure that no dampness had penetrated through the outer wraps to stockings or undergarments. The mother must herself make sure by close scrutiny that the little one's feet and legs are dry and warm when the playtime is over. Many an illness has been arrested by such precautions.

A COLD is never to be trifled with. The little influenza, indicated by running at the nose, watery eyes, and husky voice, may seem of slight importance. If the child thus afflicted is peevish and irritable, the hackneyed excuse is ready: "Influenzas always make people cross." The wee patient does not know enough to explain how sore his throat is, how heavy his head, how aching his bones. It is often not until a hoarse cough arrives, or the breath begins to come in short, wheezing or rattling inspirations, that the parental anxiety is aroused. Then every care must be used to avoid croup, inflammation of the lungs, or pleurisy. Far better take the trouble in its incipient stages, and by use of a few simple remedies avoid what neglect may convert into a serious illness.

THE heart of the careful mother is often mightily stirred within her by what looks like the criminal carelessness or ignorance of other mothers. Especially is this the case at this time of year, when little children are so frequently seen out-of-doors long after they ought to have been snugly housed. No unusual sight is that of babies from six months to two years of age being wheeled about the streets in their carriages after sundown, when the dampness and the rawness of the evening have settled over the city streets. The mother who knows that her own darlings are safe in their warm nursery, groans inwardly as she glances at these little unfortunates, exposed to the dangers of the night-chill. She can say and do nothing

to help them. Any interference would be regarded as impertinence, so she has to content herself with resolves that her own children shall never, *never* be subjected to such risks.

A GREAT deal of thought is required at this time of the year to know just how much to muffle up the babies for their out-door exercise. All risk of too little clothing is to be deplored, but, indeed, the fault is seldom in that direction. In her anxiety to protect the wee occupants of the baby-carriage from any possible chill, they are bundled up in so many wraps that they look like mummies more than sentient beings. When these rolls of woollens have been placed in their small coach, they are then almost smothered under heaps of wraps. One need not be surprised if, after simmering in the midst of these mufflers for a couple of hours, they catch cold when they are brought in-doors and stripped down to their ordinary attire.

ON mild days judgment should be used in arraying the children for their promenade. The heavy jackets, blankets, and afghans that are desirable when the mercury is down in the tens or twenties, should be judiciously lightened when the thermometer has risen above the freezing-point. And when the children return from their outing, their wraps should be loosened and removed by degrees, that the change to the temperature of the room may not be too sudden.

ONE can hardly recommend too often anything that is as valuable in the nursery as Packer's tar soap. No mother who has ever used it for her babies would willingly do without it. Its cleansing and healing properties are so well known as hardly to require repetition here. In removing scruff or dandruff from the baby's head, in relieving the itching and irritation caused by chafing, it is beyond compare. There are a few people to whom the odor of tar is disagreeable; to most persons it is pleasant. The slight scent of this that clings to the baby's scalp after the use of tar soap may be dissipated or concealed by the application of a few drops of some delicate perfume of reliable make—Lundborg's, for instance. But there are not many to whom the clean, healthful odor this soap leaves behind it will be ungrateful.

Christine Terhune Herrick.



HOUSEHOLD HEALTH

EDITED BY GRACE PECKHAM, M. D.

THE FAMILY SWEET TOOTH.



IN these days the eye teeth appear simultaneously with the sweet tooth; but in the olden time its appearance was slow and tardy. The ancient Hebrews could speak, with feeling, of the sweetness of honey in the honeycomb, but they knew little about sugar. The Greeks and Romans were likewise in ignorance of half the delight of modern life which is to be found in sugar. Even one hundred years ago sugar was a great luxury. Nearchus, the General of Alexander the Great, discovered saccharon in the East Indies. Isodorus, sixty-eight years before the Christian era, described to the inhabitants of the Western world a fluid sweeter than honey, pressed from reeds.

How the sweet tooth has grown! Now each member of every family in the United States consumes nearly forty pounds of sugar. In Great Britain a third more sugar is consumed by each individual than in the United States. The sugar industry is something enormous, and the energy and enterprise expended in this direction may be pictured to the mind if one thinks of the goo patents which have been taken out in the implements used in its manufacture.

The modern is a sugar-eating individual. At first thought this would seem to imply an immense difference between the modern and ancient man, but, all unknown to the old Hebrew, Greek, or Roman, he was sweetened almost as much as he would have been had he lived to-day and come in for his share of forty pounds of the toothsome product of the beet-root and sugar-cane, for it so happens that the

physiologist and the chemist have found out that all the starchy things we eat—potatoes, rice, flour and the like—are turned as quickly as possible by the saliva into sugar, and passed on into the economy as such.

Perhaps the prominence which that wonderful organ, the liver, has assumed in recent times is due to the fact that it holds such intimate relations with the—how shall we express?—the sugar interchange of the body. One would almost think that the “sweet tooth” had its root in the liver, for, let its owner not take a single grain of sugar in any form, let him refrain from starch, which the saliva could turn into sugar, and let him be fed only on meat, the liver would still make some sugar out of the scanty material brought to hand. At least, such has been found to be the case with dogs which have been so fed, and then killed and their livers examined. It is one of the knotty problems of physiology as to what becomes of this liver-sugar, but it is sure that the amount is greatly increased by the starch and sugar eaten, and still more if only sugar alone.

Sugar eaten with other things tends to increase the flesh, and also helps keep the body warm. As an exclusive article of diet, you might as well tell the children, it would not prove a success. Dogs fed exclusively on sugar and distilled water soon grew thin, and finally emaciated, and died, just as they would if they had had no food at all. It is not, therefore, well to exalt too highly the family sweet tooth, while the ultimate subtleties of action of sugar are still to be worked out. That it blunts the appetite, impedes the digestion, and mysteriously wreaks vengeance on the liver cannot be doubted.

"CATCHING COLD."

THERE is no expression more frequently used to indicate a departure from a state of health than "catching cold," unless it is the same expression put in the past tense—"caught cold." Many people who use it have anything but a clear notion of its meaning, but, being interpreted, the phrase is generally intended to convey the idea that some portion of the air passages, be it that of the nose, the larynx, or the trachea and the bronchial tubes have been attacked with an inflammation, or, which is the same thing, a catarrh. There is an increased susceptibility of the skin to change of temperature in some people, and such are forever in a state of apprehension lest they shall "catch cold." Unfortunately, one cold paves the way for another, so that one becomes habitually given to colds. Dr. Brown-Sequard wrote an article in the *Compte Rendu* some time ago, in which he said that he had noticed many individuals caught cold if the neck, hands or feet were exposed to cold or damp. Sailors or stage-drivers who were constantly exposing themselves to the same influences, only greatly exaggerated, never suffered any inconvenience. Since 1861 he has used a simple process to habituate the skin of the neck to the action of cold and damp air. He employs a mechanism with which a current of air could be blown upon the neck of an individual several times a day. The air was at first as warm as the temperature of the room, but gradually it was made cooler, until at last it was extremely damp and cold. In eight or ten days the individual became accustomed to it, and having been thus hardened he could go out in any weather with impunity, his neck only protected "by a collar and cravat."

If a person takes cold from air blowing upon the head let the "*soufflet*" blow the current upon that part; if from wetting the feet, they should be plunged in water.

Perhaps our readers will not care to undergo the treatment recommended by the learned doctor whom we have quoted, but the striking truth is presented from his experimentations; namely, that the habit of taking cold can be broken up by a proper course of "seasoning." This cannot be commenced in mid-winter, but before the cold weather sets in. One should accustom himself to going out into

the fresh air every day, the clothing should be light and warm, not too burdensome. Many people load themselves down with so many clothes that they actually are a burden, and weaken rather than protect the body. Even when people are suffering from a cold, going out in the fresh, bright, crisp air will stimulate and invigorate like a tonic, and help to throw off the affliction.

"Catching cold" is not the trivial matter that many people, because of its extreme frequency, would regard it. Constantly recurring colds weaken the system and render it more liable to disease of all kinds. That one takes a cold is due to the fact that the system is not in its normal condition; the vitality has in some way been lowered by bad hygienic conditions, especially bad air, or by over-work, or by some mental shock or strain. If one feels in such a condition of depression, and should take the necessary tonic, it would doubtless prove the ounce of prevention that would be worth the pound of cure.

SHOULD COUSINS MARRY?

IN answering the correspondent who has written to us asking this question, we feel that we are treading upon debatable ground. There is not the slightest doubt as to the popular notion which prevails in regard to such marriages. They are generally regarded as entailing certain dangers; but the scientific mind is by no means so surely made up. Dr. Worthington recently collected the history of one hundred and eight marriages of cousins. Eighty-six of these were marriages of first cousins; in the others the relationship was more remote. It is supposed by Dr. Devay that the marriage of cousins is often sterile. The troubles likely to occur are idiocy, insanity and deaf-mutism and degenerative disorders. Dr. Worthington states that only five were without children, and that the number coming to the others was quite up to the average. Of the 413 children of the consanguineous marriages, seventy-five per cent. (312) were healthy. Among the 101 unhealthy children the prevailing troubles were deaf-mutism, 12 cases; insanity, 7, and idiocy, 13. Fifteen died of consumption; sixteen died in infancy. Dr. Worthington shows that in many of the cases the troubles were due to

a special morbid inheritance with which the marriage had nothing to do. A writer in the *Medical Record* gives, from a review of the literature of the subject, the following opinion:

"The facts presented show that consanguineous marriages are, in the majority of cases, perfectly harmless and causing no specific taint to the children. It cannot be doubted, however, that if there is any morbid tendency in either parent there is great danger of its being intensified in the children. One alliance of blood-relations may be perfectly harmless, or even beneficial, but if kept up it is sure to produce deterioration. Now, since it is often difficult to say absolutely that an individual has no morbid taint, it follows that we must, despite favorable statistics, cling to the present view that consanguineous marriages are a source of danger. In other words, two cousins who are apparently healthy have a slightly greater chance of having children with some degenerative taint than the apparently sound persons who are not related."

We have quoted this opinion in full, as giving what the writer has evidently striven to attain, a fair, just and impartial view of

the subject from his standpoint. There is, however, another way to look at the matter, which is seldom, if ever, dwelt upon, namely, the effect of maternal impressions upon the child. Everyone knows how great an influence the state of mind of the mother has upon her offspring. Suppose, in spite of opposition and popular prejudice, the cousins have married, both have probably been overwhelmed with the stories of the terrible results which are sure to be shown in their children. Apprehension and misgiving are continually haunting the young wife before her first child is born. If that is imperfect her wretched apprehension is doubled for the children that follow, and the worst condition for the production of offspring of imperfect nervous organization, as well as physical, is present.

It is generally conceded that cousins may marry each of whom has inherited traits and constitutions from the unrelated parents; but if each have inherited from the same line, especially if physique is imperfect or there are taints of disease, it is almost sure to follow that these undesirable qualities will be increased and intensified in the children which come from such a marriage.



FACTS AND INCIDENTS.

AN "incident" (from the Latin *incidere*, to fall upon) is something that happens upon another thing, though not necessarily connected with it. If a rainbow should break forth while a man was being murdered, that appearance would be an "incident" of the murder, but have no essential connection with it.

Should a fire burn a building to the ground, that would be a fact, though the papers might speak of it as an "incident." If a woman should jump from the burning building, the reporter might properly describe that as an "incident" of the fire.



HOME-MAKER ART CLASS.

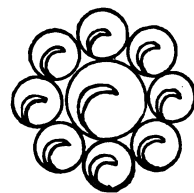
IN nearly every family there is one member who is endowed by nature with a taste for drawing. The attention of such is directed to the art-study given each month by "THE HOME-MAKER." The pupil is invited to copy it carefully and to send his work when finished to "ART DIRECTOR OF THE HOME-MAKER, 24 WEST 23D STREET, NEW YORK CITY."

A Committee of distinguished artists will each month examine all studies thus sent in; revise them and return to the addresses supplied by the pupils. Stamps to cover the returned inclosure should be forwarded with the drawing.

The Committee consists of MESSRS. THOMAS MORAN, CHARLES VOLKMAR, FRANK M. GREGORY, H. PRUETT SHARE, and GEO. R. HALM.

This offer is made to subscribers only.

The Japanese *mons* given in the Jan. No. have proved so popular, we feel justified in giving the remaining designs in this issue. Nothing more charming for decorative purposes can be found in the art world.





SOME GRANDMAMMAS.

IT is not always easy for the people of one generation to understand the habits, modes of thought, standards, and fixed ideas of another and preceding period. The rigid grandmother of whom "Emma" writes in the December HOME-MAKER, is the product of an earlier and severer age than our own; an age which glorified asceticism, as though it, *per se*, were pleasing to the God who expressly says, "I desire mercy and not sacrifice;" an age too when at all risks, the young were to be held down, reprov'd, rebuked, and exhorted. To the training received by this crabbed old woman, add a decoction of one part self-will and three parts bad temper, and you have, ready made, that worst element in household life, an elderly firebrand.

Such an individual (a step-relative, thank Heaven! and therefore not of our very kin) spent several years in the home of my girlhood, which had opened its hospitable doors to shelter her loneliness. The best room in the house, the cosiest corner by the fire, the utmost and gentlest consideration were hers from the day that to us she came; but oh! the means of grace, through discipline of tongue and temper, which this old lady proved to my sister and me! Upon our beaux she frowned with ungracious disapproval; our pursuits were regarded as more or less frivolous; our mother's method of bringing us up openly flouted as absurdly indulgent, and devised in the interests of the Arch-Enemy. The tantrums, to use no higher term, of this most unserene highness were often original. The one which has survived all the rest in my memory is the recollection of that sunny summer morning when, knocks and other summons at her door having proved ineffectual to rouse the aged occupant of the room, measures were taken to pick the lock, which was somewhat clumsily done by

fingers trembling and apprehensive. The door opened. Tableau! Our step-relative majestically seated, perfectly dressed, not a ruffle awry, reading the Bible.

"It is singular," she remarks, "that I cannot even *read my Bible* in peace!"

Akin in nature to this specimen of ungracious antiquity was an old gentlewoman, truly that—who after seventy, apparently for the purpose of annoying the relatives with whom she lived, would open wide the windows and engage in household tasks far beyond her strength, to the scandal of the neighborhood. But, in this instance, there may have been the protest of a temperament of great energy against increasing weakness and infirmities. There are those who gird violently at the mere hint that there is approaching a day when the grasshopper shall be a burden, and the strong man (or woman) shall bow because of weakness.

One sees this peculiarity often in the sensitiveness of old people as to accepting assistance from their juniors.

"Let me get your stick," said a young clergyman to a venerable father in Israel. "I beg your pardon, Sir, I am not superannuated!" was the testy reply, as the white-haired divine climbed two flights of stairs and reclaimed the stick himself. The dislike to espionage, as the grandmother sometimes styles the friendly watching of her daughters and their children, is also instinctive, since most of us take our own unchallenged way and hold fast to our independence.

A woman of ninety had been peacefully dying for several days, drifting silently outward on the tide which sets from this hither shore to the shining strand beyond our ken.

To her entered a callow theologian, who, with doubtful tact, inquired, "Mrs.—,

are you prepared for the great change?"

With a flash of the fire which had made her famous in her day for ready repartee, the black eyes opened and snapped through the gathering films, as she answered: "Prepared? I'd have you to know, my dear Sir, that I saw to all that before you were born!"

Can we be too considerate of our dear aged ones, too solicitous for their comfort, too patient with their occasional irritability? I trow not. For, pressing home upon every one of us is the fact that Time

"with slippers of list" is drawing ourselves noiselessly onward to the day when we shall belong to the advanced guard standing in the forefront, and hearing in the lessening distance the breakers that dash on the eternal strand. The sort of old persons we shall be depends greatly on the quality of our youth and middle age of course, but it is wise to put ourselves in fancy in the places of grandmamma and auntie, and ask how, were situations reversed, we would like to be treated.

Margaret E. Sangster.



Grandmother sits in the corner there
Watching the comers to Vanity Fair,
For Madame, her daughter, "receives" to-day,
And a throng of carriages bars the way;
While color and perfume, and rare waltz-note
In my lady's corridors blend and float.

Yes, Grandmother calls it "Vanity Fair,"
As she views the scene from her cushioned chair,
With a curious shadow of grave surprise
Troubling the depths of her fine old eyes;
At the shimmering robes, the laces fine,
And the spendid jewels that flash and shine.

As she watches her daughter *debonnaire*,
Greeting the guests to Vanity Fair;
Does she not look like a picture old,
With her stiff brocade, and her kerchief's fold?
Or a somewhat prim, old-fashioned flower
In the hot-house air of my lady's bower?

Standing under the candles' flare,
In the tinted light of Vanity Fair,
Is her granddaughter, with eyes so blue,
That a pair of stars mistook their hue
For the larger heavens and softly hid
Behind the cloud of each snowy lid!

And grandmother sighs with a troubled air
" They will spoil you, dear, in Vanity Fair;
They will brush the bloom from your tender grapes;
And what is the name of that jackanapes,
Who bent to your hand with so fine a bow
And gave you the crimson rose but now?"

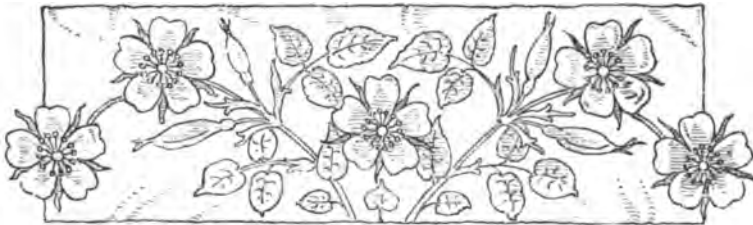
And she mutters, " Poor little fly, beware
Of the webs they weave in Vanity Fair!"
And no philosopher in the land
Could make this grandmother understand
That Vanity Fair, with its tricks and ways,
Was much the same in her younger days.

Grandmother, brooding on days that were,
You are out of place in Vanity Fair!
As a sweet old psalm is out of chime
With a prancing tune, or a laughing rhyme;
You are out of place in this modern room
With its garish light, and its rich perfume.

Let us wheel you out of the aching glare
From the lights and sounds of Vanity Fair;
Up the stairs to the restful gloom
Of your own old-fashioned, quiet room,
Where the same clock ticks the hours away
That wakened you on your wedding day.

Let us leave all worldly schemes and care
For the belles and beaux of Vanity Fair.
You have had your day; now your night is near,
Let us come away to your chamber here,
Where peaceful slumber your eyes invite,
Turn the light low; sleep well; good night!

May Riley Smith.



BESIDE THE ARM-CHAIR.

"NOBODY remembers learning to read." It was the fresh voice of a young girl quoting this sweeping statement from the page of the magazine in her hand, and adding instantly, with a little thrill of indignant tenderness, "I do! I remember it perfectly!"

"Tell me about it," I urged, quite sure in my own mind that I could forestall the reply.

"It was in Grandma's room—by Grandma's chair. Don't you remember? I used to read with her every day, looking on, at first, while she read *The Nursery* and the *Easy Book* to me, and then picking out words myself. And her book of the *Psalms* in large type—we used to read that a great deal. I shall never forget learning to read with dear Grandma!"

It was all quite true, as I well remembered, and I could hardly keep back the tears as I recalled the sweet aged face, now long at rest, lighted up with gentle pride as she called upon me to note the rapid progress of her little pupil. Her own lips would tremble with the words that puzzled the little head stooping at her knee, and with what unconcealed delight she would listen to the spirited rendering of some cunning jingle that had caught the fancy of the little volunteer! For she was a volunteer in the ranks of learning, though now a good soldier in a college class, and these reading lessons that laid the foundations of her education were begun wholly for amusement. She was soon able to spare the dear grandmother's eyes by reading aloud to her, with much vivacious expression, entirely unconscious that she had herself completed a task which is apt to be a serious piece of early drudgery.

There is a beautiful compensation in the sweet intercourse which grows up so easily between children and their grandmothers. Happy is the home that guards and cherishes a dear grandmother! And for those grandparents who are incapacitated for further activity, either by ill-health or the growing weakness of age, there is surely no occupation at once so comforting and so valuable as this loving

companionship with the little ones. It should never be made a burdensome care, yet at the same time it may be a very great relief to the mother, who has, perhaps, too many cares upon her hands. "In Grandma's room" may be a place of safety and peace, and of innumerable sweet lessons. Her gentle wisdom, her long-disciplined patience, her tender sympathy and interest in every joy and sorrow, will sink into the hearts of the little people, who may learn other and more important things while they are reading with Grandmamma, or looking at pictures, or dressing a doll, or even building block-houses under her encouraging glances. The dear grandmother that I have in mind was for years a prisoner in a wheeled chair, unable to take a step without help, and her hands were so much affected by rheumatism that she could seldom employ them, as she loved to do, in sewing or knitting, yet her mere presence was a continual comfort and strength, so sunny was her nature, so loving and tender and true were all her thoughts and words. When at last, like one setting out on a pleasant journey, she calmly and cheerfully bade each one a fond and special good-bye, when the great wheeled chair stood empty, and at her window she no longer looked out, how empty the house seemed! No active member of the household, inevitably pre-occupied with cares and duties and personal interests, can be so missed from among those most dear as the one already so near a better world—the grandmother, always in her accustomed place, always ready to listen, and wise to counsel and help.

It is a very precious memory that our college girl holds treasured in her heart, the memory of learning to read by Grandma's chair. But even if the act is forgotten, will there not be, wherever there is a grandma, with children and grandchildren about her, sweet lessons that have sunk deep into their lives from having been studied at Grandma's knee?

D. H. R. Goodale.



ADDENDA AND ACCESSORIES.

Just now the repetition of the proverb, "Despise not the day of small things," is hardly necessary, as the most diminutive articles, the fashionable addenda and accessories to the dress of both men and women, are considered by many as of prime importance. One cannot study the dainty designs of watches, scarf-pins, studs, rings, etc., etc., without feeling a wondering admiration for the brains of the jewelers whose inventions these are.

Ladies' watches are small, and may be had from the plain gold stem-winder to that encrusted with jewels. Among the latter is one especially gorgeous, the case being entirely covered with diamonds and rubies set clear through the gold. The fob-chain and the ball at the end of it are studded with the same jewels. Chatelaine watches are becoming fashionable again, and are undoubtedly very convenient, both for wearer and pick-pocket. They are elaborately ornamented with jewels.

A new departure is a much less expensive but remarkably pretty little watch of silver. It has an open silver face with gold hands. The case is embellished with *repoussé* work, or raised ornamentation, done by men engaged especially for this purpose. We have had silver watches for ladies for years, but nothing before as elaborate and comely as these. Then too they are so reasonable in price, that a woman whose purse is not very long can afford to buy one.

The pretty fobs still hold their own, and certainly are preferable to any other chain ever invented. They come set with jewels, enamelled, in plain gold, or in gold and platinum.

Gentlemen's time-pieces are now made perfectly flat and thin. The open-face is preferred by many to the hunting-case. One of the handsomest of these is of plain, polished gold, the crystal over the open face put on in such a manner that it is impossible to tell where the metal on the smooth, rounded edge ends and the crystal

begins. The dial is of gold with figures of dark red enamel. This time-piece is a repeater, and fortunate is the man who becomes the possessor.

If a monogram is to be engraved on a watch, it should consist of small, neat letters instead of the large, elaborate ones in vogue a few years ago.

For evening dress, a gentleman should use the black silk fob-guard with a gold buckle or pendant of some kind, or he may wear an almost invisible chain. The latter, though pretty, is not as good form as the silken guard. For business wear, heavier chains are carried. Some of these are double and may be worn thus on one side, or be separated, the watch on one side, a gold pencil on the other, and put in opposite vest-pockets.

Gentlemen's gold locket is, like their watches, very thin, and are offered in a variety of designs. One, rather sentimental, but pretty, is a gold heart with "*Mizpah*" set in diamonds across it. Stone pendants, engraved with the family crest (if one owns such a thing) or the monogram, are handsome. For these blood-stone is in great request. Compasses or thermometers as pendants can be had in elaborate settings. One, intended especially for a yachtsman, is surrounded by a coil of gold rope held in place at the top by a tiny gold spy-glass.

Necklaces are light and tasteful. One is of tiny pearls with a pearl pendant in the shape of a pansy. Another is a delicate chain of gold, holding small flowers with petals of jewelry as nearly as possible like the coloring of natural flowers.

Heavy bracelets are not *à la mode*, and in their place we have the thin hoops of gold studded on the upper edge with sapphires and diamonds, diamonds alone, and all varieties of stones. Nothing is prettier than the bracelets of square links, some plain, some *repoussé*, and some with jewels set irregularly in the links.

Tiny earrings have entirely substituted the large jewels of bygone days. The correct thing is a very small diamond screw set close to the ear. Little pearls, one for each ear, are very dainty. Whatever stone is used in the earring should be *small*.

Gentlemen's studs for evening wear are also decidedly diminutive. Three should be worn, and may be of gold, tiny diamonds, pearls or moonstones, with very little or no setting visible.

Scarf-pins are in fashion again, and are of a cluster of stones or some fanciful design.

Men should wear sleeve-links, which come in great varieties. Ladies wear sleeve buttons, not links.

Perhaps the two most ridiculous fashions are those of the jewelled thimble and garter-clasp. But people must have something on which to spend their money, and these certainly are harmless luxuries. The most elaborate thimbles are of gold *repoussé* work, finished at the bottom with a ring of diamonds and rubies. It is hard for us to imagine how these can be used in sewing without abrading the next finger to that on which the thimble is worn. The garter-clasps are plain gold or encrusted with jewels.

The long cut-glass vinaigrettes are "out."

Instead of the silver girdle of last year, the belle wears a chain fastened at the side by a long silver pin, and to this chain are attached the smelling-bottle, *bonbonnière*, memorandum-book, pencil, and as many

other silver-mounted articles as a woman wishes to carry.

For gentlemen's rings nothing is handsomer than the engraved seal ring. One has a variety of stones from which to choose for this purpose.

It is impossible to attempt to describe ladies' rings, for they are beautiful and varied beyond precedent, with diamonds solitaire and in clusters, diamonds with rubies, emeralds, sapphires, opals, moonstones, pearls, etc. Moonstones and opals are fashionable, though some people have never overcome the foolish superstition with regard to the mystic opal, which has been poetically described as "a pearl with a soul in it."

The very heavy wedding-rings are bought chiefly by the Hibernian bridegroom, who wants to make as much display as possible for the money, and who possibly wishes to prefigure, in the immense ring which wearies the finger on which it is placed, the irksome weight the Milesian conjugal yoke generally proves to be. People who are better informed as to the mutations of fashion regard quality rather than dimension in the choice of this important symbol.

Gentlemen's match-boxes and ladies' card-cases are very much alike in design, though they differ in size. They may be purchased in gold, silver, and in gold and platinum.

Thanks for information in this department are due to TIFFANY & Co., N. Y.



IN BLOOM.



AS the days lengthen and sunshine grows warmer, our window plants become affected by the exciting influence and begin to grow and blossom with increasing energy. Plants do not now show

the same tendency to mould or rot off that they did in December and January. Give them a little more water than they were accustomed to get during the past few weeks, but particularly avoid rendering the soil very wet. Once a week at least turn the plants in the window so that they shall be equal-sided. Nip the points out

of the young growths on plants that are in thrifty growth to cause them to become bushy. Wash the dust off rubber and ivy plants, dracaenas, and all other stiff smooth-leaved plants, to give them a fresh and bright appearance. While it is not advisable to wash the foliage of pe-largoneums, heliotropes and the soft or pubescent-leaved plants, a light sprinkling or dewing overhead early in the forenoon or early in the afternoon helps and freshens them materially. Besides, this dewing of the foliage and bark induces the production of more offsets or side branches, and thus renders the plants much stockier. But don't dew your plants overhead while the sun is shining warmly on them, else the leaves are apt to get "scalded," and don't dew them so late in the afternoon that they will not dry perfectly before night, else flower-buds, young leaves, and shoots may mould or rot off, and don't dew them in wet weather.

As common Chinese primroses go out of bloom, throw them away. It is much better to raise a fresh lot from seed every year than to bother keeping over a lot of old plants. But in the case of double-flowering ones that you wish to keep, save them. If you wish to save your own seed keep over one or two plants of your best sorts, and grow them in a light but not sunny window, and with a fine camel's-hair brush, artificially fertilize the flowers, else the seed cup will be a poor one. Primroses dislike exposure to warm sunshine.

If cinerarias were raised from seed as early as last June they will not be in bloom. They love a cool room, a sunless window but plenty of light, lots of water at the root, and immunity from green fly. Calceolarias require about the same treatment, only they should not bloom till late in March or April. Persian cyclamen are now in bloom; when they are past, stand them back a little from the front in the window to give other plants in bloom a better chance, but don't dry off the cyclamen tubers at once. As long as the foliage continues plump and fresh, continue to give them a little water.

Don't be over-anxious about starting plants that are now resting, for instance, gloxinias, tuberous-rooted begonias, or amaryllises. Make it a rule never to start a plant prematurely, that is, before it has had its full season of rest, and shows a natural inclination to start to grow again.



And even then don't start it unless you have facilities for keeping it growing straight ahead. Starting plants early and then starving them half to death for want of room to grow in, is poor gardening.

It is the same with repotting plants. Florists who have good green-house quarters and conveniences can repot their plants now as well as at any time; besides, in order to help lighten the heavy burden of spring work, they do as much of their permanent potting now as possible. But in the case of window-garden plants we should delay repotting till the plants start into fresh growth, or show plainly that they are suffering in their present pots. Usually about the end of February or in March is the proper time.

Examine your hyacinth, tulip, narcissus and other bulbous plants in pots, and bring up a few of the most advanced of them from the cellar to a sunless window. These plants will come along nicely now, but earlier in the winter many of them would have rotted off or gone abortive if we had tried to bring them into blossom. Unless their leaves and flower-buds are pretty well advanced when they are brought up from the cellar, we should keep them somewhat dark by inverting a flower-pot over them, or making stiff, deep paper collars, pinning them together, and setting them around the pots so as to draw up the plants. As soon as the plants have renounced their pudgy appearance and begin to grow up, these collars or pots should be removed.

If we have a cold frame out-of-doors, and pansies, polyanthus, daisies, and other spring-blooming plants in it, we should attend to it carefully now. Be particular about the sashes not leaking, also that no rain or snow-water can get in to the frame around its sides, and have it pretty well banked around to keep out the cold.

True, a little frost may not hurt these plants, but it doesn't do them any good, and it certainly checks their blooming.

Ventilate the frames a little in warm weather, keep them somewhat close in cool weather, and quite close in frosty weather.

On a very fine sunny day, now and again remove the sashes, and with a small, hand excelsior hoe unfasten the surface of the ground between the plants. This preserves the soil sweet and aerated, stays any inclination to rot in the plants, and does away with the green screen that is so likely to spread over the ground in frames at this season.

Plan for next summer's garden. Make

up your mind about just what you want for it and where you want it. Don't busy yourself in books and catalogues and attempt to create a garden out of them, else you may get disappointed. First of all, consult your own taste. Make a note of the kinds of plants you love the best and which you are fairly certain will thrive with you.

Then try and recall the names of the pretty plants you saw growing in your neighbors' and other gardens and which you think would thrive in yours, and having fixed upon these don't swerve from your own decision and opinion of them, no matter what any book or catalogue may say about the greater glories of other plants to you unknown.

Then send and get some new catalogues, so that you can make up and place your order for seeds, and get posted in the floral novelties of the season. A word about these catalogues. Our florists' catalogues now-a-days are gotten up elaborately and at much expense, spread broadcast over the face of the earth, and in most cases sent gratis to all applicants.

And we hear a good deal about the big profits in the seed business, the wealth of the seedsmen, and that they are perfectly able to furnish these handsomely-illustrated catalogues gratis. Well, I am not in the seed business nor interested in it in any way except as a purchaser as you are, but I know something about it, inside facts and out, and I can assure you that the big-money reports are very fictitious. You don't find seed-stores spring up all through your towns and cities as you do almost any other kind of business, and for good reasons. This being the case, I always think that in sending to the seedsmen for a catalogue the least we can do is to enclose 2 cents or 5 cents in postage-stamps to pay them for mailing it. A correspondent once wrote to me for the names of the seedsmen who issued the handsomest catalogues having colored plates in them, because, she said, she wanted to send for the catalogues to get the pictures for scrap-books, they were so nice for the children. My reply was not a complimentary one.

But send and get the catalogues, and next month, perhaps, we'll have something to say about what is in them.

William Falconer.



CLIPPINGS



A CORRESPONDENT of the Boston *Transcript* writes: "George was a negro boy owned by my friend, Judge W—, in New Orleans. He was a devout fellow, and enjoyed his evening prayer beside his gentle mistress, where, believing in sound rather than sense, he innocently and emphatically always said: 'Forgive us our precipices, and lead us not onto a plantation!'"

—
"WE BUILT."

A GERMAN newspaper tells us that when the Cathedral of Cologne was finished, a few years ago, which had been four centuries in building, a poor laborer watched the grand ceremonial of rejoicing with a radiant face.

"Yes, we have built a wonderful house," he said, with triumph.

"And what did you do?" asked a bystander.

"I wet the mortar for a year," was the reply.

WILD dogs often mend their ways far on this side of the gallows, and the faithful sometimes fall; but when any one begins by being only So-so, he is very apt to be So-so to the end. So-so's so seldom change.

—
SOME people are always finding fault with Nature for putting thorns on roses; I always thank her for putting roses on thorns.
Alphonse Karr.

—
HEAVEN knows what would become of our sociality if we never visited people we speak ill of: we should live like Egyptian hermits in crowded solitude.

—
WHEN American newspapers begin to talk about their age, they should think of the *Pekin Gazette*, that began to fill a long-felt want in the year 911.



BOOK NOTICES



(*Raymond Kershaw: A Story of Deserved Success*, by Maria McIntosh Cox. Roberts Brothers, Boston.)

A charming story that ought to be on the library shelves of every boy and girl in the land. In sustained interest and varied incident it ranks with the old-time and perennial favorite, "*The Swiss Family Robinson*," in the practical teachings of every-day life, with the *Rollo Books*. The clear style and graphic delineations of character remind the reader that the author is the niece and namesake of Maria McIntosh, whose "*Charms and Countercharms*" was the most popular book of her day, now forty years ago.

Mrs. Cox has given us a tale so much above the average of those designed especially for young people, so pure in tone and elevating in the lessons it conveys, that the collectors of domestic and school-libraries cannot afford to overlook it. The battle with and the death of "The Meadow King" is as exciting as anything in the popular stories of wild Western scenes.

Raymond's conflicts with false pride, class-prejudice and ambition are well worth the study of older people, and should do much to set up a standard of true heroism in youthful minds.

(*The Riverside Literature Series.* Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston.)

Children's amusement and children's instruction attract so much attention now-a-days from the wisest heads and hearts, that it is no wonder that a goodly proportion of the books laid upon the reviewer's table are destined to serve the junior members of the family in one capacity or another.

"*The Riverside Literature Series*," while intended for school use, is attractive to older readers as well. The aim of the publishers in issuing this series is to present in a cheap form some of the masterpieces of such writers as Longfellow, Hawthorne, Whittier, Lowell and others. Thirty-seven numbers have already been issued, including, in addition to specimens from the writings of the authors named above, selections from the works of Thoreau, John Burroughs, Bayard Taylor, Charles Dudley Warner, Benjamin Franklin, and George Washington.

Each number is complete in itself, and with its firm paper and the clear type for which the Riverside Press is noted, forms a pretty volume in green paper covers, admirable as a school-reader, or as a "handy edition" for adult readers. Copious foot notes are appended to each poem and extract, and the editing has been performed by a judicious hand.

The Phrenological Journal has held for some years its own among magazines. From the same publishers, the Fowler & Wells Co., there comes an interesting pamphlet entitled "*Heads and Faces*," The authors should certainly be capable of speaking authoritatively on the subjects they treat. Nelson Sizer is the president of the American Institute of Phrenology, and H. S. Drayton, his associate in the preparation of "*Heads and Faces*," is the editor of *The Phrenological Journal* and author of various works on kindred topics.

"*Heads and Faces*," is an attempt to popularize the principles of phrenology. It professes to teach the student of its pages how to read character, to enable him to discern whether those persons with whom he associates on a social or business footing are trustworthy or the reverse. While one may not fully agree with the tenets of the authors' belief, the book is written in a fashion that makes it pleasant and interesting reading. It abounds in anecdote, and is profusely illustrated.

From the same publishers come "*For Girls*," by Mrs. E. R. Shepherd, "*Nervousness*," by H. S. Drayton, A. M., M. D., and "*Forward Forever*," by William J. Shaw.

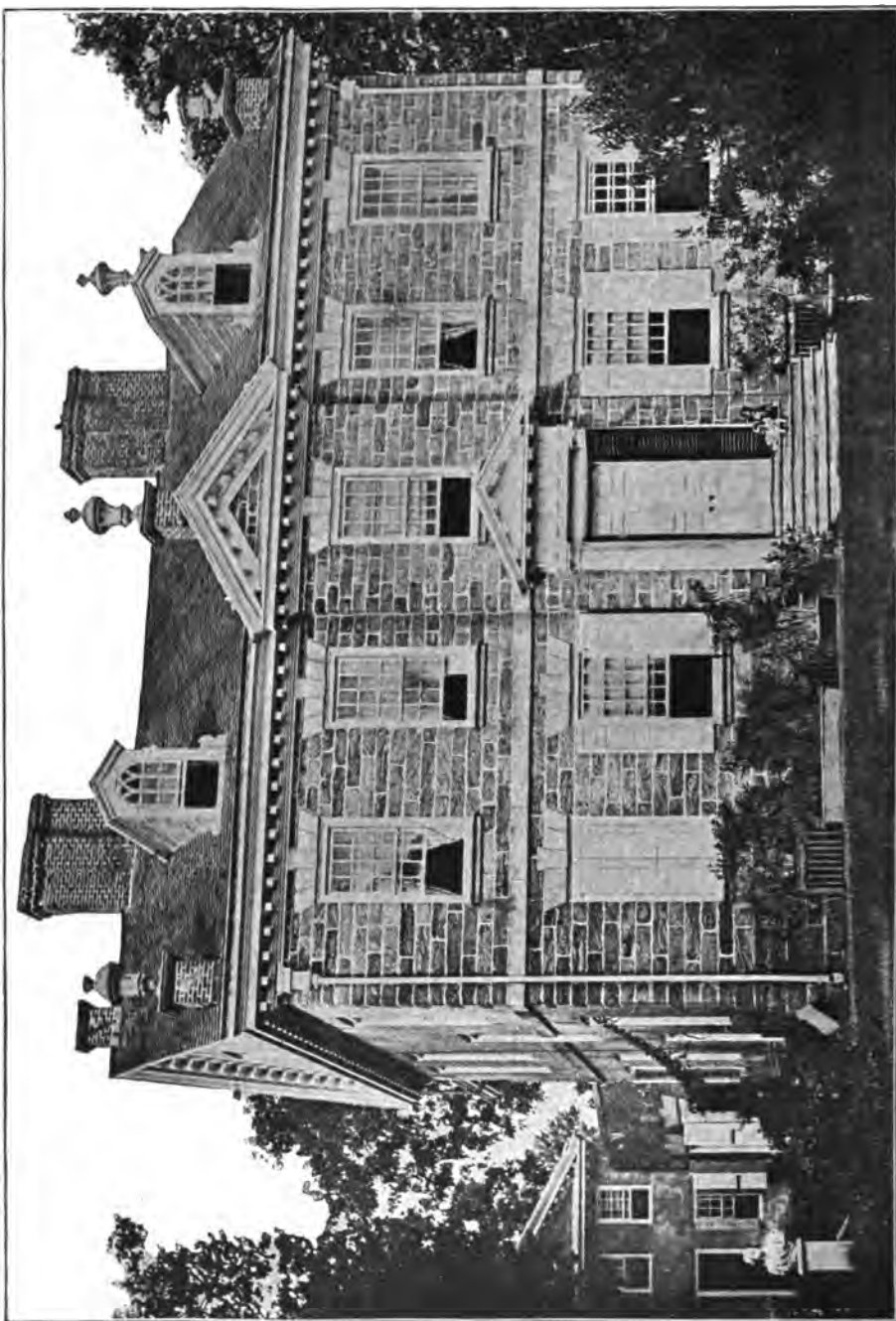
(*The Presidents of The United States*, by John Frost, I.L. D. Lee and Shepard.)

A valuable book for the hurried reader. The chief magistrates of the nation, from Washington to Cleveland, are fairly sketched, the aim of the biographer being more to give a clear view of the whole career of each President, than to offer a full history of the various administrations. A commendable impartiality is shown in each biography, the politics of the various subjects apparently having no influence upon their historian. Indeed, if a criticism is to be passed upon the author's work, it is that he is too sparing in his censure, even where it is deserved. He makes his rain of approval to fall with equal measure upon the just and the unjust, so that the student who went no further in search of information would conclude from this book that our country had, from its beginning until the present day, been ruled by a succession of Bayards, "without fear and without reproach." The most devoted patriotism could ask no more consistent adherency than has been shown by this latest biographer of our highest public servants.

(*Why We Believe The Bible. An Hour's Reading For Busy People*, by J. P. T. Ingraham, S. T. D. D. Appleton & Co., New York.)

The theme of this treatise is found in Paul's injunction: "Be ready always to give an answer to every man that asketh you a reason of the hope that is in you."

In 150 pages of clear print, making a volume which the busy man can put into his pocket and read in the hour's ride in and out of town, the scholarly author gives the pith of a theological library, a "Whole Body of Divinity," and sets it forth so attractively as to enchain the attention of the common reader. We should hear less of ignorant and of honest skepticism were the thirty-nine chapters of this book conned and digested by the many swift speakers upon sacred subjects. To the Bible-class teacher the work is beyond price. Author and publishers deserve the thanks of church and home.



CLIVEDEN.

"Two Old Pennsylvania Homesteads." See page 497.

THE HOME-MAKER.

VOL. I.

MARCH, 1889.

No. 6.

EDITORIAL.

FAMILIAR TALK OF PEOPLE AND THINGS.

CHAT WITH CONTRIBUTORS.



IN closing the first volume of THE HOME-MAKER, the Editors are moved, partly by gratitude, partly by a sense of justice to themselves and others, to hold familiar and direct converse for a little while with those who have sought to contribute to these columns.

Before the first number went to press, more unsolicited matter was received at this office than could be published in a year, were everything else excluded. Since the October issue—with which the year began—every mail has brought eight or ten MSS. besides those already contracted for. Sometimes thirty a day have been laid upon the editorial desk. Some are short; more are long. A few are excellent—a fact gratefully recorded. Many are mediocre in value, neither valueless, nor possessing decided merit. Perhaps three out of twenty are badly spelled, badly constructed, and altogether unfit for publication.

All are examined, patiently and conscientiously. Nothing entrusted to the mail for the Magazine is returned unread. Where there is the least doubt on the part of the editorial reader as to the proper disposition of the article, it is referred to a select committee—also editorial, which pronounces final judgment. This may not be the practice of other periodicals, but it is THE HOME-MAKER'S rule. Such encouragement as it can give to real talent is bestowed gladly, as more than one published contribution by a new and hitherto unknown writer may testify.

But—two facts are patent to the sensible reader :

First: That it is utterly impossible to publish all that is received, were all good. It is a manifest injustice to a young author to accept an article that cannot see the light for eighteen months, or perhaps two years, if the publication of the essay or story would add to his reputation. It is as unfair to those who follow the "first served," to preëempt the columns of the Magazine for years ahead, and thus positively exclude other and maybe better matter. Ergo : Many MSS. must go back to the writers "with thanks," often with sin-

cere regrets, through no fault or lack in the composition or subjects, but simply because—as the Hibernian sexton put it—“the empty places are all full.”

Second: The first duty of publishers and editors is to subscribers. Those in authority would not be acting honestly to those who pay for what THE HOME-MAKER prospectus promises, were these pages to become an infirmary for the halt, maimed and blind, banned by the rules of other periodicals. That an author does “not know what is to become of her if the enclosed is returned,” or that he “knows his contribution to be infinitely superior to many he has seen in print,” are useless pleas with the reader whose judicial eye is ever toward the “available.”

A brief dialogue held the other day in the editorial rooms, gives the perplexing *multum in expressive parvo*:

“Do you know that we make an enemy, and possibly lose a subscriber for every MS. that we reject?” asked Reader No. 1 of Reader No. 2.

“Do you know”—said the person addressed, looking up frowningly from a “fifty-pager,” blotted and interlined to the remote edge of legibility—“that we would lose *every* subscriber were we to print one-twentieth of the stuff we receive?”

Again:—Articles admirable in themselves are frequently so nearly duplicates in theme and treatment, of those already accepted, that judgment rules them out of consideration. Variety is nearly as important as good composition in making up a magazine. Others—also unexceptionable—are evidently adapted for scientific, art or religious journals. The insertion of two or three such would open the door to a rush of similar matter, the acceptance of which would change the whole complexion and tone of this particular monthly.

The duty laid upon the Editors to keep up the standard of merit already gained by the new claimant for popular favor, also comprehends a much-overlooked, yet potent factor in the success of the enterprise.

THE HOME-MAKER's rapid gain upon the good-will of advertisers is a gratifying proof of their confidence in the increasing circulation of the medium chosen by them for sure and pleasant communication with the homes of the land. Their business-contracts are made in good faith, and the other parties to the agreement are, in honor and right, bound to keep them.

As one of many proofs that what is here said is not needless, however commonplace it may sound to the uninitiated, let a single extract—(authentic in every respect except in the blank left by the omission of the title of the story and address of the writer)—suffice as a specimen “return ball.”

EDITORS THE HOME-MAKER:—Enclosed please find four cents in stamps for return MS. “The ————.” As a professional critic, I may be supposed to know a good story, and that sent you certainly would do credit to a first-class magazine. I see that it may have been unsuited to yours, whose acquaintance I have to-day made. Very truly yours,
—————.”

A man who contributes a story that would do credit to a first-class magazine to one he has never examined, should be too grateful for the escape from the consequences of his carelessness to allow himself to be betrayed into that closing sentence. A professional critic might keep his guard up better.

Seriously—and in recollection of other letters, *not* this—is it not possible to have an amicable, sensible understanding between writers and readers (professional) upon a point that need not be a sore one? Authors are proverbially sensitive, but the inclination to suspect perverse malignity in the civil “regret” of the editor they have never seen, and whose only knowledge of their existence is based upon the inspection of the impersonal MS., implies a susceptibility of imagination incompatible with sound sense. A few hints to the writers of articles which they would like to have read promptly and dispassionately,

must close this friendly and would-be-helpful talk.

Write grammatically. Editors, however complaisant, shrink from the task of reclothing thoughts submitted to them and the reading world. Parse every sentence as you write it, until you have satisfied yourself that each part agrees with contingents and accessories. If one would know how far wrong Dogberry was in the opinion that "reading and writing come by nature," let him examine for one week the MSS. sent "on approval" to this or any other "general utility" publication. The ingenuous writer of a note bound into the same bundle with that of the professional critic quoted just now, pleads *anent* her contribution (thirty pages long): "If I have not expressed myself as well as you, dear Editor, can, you who have such command of your pen, had better mostly rewrite the article. I shall not be displeased, I promise you. I am conscious of my want of experience, and want to profit by criticism. Payment at your usual rates will be satisfactory!"

Paragraph judiciously, especially in writing conversations. In dismissing one theme, mark the beginning of the next by a broken line that, catching the reader's eye, prepares him for the change. An "open page" always looks more interesting in manuscript or print, than one closely packed with matter.

Punctuate intelligently and with care. This

sentence is penned groaningly, and has a wider application than the injunctions that preceded it. An incredible number of authors who enjoy an honestly-earned reputation, are inexcusably remiss on this head. Usually, the semi-colon holds a distinguished place with this class of offenders. Page after page of sound and brilliant sayings contains no other punctuation-point than this mark-of-all-work. Before the paper can go to press, the editorial rake must run over the whole surface to get it into shape. Others eschew exclamation and interrogation points, and disdain of the comma is well-nigh universal. As for parenthetical brackets, and the form of the quotation-mark which indicates a twice-said thing—the wheel within the wheel—but one must not expect too much of fallible authorlings!

The Millenium wherein editor and proof-reader will rejoice together will be brought about by the determination of every author to send "copy" from his desk *just as he would have it reproduced in print*. What is not, in the author's estimation, worth copying out legibly is partially prejudged in the editorial mind with the unfolding of the slovenly page. The type-writer is a boon to the reader's eyes and temper beyond the reach of mortal praise. Next to this are the clear chirography and freedom from interpolations that make the written sheets goodly to look upon and easy to decipher.





HOME LITERATURE

HIS FATHER'S OWN SON.



HUMP! Thump!
Thump!

The strokes echoed through the forest; hatchet strokes plainly, but as plainly not hatchet strokes upon a nail or anything of metal; that dull

thud of the impact must come from wood. Wood it was that was struck swiftly by the head of Jinny Brutus' hatchet. She was pounding a white-oak sapling to make strips for cotton baskets.

She knelt amid the heap of curly white shavings, a slender brown girl in a clean blue-and-white cotton frock; with dazzling eyes and teeth.

Presently the noise ceased. Jinny sat down and began weaving.

"Laid out fo' t' make 'em this evenin'," she muttered; "but reckon they yent time; I does wonder how come papa stay so long."

While she spoke her lithe brown fingers were darting through the white bands; there was nobody along the river bank who could weave cotton baskets like Jinny.

Already, the river glittered behind the tiny, star-shaped leaves of the gum trees. Long shadows stretched from the feet of the huge trunks until they mingled with other shadows of the wood. The gum-tree bark was silver-gray, with something of the shine and texture of a coat of mail. Glossy green leaves of water oaks caught the sunshine on their smooth sides, nearer Jinny, and the slanting rays painted the yellow blossoms with brighter hues. Brighter and richer, also, was the scarlet of the buckeye bills and the vermilion tints of maple blooms and the velvet red of the post-oaks, while all the more radiantly white, the dog-

wood blossoms stood amid the forest dimness, rank above rank, like innocent young choristers just risen to sing. But no sunshine filtered through the thicket of thorn trees and trumpet vines into the brake behind Jinny. There, cypresses and tupello gum and hackberry trees, weird, grotesque, tropical, lifted their delicate foliage and fantastic trunks out of the black water. Only, among the shadows were spattered yellow cow-lilies, showing like bits of tinsel.

Jinny's rapid glance was merely to assure herself of the hour. Her basket woven, she stood up and looked towards the glowing West and a cabin outlined against the glow. Her face softened, then, as a woman's will, when she is gazing on her home. The first short green growth covered the corn-fields; the blunted cotton rows (no green on them yet) were freshly turned, there were small leaves on the sycamore trees close to the house, and a variegated verdure in the garden.

Jinny drew a sigh of complacency.

The cabin itself was of hewn logs, the chinks plastered with mud.

A gambrell roof, a "gallery" and huge outside chimneys are features common to most Arkansas cabins; but Noe Brutus' house was larger than common, having four rooms and a "cook-room," though Noe and his daughter Jinny constituted the family.

It was a sinful waste of room, according to black Arkansas notions; but Jinny was held to be "mighty biggitty," and old Noe could refuse her nothing.

A wild honeysuckle climbed the "gallery" posts and blended its graceful shadow with masses of shade from the great sycamore.

Jinny knew that the door swung open; that means nothing in a region where a thief is unknown. Any one was welcome to see the gaudy paper on their walls, the sewing-machine in the corner, the white bed with the fluted pillow shams, and the



"A HORSEMAN CAME OUT OF THE WOOD."

"His Father's Own Son."

gilt vases on the mantel-piece which were a high flight of Jinny's "biggitty" ambition. Everything would be as clean as soft-soap and muscle could make them. The table would be spread for supper.

"Reckon I better be gittin' 'bout home," said Jinny; "cohn cake t' bake up, an' mos' time fo' papa."

She piled the shavings in the completed basket; then stood, resting it on her hip, for a final look down the river, in the direction from which Noe should approach. The ferry-rope sagged in the water, and the boat lay on the sand below the little town among the hills, where he had gone to sell his eggs and butter and consult Col. Searcy, the lawyer. There was no sign of animation about the shore. Jinny turned quickly at the sound of hoofs.

A horseman came out of the wood. He was not the old negro, but a white man, young, handsome and reckless-looking, with his shabby black frock-coat buttoned about his slim waist, his brown hair curling at the ends, and his gray eyes looking straight forward under level brows. A gay cravat fluttered above a worn flannel shirt, and his boots had holes in them.

"Howdy, Jinny," he called, reining in his horse. "Uncle Noe 'round?"

"Howdy, Mist' Bracelin," answered Jinny. "Naw, sah, he yent come home, sah." Her manner, while it was respectful, held no trace of the usual exuberant African cordiality.

"Hum," grunted the young man. "Know when he'll be back?"

"Naw, sah," stolidly.

"Where'd he go?"

"He done went t' Powhatan, sah."

"If I go one way, like's not he'll have taken the other."

Jinny proffered no comment or suggestion. The deference of her manner had a subaudition of coldness. While Bracelin now was whistling irritably, and scanning the horizon, wheeling his horse for a better view, she shifted her cotton basket to the other hip with a distinct air of awaiting his departure. He was "white folks" and she was black; she could not send him about his business, but, evidently, that was what she wanted to do.

He gave a short, quick sigh. Then his bold, restless dark eyes fixed themselves on the little picture before him. "You-all have got things in good shape over yonder," said he, pointing to the house, "but you need a good big barn."

"Yes'ah," said Jinny, without expression.

"A first-class barn made out of lumber, to keep up your cows and the horses in winter. 'Twouldn't cost much."

"Nearly 'bout hundred dollars."

A swift smile flicked across the young fellow's mouth. "I bet you've been thinking of it and ciphering on it," said he. "You can—well, there's a heap of ways of raising money."

"Yes'ah," said Jinny. But she surveyed his figure, from his rusty soft hat to his ragged boots, with a sarcastic gleam in her eye.

He did not notice it, his head being turned a little, the better to see the house.

"Crom would be pleased to the ground with a barn," he continued. "Say, Jinny, when's the wedding?"

Jinny denied herself the relief of a giggle; but she could not restrain a duck of her head and a writhe of her supple shoulders, accompanying her answer:

"Oh, we-all yent fixin' tuh be married yit!"

"Well, let me know in time, and I'll send you a nice present. Tell Noe I was here, will you? and that I'll come again."

Straightway the horse leaped at the touch of the spur and bounded away into the shadows.

"He suttinly did look distrissid," mused Jinny; "holes in his boots, an' that thar po' ole coat. He give me a wedding present! Mo' like he come tuh borry some change. My word! what a fallin' fo' Cunnel Bracelin's onlies' son!"

The subject so abounded in moral reflections, of that character which La Rochefoucauld assures us is not displeasing, even when our friends are concerned (and how much less so with our superiors), that before Jinny was at the end of them her supper smoked on the table. She was roused by the sound of a familiar voice, singing with great unction, and all on one note, a hymn popular among the Black River negroes:

"Oh mohner guv up your hairt t' die!
Den ye shill fin' a new hidin' place.

I'll go.
When de rocks an' de mountin's dey all fall
away,
Den ye shill fin' a new hidin' place.
I'll go."

"Wa'al, honey, heah me. What ye reckon I done got in my riders?"

The singer, who came cantering on a

peculiar jog trot up the yard, was an old black man with grizzled wool and beard and a look of beaming good humor.

Jinny ran to help him lift the saddle off the mule which he bestrode. But she must wait until the old man had given "Cha'ley" his measure of cotton-seed before she could put her impatient hands into the saddlebags; for it would rob Noe of a dear delight were they not to untie the strings together.

At last, he came. Then, after the baking powder and the sugar and the new saucepan and the bag of stick candy, "fuh treat," there emerged a long, round, heavy bundle.

"Wa'al, my lord!" Jinny cried, as the string broke and a cascade of shimmering folds trembled in waves from her hands to the floor.

She laughed and Noe laughed, and Jinny clapped her hands.

"Reckon hit do, hay?" said Noe in glee. It was a cotton gown, but it shone like Miss Mandy Searcy's new silk dress; there were lovely pink roses and green leaves all over it, and the stuff itself was the color of a cloud hardly gray.

"Ye likes it, honey?" said the father.

"I likes it *fine*," Jinny cried; "but I does hate tuh see you a spendin' you money on me that a way, an' the money on the place comin' due next month."

"Dat yent gwine stop me. Say, honey, I seen Cunnel Jim an' whut ye reckon is we-all got?"

"We does owe on the place one hundred fifty dollars. Mabbe we got hundred twenty-five."

"Hundred eighty-free, fo' de Lawd, honey," shouted Noe, exultantly slapping his thigh. "Dat's de sum, baby. Dem mewls dey done help us out pow'ful, way de cunnel sell 'em."

Jinny heaved a deep breath of relief. "Wa'al, I'se glad as glad. Cayn't rightly feel the place is we-alls agin till we git paid out."

The old man was settled at the table by this time, and eating with gusto. His thoughts only half consciously framed themselves into words.

"Evereye tree on dis place I done plant hit my black self. An' you mummer, she help me. Help me build dis house, too. You ben a li'le trick, but ye did crave pow'fui tuh plow de fiel'. Yent ben no clarin', den. We-all jes natchelly did gir-dle de gum trees an' burn 'em down. An'

fust we plow roun' de stomps, an' den de stomps git rotted out, an' we git de bes' field in de bottom. Den—den de boys, dey die up. Dem ben mighty hard times, chile. We buried dem back de big pus-simmon tree. Dar's whar you mummer layin', too, waitin' fuh me. Looks like I cudn't live nowhar nelse nur yeah, Jinny, noways. I mind mighty well how ye wud run tuh dem dar graves, an' I kin see you li'le b'ar feet gwine *patty, patty*, topper dem moun's. Den I 'lows you mummer right satisfied an' yent do feel lonesome, but like she ben longer we-all, jes de same. Wa'll, 'clare I like fuh tuh see li'le feet longin' tuh we-all, go *patty, patty*, topper 'dem graves, onct mo'."

"How come ye ben so long?" said Jinny, changing the subject rather abruptly.

Noe came out of his dream, to laugh a little shame-facedly, in the manner of a man expecting reproval, though at ease in his own conscience. "Oh, wa'al, honey, I ben holpin' de widder Lamb pack up water fum de ribber—"

"De widder Lamb!" screamed Jinny. "Mymy, mymy! she tells lies 'bout Crom an' me wherev' she goes out, an' callin' you a ole saphead, an'—an'—"

"Ya'as, ya'as, my baby, I knowed dat av proved a hardness agin 'er wid you-all," the old man said soothingly; "but ye know she does be mighty ole, now, an' nare critter tuh help 'er 'cept dat po' boy got a fittiness. An' he ben layin' down dis berry ebenin', not fitten tuh do a stroke er wuk, an' she ben totin' dem big pails—looked like I ben 'bleeged tuh help er."

Jinny remarked grimly that *she* "wudn't of pahted lips with her." "She yent so much guv Howdy when we meet up," said Jinny.

"Wa'al, she suttinly does got de rheumatics turrible bad," old Brutus continued, mildly.

Something in the nature of a sniff was Jinny's sole retort. Like most soft-hearted people, Uncle Noe was tacitly guarded by his family, that is, Jinny and Cromwell Hoyt, whom she was to marry. Either Jinny or Crom would be accounted to have a generous, kindly nature; but Uncle Noe was so brimming over with charity (in word, deed and thought) that both the others cultivated hardness of heart and suspicion in order to keep him within bounds. This very mortgage on the place, now, had not it come because Noe must "go security" for a "triflin'" friend?

Next month the last installment of the mortgage would be due; but, thanks to a good cotton year, the money was ready.

Jinny watched her father smoking after supper. "Did I ben *you*," said she, "I go pay Mist' Harris, right straight."

"Fuh w'y, Jinny?"

"Well, folks say he wants money, right bad, an' mabbe he'd let ye off some so ye paid sooner."

The rings of smoke curled above Uncle Noe's contemplative head.

"Pears like dat don't be ezactly right. Makin' a profit outen his needcessities."

"I don't guess he'd be slow makin' a profit outen yourn. Law me, he'd sell us up 'fore we cud bat our eye, ef we didn't got that money ready."

"You tew ha'sh, Jinny; dat man sorter twurn sour kase de folkses all so hard on 'im. Say he yent got no manners; but he allers does guv me Howdy, pleasant nuff, I obsarbes. But den— dat's so; he does want money, an' 'clare' I'd like fuh tuh feel dis place we-all's sho' nuff. I'll go, Jinny."

The words gave Jinny a great relief. She had a haunting fear lest someone, *something*, might get the money away from her father.

"I 'spicion that Bracelin," so ran her thoughts. "He's ayfter some of it, sho'. Riches got wings, the scripter says. It's kinder awful to be rich an' have t' be 'spicionin', all the time!"

As if it were a distorted echo of her suspicion, her father's next speech was about Bracelin.

"Dey-all ben tellin' me," said he, "iz 'ow young Mist' Bracelin ben studdy fuh right smart. Say he putt all de money he ken raise enter some zinc mines en de hills. Doan' drink no mo', nur play kyards, nur nuthin'. Say he ben waitin' on Cunnel Jim's da'ter, Miss Mandy, de one dat sings."

"De Cunnel mus' be plum crazy t' 'low 'im!" said Jinny.

"He does be unner a bad character," Uncle Noe admitted with a sigh, "but, honey, dat ar boy yent bad. I 'sures ye he got a heap er his paw en 'im; an' dar nebber ben a better man dan de ole Cunnel come tuh Arkansaw. I'd orter know, I done ben raised by dat fambly. An' when I come yeah, yent he guv me p'ar mewlses tuh git staht? He pintedly did holp me. Ye cayn't member 'im, honey. He did got de nices' twurn* wid him; laffin' an' funnin'—allus cyar so much mischief wid 'im.

*Turn—way.

Laws, de hunts we ben on t'gedder, b'ar hunts an' wil' hoeg hunts an' deer hunts! How he ride! How he shoot! Dat a way de boy he fader's own son. Go so fas' I skacely cud keep up tuh 'im. But I done it."

The old man bent his elbow and shook his leg with a melancholy smile. "Dey nebber be limber like dat 'gen, fuh sho'. Wa'al, onyhow, I got a power er satisfaction outen dem wilst dey ben limber, dat's de truf. I done tole ye 'bout de dances an' de to-dos we-all hab in ole Alabam fo' we come tuh Arkansaw. What a manshone dat ar ben! ye cayn't hab no right idy."

"An' now his onlies' chile has his boots tied up with paw-paw byark," said Jinny. She was moved to add something of a moral and philosophical cast, but could think of nothing better than: "That thar suttinly *are curis*!"

Noe hardly heard her, wrapped as he was in his visions of an unrecognizable past.

"We ben like brudders," he mumbled, "ole marse an' me. All 'is cloze fit me *puffick*! En'jurin' de wah he ben so spirity, twicet I done fin' 'im on de battle fiel', mos' killed up. An', afterwards, w'en de money all gone an' de niggers an' de beastis, look a how he come tuh Arkansaw an' make a heap mo' an' a big plantation. Ye seen de big house dey-all useter hab. Naw, dey yent no sich iz him leff now." He smoked a few moments, silently. "But dar's his son, his onlies' son," said he, then, "'clare I do are t'ing on yearth fuh dat boy, I wud so."

Jinny gasped. Was ever such blindness? she was thinking, that trifling, drinking, cursing, fighting young Bracelin, who had spent all the "power er money an' lan'" that his father left him in riotous living like the wicked son in the Bible, that terrible young man, who, Widow Lamb said, had killed a man at Hot Springs and had been in a dozen "killin' fights"—for her father to still cling to the hope of there being a chance for *him*! It was appalling. There was no telling how much money the old man might lend him.

"Dat boy's sense," Noe had said more than once, "hit does be jis like May cotton, late a plantin', but when it ben planted, hit come a *kickin'* up!"

Very likely he believed (so Jinny was ruefully thinking) that Bracelin was "clean shet en them wicked ways." Not so Noe's daughter. "He's sheemy!" she said to herself, "fixin' tuh fool the

Cunnel an' git Miss Mandy. That's him. I yent goin' say word 'bout 'his comin' by."

But it struck her as a bad omen that whenever she awoke, that night she should recall her father's words: "'Clare I do are t'ing on yearth fuh dat boy!"

The next day she was up before sunrise. She fed the stock and saddled the mule, besides baking the corn-bread and frying the pork and making the coffee, before she called Noe, so eager was she to send him promptly upon his journey. Her spirits mounted at the first clatter of his mule's hoofs on the road. "Now I kin take my comfort an' do up the wash," said she.

Quite good humoredly, an hour later, stooping over the great iron kettle out doors, she perceived the spirited horse and the erect shabby rider that she knew.

Let him come. Noe was well on his way to Harris' by this time; she could trust herself to put Bracelin off the track. She greeted him civilly.

He seemed more disappointed than before at missing Noe. Where had he gone? Jinny's principles regarding truth were those of her race. She made answer promptly that she 'lowed he mout of gone tuh Portia' an' mout of gone tuh Powhatan. "He ben fixin' tuh trade. Taken some fraish butter an aigs wid 'im."

True enough, Noe had taken fresh butter and eggs, but they were for a gift to his patron, Col. Searcy.

All the same, with the calm of an approving conscience, Jinny watched Bracelin ride furiously into the woods.

"Ye kin ride you horse till he hollers," she chuckled, "afo' you'll meet up with him *this* day. Laws, won't he git mad projeckin' roun' the Porshy sto's ayfter papa!"

There was time in plenty to finish the washing, and she was hanging the last piece of red flannel on the line, when again she heard the pleasant thud of horse's shoes on the dirt road. She gave the new comer a side glance and a dazzling flash of white teeth, which he repaid with a lover's greeting the world over.

He was a good-looking young fellow, a shade lighter tan-color than Jinny, stalwart and tall, and with a gay audacity of bearing which Jinny worshipped in secret. Moreover, he could read and write. He rode one of Col. Searcy's horses, being, in fact, the Colonel's coachman. Crom's first inquiry brought out all the story of the money. They were busily discussing young Bracelin's visits, as an old negress

opened the gate. She was a hideous old creature. Her shape was bent and twisted by rheumatism. Her jaws had fallen in over toothless gums, and her sharp chin projected beyond the line of her nose; while her skin was seamed by wrinkles until it looked like a piece of black crackle ware, and the whites of her large eyeballs had turned yellow with age. The hands which fumbled with the gate-latch were enlarged to deformity at the joints. Her dress was as miserable as her person, consisting of a ragged and soiled cotton skirt, a more ragged woolen waist, and the scrap of an old meal sack for a turban.

When near enough to see the young people clearly—this was not until she was close to them—she stopped and peered at them under the crooked shadow of her hand. In this attitude she looked even more malignant than ugly. Perhaps she was contrasting her state—old, poor, despised, tormented by disease—with their joyous young love. Directly she tottered down the walk. "Howdy!" she called in a loud, gruff tone.

"My word, hit's the widdler Lamb!" cried Jinny. But at once she answered "Howdy," and Crom politely added, "How's all?"

"We're tollable," said the widow. She coughed and held her side with both hands. "Ugh, yent got my breff yet," she panted, "run mos' de way." She was all the while eyeing the two with a morose, reluctant air and side glances over her shoulder, as if she were doing an errand against her will and tempted to run away. But she continued: "Say, you ole dad come by dis mahnin', I" (a fit of coughing) "I ben totin' trash fuh my fire. Rafe ben puny dis mahnin', an' layin' outside on de grass. An' you paw he did tote me a right smart er good wood fuh my fire, an' guv me bit er fraish butter. An'—ugh; got sicher ketch in my side!—he—he tole me 'bout 'is money an' he do aim pay out dis day. So he ben gone bymeby; an' den Mist' Bracelin he come along, good wile later, an' he ben tuh you-uns an' I seen him talkin' tuh my boy Rafe. All 'bout Unk Noe. Whar's he at? When'd he go? An' so on. Made out like he ben turrible anxious tuh see Unk Noe. Den I 'member iz how I heerd tell Mist' Bracelin he borry money right han' an' leff; an' I putt hit up he aim tuh borry er Unk Noe. De boy tell him all he knows, in cose. Mabbe—ugh—you-uns kin stop hit."

"Ye reckon he aims to borry a right smart of that money?" cried Crom.

"I reckon he git it *all*," the widow replied, grimly.

"Den we-all lose dis place," shrieked Jinny, "de Lawd sabe us! Oh, whar's he at?"

Crom vaulted on his horse. They could not hear his words distinctly, because they were flung back on the wind, as he plunged down the road on the bay, like a brown and yellow flash.

He would get the money back, that much they understood, he would get it, anyhow.

The old negress looked after the flying horseman, grinning horribly.

"Do hush! ain't dat nigger spirity!" she gurgled, smacking her withered lips. "He gwine scorch 'im. Yent mite skeered up. Say, does he cyar li'le gun, ye know, Sissy?"

"Oh, I dunno! I dunno!" sobbed poor Jinny. "He'll sho' git killed up. I mus' fly ayfter papa, myself. Thar's the Texan pony."

She ran to find the horse.

"Nebber so much guv' me 'Tanky,'" muttered the other. "Wa'al I done for de ole man, not dat gaily gell. She nebber take no mo' trubbel en her haid dan she kin kick off at her heels! Ugh, dat nigger!"

Nevertheless, she dragged down the saddle from its nail in the "gallery," with her stick; and it was ready for Jinny when she led up the horse.

The girl leaped into her seat. The old woman expected to see her gallop away, but she turned, at an impulse that showed her to be her father's child. "Go in, by," she called, "make you self cup coffee fo' ye go, Mis' Lamb; an' thar's stick er candy on the shelf 'hind the glass—fuh Rafe."

Then, the wild horse cleared the "fence palings."

"Laws, laws!" declared the widow Lamb, "I does feel jes woreed tuh a frazzle!"

She entered the house, however, and made the coffee and drank it with considerable enjoyment. "It tastes *fine* wid so much sugar!" thought the widow Lamb.

Meanwhile, Jinny was riding in a tumult of fears. To lose the place—the place that they had toiled in the sun and the freeze to buy—her heart turned sick with dread. But if Crom should speak up to Bracelin, the white man always rode armed—so gossip related, and Jinny had

a trusting ear for gossip—he would shoot a nigger like a wild pig if he dared "talk sassy." Jinny trembled for Crom. The Black River country is as peaceful a region as there is North or South; but hardly a spot is without its tradition of revenge and carnage in the past. To Jinny, Bracelin was as reckless and cruel as the worst of the dead desperadoes. Still, she had a woman's confidence in her lover. Crom was "pow'full spry." He could pull Bracelin off his horse before the latter could draw his gun, if he only came upon him unawares. Indeed, this was precisely what Crom was planning.

Distracted, thus, between terror and a trembling hope, Jinny urged on her horse.

"Ef only ye won't be *ill*,* Laz'rus," was her continual cry. Lazarus was the 'Texan's name. He was a new horse, and not completely broken. For a time Lazarus galloped along smoothly, obedient to every hint of the rein.

"Oh, if I kin git tuh papa fustis er all," thought Jinny, "he sho' won't len' that money agin me!" She began to pray under her breath: "Oh, good Lawd, lemme git thar! I'll give up makin' cotton baskets Sundays. I knowed I hadn't orter. Hah! huh! You Laz'rus, *whoa*! What ye doin'?"

Alas, she knew very well what Lazarus was doing; he was running away. The bit was in the brute's teeth, and she could no more control him than she could an engine. She saw the tangle of muscadine vine swaying in the wind—that was the end; she lay on the ground; her head felt as if it were in pieces all about her, and Lazarus' hoofs were twinkling rods away through the bright leaves.

"Reckon I got ter run it," was all the poor girl said. She staggered to her feet and ran on. There were no distinct ideas in her aching head. Only, she thought of the old home and of strange children frolicking on the mounds, or pulling up the carefully-planted shells; only, she seemed to watch an aged, bent man ploughing with a gaunt mule in unfamiliar fields.

All the while, tears were streaming down her cheeks. "Oh, good Lawd!" she sobbed, "trip up his hoss's heels, lemme git thar, I'll 'fess religion, sho'!"

The thorn trees had torn her face and her arms, from which her sleeves hung in ribbons, and she was sore in every muscle;

*Ill, in Southern phrase, means cross, ugly.



"SHE MEASURED THE DISTANCE WITH HER EYE."

not a whit did she abate her speed for these, forcing her bruised feet over the rough ground. She knew the road which her father was likely to take. He would go to Powhatan to Col. Searcy and then to the Harris place. The road ran obliquely backwards from the town. There was a short cut across a bayou. A log had been felled to make a bridge, but it had fallen short. No matter, she would jump. When she came to the water, the gap between the log and the high bank beyond seemed a long one. She crawled over on the log. At the end, she rose to her feet. Were she not so dizzy she could make the jump; but her legs were shaking so! She measured the distance with her eye. On the other side the yellow road wound in to the forest, with the tree shadows on it; and an old negro on a mule was leisurely riding towards her,

while back of him, in hot haste, a white man was spurring his horse.

Jinny shut her teeth and her eyes and jumped.

She felt the hard clay on the further bank grind against her knees, and scrambled up by the roots of a tree.

"Oh, Lawd," she vowed, "on'y lemme ketch 'im, I'll give up *dancin'*, I will!"

It was her supreme sacrifice. With fresh strength she ran through the trees. For a moment she was obliged to lose sight of the two men; when she came out into the open her father was riding along alone, singing.

The words came to her:

"I'se gwine tuh lay down my heaby load,
heaby load;
An' one er dese mahnin's bright an fair,
I'll h'ist my li'le wings an' try de air."

Jinny's haggard eyes sought her father's face. It only needed a glance to see. Then, something solemn and rapt in the old black man's expression stopped the bitter flood on her lips.

He lifted his arm slowly, and pointed to Bracelin's fast-disappearing figure.

"Dar go Marse Rob's onlies' son, an' I done guv him 'is lastis chance. I dat is jis a po' worded-out ole nigger. De Lawd A'mighty bress de boy an' de chance! Hush, Jinny, honey, de Lawd done putt it enter my hairt, an' de Lawd kin look out fuh hit."

Jinny was dumb; so crushed, defeated and hopeless that she could only lean against the mule's flank and sob.

They were still standing, in this way, when Crom appeared. He had made sure of catching Bracelin at the fork of the highway and thus had missed him, since he had gone through the wood.

Crom took in the meaning of the group at once. Without a word he wheeled his horse; but Noe caught his bridle-rein, saying: "Naw, boy, I knows whut wukin' in your min'. Quit dat. I tells ye, heah, ef ye do my ole marster's son a meanness I nebber gib my consent ye marry my da'ter. Min' dat, boy."

"I yent fixin' tuh do 'im a meanness,' answered Crom sullenly; then he touched Jinny's shoulder and added: "Don't you take on, Jinny. I kin make out someway."

But his heart belied his confident words; he knew that no hundred and fifty dollars were available out of his own savings, and where else—? Suddenly a gleam of hope appeared to him. "Do ye mind if we-all go talk it over with the boss, Unk' Noe?" he said, meekly.

Whence, in a short time, it happened that a dismal procession stole into Col. Searcy's office.

The Colonel smiled up cordially from an awe-inspiring pile of manuscript and a big ledger.

"Well, Uncle Noe, back again?"

Noe waved Crom's intended speech aside. He spoke with a homely dignity: "Fustis, I got my say tuh say. I say I done guv dat money free an' willin'. Dat boy welcome tuh my money an' any."*

"How ye reckon tuh pay Mist' Harris, then, hay?" said Crom in an aggrieved tone.

"I reckon *this* will satisfy Harris," said the Colonel. With a twinkle in his eye he

* A curious Arkansas expression equivalent to "all."

was pushing a pile of banknotes at Noe's wrinkled and gnarled black hand.

"Dey's de berry bills!" exclaimed Noe.

"That's likely," said the Colonel, dryly.

"Look a here, you folke. Bracelin came here half an hour ago. He hasn't been here for five years, not since I gave him a talking about the way he was going on. As his father's friend and partner I tried to stop the boy, and he didn't take it in good part—but never mind that. I always knew that he had the stuff in him if he would only brace up. Well, he camè in here and pulled out those bills; said he was plum sure of those zinc mines and had put every last cent he could rake and scrape into them; and being in desperate need of two hundred dollars more he borrowed your money. Then he slapped those bills down on the table, and says he: 'Noe gave them to me as willing as possible because I'm my father's son. But I've been thinking. I'm *sure* of the mine; but the surest things go wrong; how the devil am I to pay Noe? I cayn't monkey a poor old nigger out of his money, so here it is back—'"

Jinny uttered a sob of joy; but Noe pushed the bills away.

"I doan feel right fur tuh take it, sah. He needed it desprit, he said, desprit."

"Well, Uncle, he doesn't need it now," said the Colonel. "I have been looking into those mines for a good while, and I advanced him the money. I am so sure of those mines, Crom, that if Noe wants to buy twenty-five dollars' worth of stock, I'll guarantee him the money back."

But it was no prospect of gain which influenced old Noe. His fingers trembled with eagerness as he stretched the bills out to the colonel. "Take whut ye like, sah. He's his paw's own son, sah. Got *jis* his ways. I done pray de Lawd bress dat money fuh Mist' Bob. We-all cayn't keep up wid de Lawd; He got his own way. Whar's he at, sah?"

The colonel laughed: "I expect you mean Bob. He's up to my house for dinner."

* * * * *

It was a year and a half later, in the autumn (the zinc mines, meantime, having justified the Colonel's confidence) that Noe Brutus' new barn was completed, and he gave "a festival," in honor of the event. Young Bracelin and Miss Mandy Searcy, whom it is understood he is to marry shortly, were among the guests.

They had dancing on the new barn floor ; and the gayest and nimblest of the dancers was Jinny.

"Go long, Nigger," she said jocosely to Cromwell, her husband, when he would have teased her by reminding her of a certain vow, "go long ! Yent I tole ye I promised the Lawd I give up dancin, if He'd git me tuh papa afo' Mist' Bob. Wa'al, He didn't done it, that's all. Yent noner my business, papa's prarers bein' answered so slick. Let him quit dancin' ef he wants tuh ; *he's* the one that had order. Reckon the Lawd knowed I jes natchelly

cudn't, so He ben mussiful—ya'as, Mist' Bracelin, ya'as'ah, the bres'pin you-all sent me suits me *fine* !"

And all this time old Noe has been sitting in his corner, by the widow Lamb, never taking his eyes off Bracelin. They are dim, the old eyes, with grateful tears. Only the widow Lamb hears him murmur :

"His paw's own son ! An' doin' well. Bress de Lawd ! Now, when we two meets up in heaven, I yent gwine be 'fraid tell 'im 'bout his boy."

Octave Thanet.



A HINDOO FANCY.

Upon Prince Murad's natal night,
Each fairy brought a precious gift,—
Beauty and valor, kingly might,
Success in love and wisdom's thrift.
And one, from out her diadem,
A pearl laid by the cradle's side,—
"So long as he retains this gem
He shall have happiness," she cried.

The happy years rolled by. One day
Some demon hid the magic stone ;
Great was the wonder and dismay,
And great the sorrow of the throne.



Upon his face the Angel Care
 Drew many a furrow, long and deep,
 And filled with figures of despair
 The silent chambers of his sleep.

The days came fraught with deep distress,
 The nights with ever darker gloom,
 'Till Murad, in his restlessness,
 Entered one morn his children's room.
 Straightway from care and sorrow free
 The happy monarch was once more,
 For there his little ones in glee
 Played with the gem upon the floor.

William E. S. Fales.

TWO OLD PENNSYLVANIA HOMESTEADS.

NO. I.—CLIVEDEN.



THE New World of the American Colonies was as blessed a godsend to the cadets of noble English houses two hundred and fifty years ago as are Australia, India

and Canada to-day.

Nearly every one of our "old families" that has preserved a genealogical tree, may discern the beginning of its line in a twig that grew well toward the terminal tip of the bough.

Already, careers that led to fortune and renown were becoming scarce in the mother country. The rich unclaimed spaciousness of the El Dorado across the sea attracted, in equal measure, the prudent and the ambitious.

John Chew, merchant, the younger son of a Somersetshire family of the name, sailed from England with Sarah, his wife, in the *Seaflower*, in 1622, and was received with open arms by those of his own name and blood, who had a year earlier settled in Virginia. Hogg's Island (now "Homewood"), a little below Jamestown, in the widening James River, is said to have been the place of landing. His name occurs in several grants of land made by and memorials addressed to the parent government in 1642-4, and as a member of the Honorable House of Burgesses of the Colony of Virginia, yearly, from 1623-1643, a protracted period of service, which is silent testimony to personal probity and official ability. His term of office embraced the latter part of the reign of James I, whose death his loving colonists mourned in 1625, and almost the whole of that of his unhappy successor.

Strafford and Laud had perished on the scaffold, and Charles I had departed from London upon the seven years of conflict and captivity that were to end in the shadow of Whitehall, January 30, 1648, when the thriving merchant, against the

will of Governor Berkeley, removed to Maryland. The earliest date of the exodus given is 1643. John Chew was, therefore, one of the body that listened to the comfortable words conveyed in the king's letter, "*Given at our Court of York, the 5th of July, 1642.*"

In this instrument, drawn up by the king's secretary, on the eve of the grand rebellion, the sovereign engages not to restore the detested Virginia Company to their rule over the colony, and expresses the royal approval of "your acknowledgments of our great bounty and favors toward you, and your so earnest desire to continue under our immediate protection."

When the head of his royal master rolled on the scaffold, John Chew, who appears from the hints transmitted to us of his individual traits, to have been of a provident and pacific turn, was living upon the extensive estate deeded to him in the province of Maryland, the original bulk of which was swollen by five hundred acres, paid for in tobacco, at the rate of ten pounds of the Virginia weed per acre.

His eldest son, Samuel Chew, made a will before his death in 1676, bequeathing most of the "Town of Herrington," with other properties, including "Negroes, able-bodied Englishmen and hogsheads of tobacco," to his heirs. His Quaker wife, Anne Chew, *née* Ayres, was his executrix. Her son, Dr. Samuel Chew, removed, in mature manhood, to Dover, then included in the Province of Pennsylvania.

Anne Ayres had brought the whole family over to her peaceful faith, and Dr. Samuel (also known as Judge Ch^{ew}) remained a member of the Society of Friends until the celebrated battle in the Assembly of Pennsylvania over the Governor's recommendation of a Militia Law. When this was passed, the Quaker members of the legislative body appealed to the court over which Samuel Chew presided as Chief Justice. With promptness that smacks of un-Friend-like indignation, they proceeded to expel him "from meeting," upon his decision that "self-defense was not only lawful, but obligatory upon God's citizens."



THE CHEW COAT OF ARMS.

He may not have regretted the act of excision, so far as it affected himself. His published commentary upon the temper it evinced is spirited to raciness. In it he declares the "Bulls of Excommunication" of his late brethren to be "as full-fraught with fire and brimstone, and other church artillery, as even those of the Pope of Rome."

In a charge to the Grand Jury, delivered shortly after the publication of this phillippic, he says of his belief that in his public acts he was "accountable to His Majesty alone, and subject to no other control than the laws of the land,"—

"I am mistaken, it seems, and am accountable for what I shall transact in the King's Courts to a paltry ecclesiastical jurisdiction that calls itself a '*Monthly Meeting*!' Tell it not in Gath, publish it not in Askelon!"

Benjamin Chew, the eldest son* of the pugnacious and deposed Quaker, was born November, 1722. His profession was the law, and he rose rapidly to eminence. Prior to his removal to Philadelphia in 1754, at the age of thirty-two, he was speaker of the House of Delegates at Dover, Delaware. In 1755 he became Attorney-General of the State of Pennsylvania; in 1756, Recorder of the City of Philadelphia; in 1774, Chief-Justice of the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania.

His diplomatic yet decisive reply to one who, seeking to convict him of Toryism, pushed him for a definition of high treason, is historic:

"Opposition by force of arms, to the lawful authority of the King or his Ministers, is High Treason. But—" turning an unblenching front to those who tried to entangle him in his talk—"in the moment when

the King or his Ministers shall exceed the Constitutional authority vested in them by the Constitution—*submission to their mandate becomes Treason!*"

Despite this doughty deliverance, his judicial qualms as to the expediency of overt rebellion cost him his liberty in 1777. Fourteen years earlier, he had bought land on what is known as the Old Germantown Road, erected upon a commanding site a fine stone mansion, and given to the estate the name of Cliveden. Up to the date of the erection of this dwelling, he resided winter and summer on Third Street below Walnut, in the City of Philadelphia. Washington and John Adams dined together with him there while Congress sat in Philadelphia, in 1774. Mr. Adams's letter relative to the "turtle, flummery and Madeira" of the banquet is well-known.

Neither congressional nor military influence availed against the sentence that sent the stately host and his friend, John Penn, under arrest to Fredericksburg, Virginia, for recusancy in that they refused to sign a parole not to interfere with or impede in any manner the course of the New Government. Subsequently, the exile was rendered more tolerable by permission to sojourn



DOOR OF CHEW HOUSE, SHOWING MARKS OF THE BATTLE.

during the remaining term of banishment at the Union Iron Works, owned by Mr. Chew, in the vicinity of Burlington, N. J. In 1778 came an imperative order from Congress for the rehabilitation of the two eminent, and, it was believed, unjustly suspected citizens.

In the absence of the master, Cliveden had seen strange things. Early on the morning of October 4, 1777, the American troops, in pursuit of the retreating enemy, who had abandoned tents and baggage at Wayne's impetuous charge, were surprised, as they pressed down the Germantown Road, by a brisk fire of musketry from the windows of Cliveden. A hurried council of war collected about the commander-in-chief, acting upon General Knox's dictum that "it was unmilitary to leave a garrisoned castle in their rear," sent an officer with a flag of truce to demand a surrender. He was fired upon and killed. Cannon were planted in the road, and a steady fire with six-pounders opened upon the thick walls. The balls rebounded like pebbles. The lower windows were closed and barred. The six companies of British soldiers that had occupied the building sent volley after volley from the gratings of the cellars and from the second story. The gallant Chev-

alier de Mauduit, scarcely twenty-one years of age, and Colonel Laurens, also in the prime of early manhood, forced a window at the back and, ordering their men to pile straw and hay against the door and fire it, leaped into a room on the ground floor. They were received by a pistol-shot that wounded Laurens in the shoulder, while a second, aimed at de Mauduit, killed the English officer who had rushed forward to arrest him. Finding themselves alone among foes, the command to fire and force the door not having been obeyed, the intrepid youths retreated backward to the window by which they had entered, dropped to the ground and made their way to their comrades, under a hot hail of bullets. To the delay occasioned by the short, unsuccessful siege of Cliveden is generally attributed the loss of the battle to the Americans. But at least one historian is disposed to regard it "as another manifestation of the Divine interposition in behalf of these States. If General Washington had met with no obstacle, he would, under the thickness of the fog, have closed with the main body of the enemy before he could have been apprised of its proximity, and thus his centre and a part of his left wing would



THE OLD JOHNSON HOUSE, ON THE GERMANTOWN ROAD.

have been committed to a general action with the whole British army."

The daughters of the House of Chew have always been celebrated for their beauty. One of the handsomest and gayest of them, "pretty Peggy Chew," so won upon the susceptible heart of Major André during his stay in Philadelphia, that he wrote to her at parting :

"If, at the close of war and strife,
My destiny once more
Should, in the various paths of life,
Conduct me to this shore;
Should British banners guard the land,
And faction be restrained;
And Clivedens' peaceful mansion stand,
No more with blood be stained;
Say, will thou then receive again
And welcome to thy sight,
The youth who bids, with stifled pain,
His sad farewell to-night?"

Major André was a brave man, and as unfortunate as brave; but in perusing this sentimental jingle, and hearing of the drawing in the possession of the Baltimore Howards, in which his own portrait in water-colors is sketched in the character of Miss Peggy Chew's knight, and "*humbly inscribed*" to her "*by her most devoted Knight and Servant, F. A. Knt, Bd. Re., Philadelphia, June 2, 1778*"—we may be permitted a sighful thought of Honora Sneyd keeping the vestal fires of love and memory alight upon her heart for her absent and soon-to-be-dead lover.

The fair Peggy (Margaret) did not pine in virgin loveliness for the ill-fated youth whose sad farewell acquires dignity not of itself in the recollection of the brief path of life that remained to him after this was penned. With the buoyancy of a happy temperament, and hopefulness engendered by past triumphs, our belle thus moralizes in the letter expressive of her regret for the evacuation of Philadelphia by the gay and chivalric British officers:

"What is life, in short, but one continued scene of pain and pleasure, varied and chequered with black spots like the chess-board, only to set the fair ones in a purer light?"

"What a mixture of people have I lately seen," she writes further. "I like to have something to say to all."

It would have been unnatural had she not especially liked to say a good many somethings to the pink of chivalry whose untimely taking off was mourned by two continents. Combining our knowledge of the catholicity of the accomplished

Major's admiration for beauty wherever found, with Miss Peggy's willingness to be amused and adored, and her "high relish for pleasure," we may reasonably assume that, in the pretty routine of ball, tournament and masque which made the winter of 1778 memorable in the "best circles" of the city of genealogies, it was diamond cut diamond between them.

There was a brilliant wedding in the town-house on South Third Street in 1787. Mistress Margaret had queened it bravely for ten years in the foremost rank of fashionable society before she bestowed her hand upon the accomplished gentleman and warrior, Colonel John Eager Howard, of Baltimore. Distinguished among the high-born company assembled to grace the nuptials was General Washington, then President of the Convention that formed the Constitution of these United States. The host, Chief-Justice Chew, was a warm personal friend of the Commander-in-Chief and President, mutual regard that continued as long as they both lived.

Cliveden, battered and scorched by the short, sharp siege of that October morning, was sold by Mr. Chew in 1779 to Blair McClenachan. In 1797, ten years after pretty Peggy's wedding, her father bought back his country-seat. It was in little better condition than when Mr. McClenachan purchased it, yet, in his desire to regain possession, Mr. Chew nearly trebled the amount he had received for it.

Benjamin Chew died at the age of eighty-seven, Jan. 20, 1810. The last public office held by him was that of President-Judge of the High Court of Errors and Appeals; a trust retained for fifteen years, and resigned when he was eighty-three.

His only son Benjamin Chew, Jr., had but a twelfth part of the princely estate left by the father, there being *eleven* daughters. Coming of a race of lawyers, he studied his profession, first in Philadelphia, then in England. In 1825, during Lafayette's visit to America, he held a grand reception at the Germantown residence of the eminent jurist, who had then retired from the active duties of professional life.

Mr. Chew died April 30, 1844, at the advanced age of eighty-five.

Like a hoary queen upon her throne Cliveden overlooks the fast-changing scenes about her. The walls are of rough gray stone; the entrance is guarded by marble lions, blinded and defaced by age. To the right and left of the pillars dividing the

stately hall from the staircase, hang full-length family portraits, older than the house. The iron hail that scarred the façade of the mansion, left traces, like the writing of doom, upon the inner walls.

The day of our visit to the ancient homestead was bleak with wintry storm. The fine trees on the lawn bent and dripped with the heavy weight of rain. The four windows of the great drawing-room showed little without besides the gray pall wavering between us and the nearest houses. In the chimney burned a fire, the welcoming glow of which prepared us for the reception accorded to the stranger within her gates by the gracious gentlewoman who arose from the sofa at our entrance. In a ripe old age that has not benumbed heart or mind, Miss Anne Penn Chew, the present owner of Cliveden, is a picturesque figure of whom I would fain say more than the restrictions of this article warrant.

Over the mantel is the portrait of her father, of whom it is written that "he led a blameless life of princely hospitality and benevolence, doing good. * * * * * Was a firm friend, an indulgent father, and an elegant gentleman of polished manners, singular symmetry of form and feature, and great strength." Antique mirrors, in

carved frames, that once belonged to William Penn, hang between the windows and in a recess by the mantel.

The dining-room across the hall has a cavernous fire-place, which recalls the generous hospitality of former years. We learn, as we linger to admire it, that the collation served at the Lafayette reception was laid in the drawing-room, and how the painter of the scene sacrificed historical verity to artistic effect in setting the principal actors between the pillars of the hall with the staircase as a background.

The old Chew coach occupies the farthest corner of the carriage-house. It is roomy beyond the compass of the modern imagination, and is swung so high from the ground that one is helped to a comprehension of the upsettings and overturnings that enter so frequently and naturally into the stories of the time.

In the back wall of the kitchen, built into a niche of solid masonry, is an old well. This part of the house was standing on the ground bought by Judge Chew in 1763. Tradition has it that the well was dug in the recess, which could, at short notice, be enclosed within heavy doors, in order to secure a supply of water within the dwelling if it were attacked by Indians.

Marion Harland.



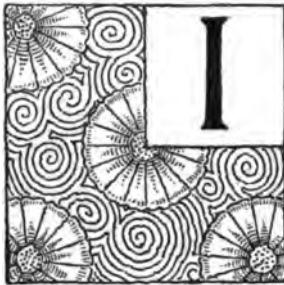
OLD WELL AT CLIVEDEN.



EAST-INDIAN STENCILS.

HOUSE DECORATION.

THE DINING-ROOM.



IN regard to tasteful decoration, the dining-room ranks in importance next to the drawing-room; especially in a country like this, where hospitality is a part of the unwritten law. Nowhere else are guests so freely and cordially taken into the home circle. The husband and father, encountering an old friend upon the street, *sans* ceremony brings him in to dinner. Jennie and Tom have their own large circle of young visitants, and mother's matronly friends drop in to lunch at unexpected times. And, as it is more and more the habit to offer refreshments at every stopping-place between the cradle and the grave, it follows that, to relieve eating from grossness, it ought to be accompanied with every appliance known to refinement. Feeding, without such refinements, is a purely animal function.

Dignity and sobriety, relieved by the glitter of silver, the sparkle of crystal and the coloring of porcelain, have always ruled in the dining-room. Too often it has been stiff, hackneyed and generally unattractive. The decorations have consisted of bronzes upon the mantel, and engravings, after Landseer, upon the walls, with, perhaps, those stereotyped pieces of gaudy fruit or dead game, which only to look upon is

enough to destroy a fastidious appetite.

Now, however, the dining-room is frequently used for a sitting-room, if it be a back parlor or extension above ground and with a pleasant outlook. In making a scheme of furnishing we will first consider what to do with the old-style dining-room; one situated at the rear or half below ground.

The sombreness of such an apartment may first be broken up by using metallic effects, with the walls either stippled or hung with paper over a dado of Lincrusta Walton, which readily lends itself to any style of finish. Such decorations require a reserved rather than a florid taste, and great nicety in combination and arrangement, which ought always to be put in charge of an artist of experience. No 'prentice hand could have executed that famous iridescent peacock-room in London, which Whistler boldly and triumphantly decorated; his audacity grew into success only through a wonderful feeling of color.

To brighten a dingy room let us first apply a wainscoting either of wood or of wood fibre, a material both durable and effective. A deep pattern may be procured for twenty-five cents the yard, and it comes just the width of wall paper. It should only reach to the chair molding.

Beginning here we will shade the hard-finished walls from a very deep, dull orange red through all its lighter tints, till it dies away like a clear rather than brilliant sunset, ending in a delicate cream in the center of the ceiling. In it there is to be nothing either violent or gaudy, but a



JAPANESE STENCIL FOR FRIEZE.

gradual paling of the color as if the room were a tent, fading out toward the tent-pole in the middle.

In applying the pigment, which is a mixture of white and lemon and orange chromes and Venetian red, it is to be laid on in horizontal bands, and, while still wet, blended with large, flat, dry brushes. It is to be stippled, and then the walls finished with stencilings of copper bronze, leaving the ceiling untouched. When the shading and blending are perfectly done, the effect is soft, glowing and unique.

The stencilings should be of simple geometrical or conventional forms in two sizes, the larger some four inches in diameter and one foot apart. The alternating patterns are but little more than half as large. Where objection is made to metallic effects the same figures may be stenciled in the wall-color only six or eight shades lighter than that upon which it is superimposed, and, like that, shade from the chair railing to the ceiling. If there is a picture molding, in order to render it inconspicuous, paint over it, making it a part of the wall. A plain oval center-piece, tinted with copper bronze, seems to fasten the paling tints to the center of the ceiling.

To bring out the wall color, the wood-work of such a room ought to be either black-walnut, dark cherry or mahogany, or

pine stained to resemble one of them. These stains come ready-mixed, but from motives of economy, they may be prepared at home. Black-walnut is simulated by a trifle of burnt umber, added to oil thinned by turpentine. To give occasional darker shades, apply a touch of vandyke brown; for a reddish shade add a little burnt sienna; for cherry, use burnt sienna alone; for mahogany the addition of a little raw sienna to the burnt will be sufficient. If oak be desired,—though this color will be too weak for a wall, the shade which, just above the chair molding, ought to be as dark as mahogany,—use a trifle of raw sienna alone.

If the wood-work of the dining-room has been already painted, a good color to bring out the rich yellow and reddish brown of the walls will be a dark steel or gray-blue. The wainscoting, be it either wood-fibre or wood, must be stained or painted like the other wood-work; if the one, cherry, black-walnut or mahogany; if the other, steel-blue.

In either case the portières may be of a lighter shade of the latter color, with a dado showing amber, maroon or mixed Persian figures. The material may be either felt or velours, with a broad band of orange or maroon plush, having appliques of various contrasting colors, large and



JAPANESE STENCIL FOR WALL DECORATION.

pronounced in style, though of simple archaic figures, which are so effective when hanging in folds. Underlet work, that is, with the material cut away in geometrical figures to show satin or velvet of a contrasting tint underneath, and the figures outlined with a large yellow cord, couched with the same color, is suitable for the dining-table spread. In that case let the underlet material show the leading tint of the curtain dado. A narrow frieze of the same *motif* is only desirable if the room be lofty.

The windows of this dining-room will be much improved if a portion of the upper sash is filled with colored glass. This now comes within reach of a moderate purse. Pale amber, dull blues and greens and old pinks, clustered about a central uncolored pane, afford pleasure to the eye of the diner who, more often than otherwise, is so seated as not to look out upon a noble landscape which would eclipse any ornamentation. Even in conversation where attention is diverted from everything else, these hues, lovely though subdued, act on the eye like music upon the ear, harmonizing, enlivening and inspiring.

In rooms already finished,—as if a room ever could be finished!—the severity of an oblong window may be greatly relieved, without obstruction to the light, by inserting a Japanese screen or bordering, about a

foot wide, flush with the outer casing at the top of the sash. These come in a variety of patterns, and there are also those of American manufacture in graceful sheafs of spindles and other forms, costing from \$1.50 upward. Some Japanese paintings on thin silk are excellent for the same purpose. They can be stretched on slender frames, like canvas, and allow the light to sift through with charming effect. In fact any one who uses the brush can devise more than one graceful ornamentation of flowers and birds or fruit and Arabesques. Even silk patch-work, the tiny pieces arranged with an artist's eye, may be stretched upon a frame and produce a peculiarly delightful effect.

Whatever decoration may be fixed upon, the upper portion of the window should be guiltless of one of those ugly shades which draws down like a pall, only at the slightest touch, to spring back again with a rapidity equal to that with which dynamite explodes. Doubtless nothing can be more convenient,—or more inartistic. It is well to have one room in the house destitute of such ugliness.

If double draperies are necessary, as they are likely to be without shades, or where there is plenty of sunshine, those close to the window may be made either of dull-blue or of ecru Indian silk, according to the quantity of light needed. They are hung close to the window from a brass rod, and

are loose at the bottom so as to draw aside readily. The heavier outside curtains of dull blue, striped with Eastern colors, depend from poles just below the colored section, or from the top of the window where the glass is plain.

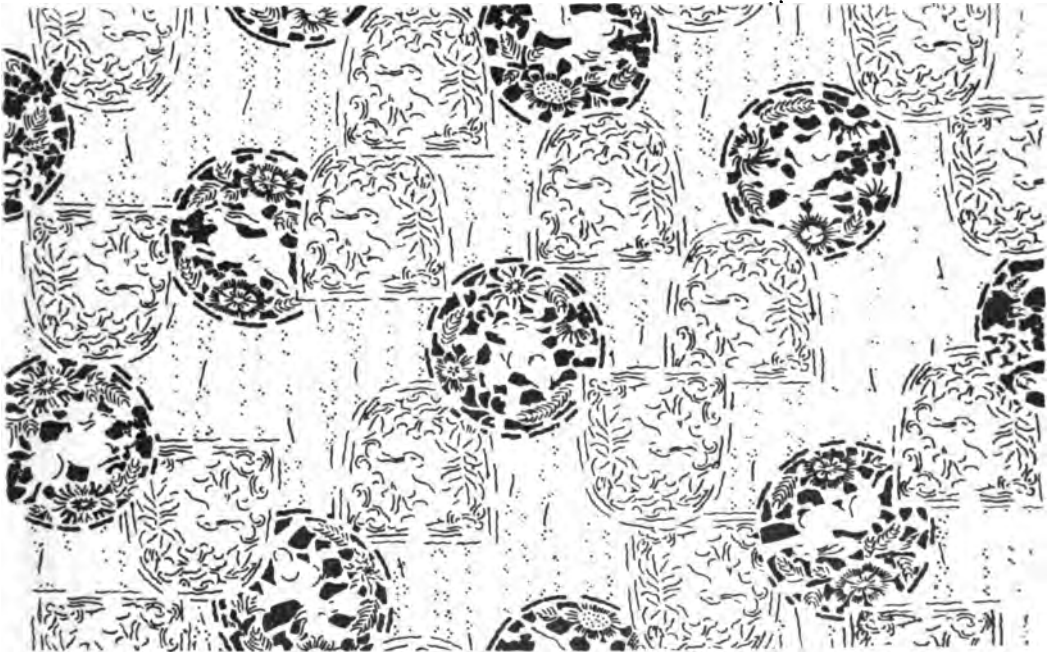
Of all rooms in the house the dining-room should be carpeted with a large rug, in order to allow frequent shakings and renovations. Whatever it may be, Oriental, American, or merely made out of a carpeting with a brighter border, here, at least, there should be a clear space of at least six inches around the edges next the skirting, and three times that distance is still better. If the flooring be so rough as to need entire concealment, let it be a self-colored "filling" of mahogany color—upon it stretch a bright rug with a ground-work as near like the "filling" as possible.

The dining-table should be low, with little carving to contain dust. Square tables, which small families sometimes affect, can be made as large and shapely as King Arthur's round table by a semi-circular annex for each of the sides when occasion warrants. The chairs are in good taste when made very plain and substantial, whether finished with seats and backs of rattan or leather. The housekeeper may better

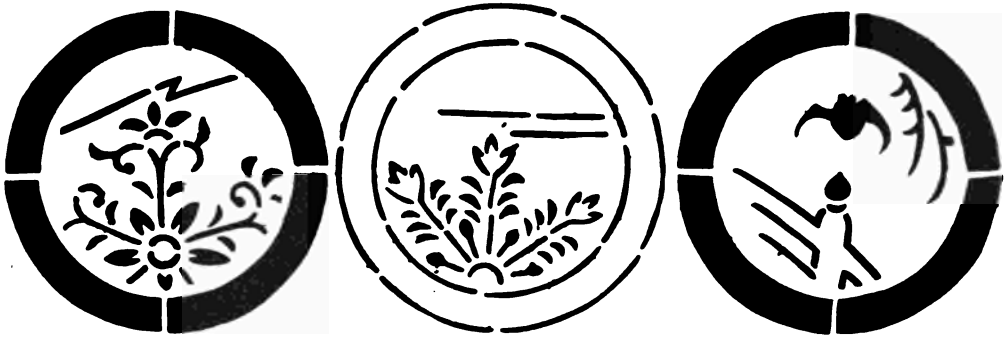
exercise economy in other furnishings than here. Can anything more conduce to the comfort of the diner than a seat both easy and secure?

Nothing but the American nomadic habit prevents the buffet from being built into the house like a closet or cupboard, to which genus it essentially belongs. It might then partake of the individuality of the family; it might be grave or gay or lively or severe. There could be a recess a yard or more in depth thrown out at one side between the chimney and the end of the room, made especially to hold the cabinet buffet. Above, it should be arched from the ceiling; below, there would be three compartments, the center the highest, and from their tops could spring lance-pointed windows filled with colored glass. In the lower portions might be safes for holding silver; above, drawers for table equipments, and, still higher, cabinets with doors of beveled glass on either side of shelves for the display of fine china. The whole should be plain and solid. It could be built into a house already made for less than the cost of an elaborate and intrusive buffet.

If the room be of sufficient size a lounge covered with a Turkish rug, which may be



JAPANESE STENCIL FOR WAINSCOT.



STENCILS FOR CENTRE ORNAMENTS.

bought as low as ten dollars, will prove most acceptable to the weary father who can, by its help, enjoy a post-prandial nap, while the young people make merry in the drawing-room and the children chat in the sitting-room.

By the aid of a glowing grate or Argand burner, is seen the mantel of wood, surmounting a fire-place and hearth fitted with small tiles, shaded from mahogany color to yellow brown. Ten or twelve inches above the mantel is a shelf two-thirds as wide, and over that a second, not more than three inches in depth, with a low spindle railing in front to hold plates and plaques of various sizes. Back of the whole is a beveled mirror, which can be purchased, unframed, at a moderate cost. It is held in place by a narrow wooden molding matching the rest of the wood-work. A breadth of plush

will answer the same purpose, but nowhere are mirrors so desirable as in a dining-room. In the doors of a hanging cabinet or corner cupboard or buffet they serve to redouble the light, multiply the sparkle of crystal and silver and diffuse that cheery glow of which too much cannot be had at the evening meal, upon a cold, dark day, or upon festive occasions.

In a well-lighted dining-room with paper-hung walls, a good combination is yellowish olive green embossed with a small conventional figure for the sides. The wainscoting and wood-work may be a deep tan-red, and the frieze a light olive figured with yellow and crimson. The rug or carpet ought to be a very deep olive, well covered with small geometrical figures in crimson and amber.

A still more unusual combination is that



EAST-INDIAN STENCILS.

of a citrine-colored wall with a dado or wainscoting painted dark blue. The citrine, made by mixing two parts of yellow with one of red and one of blue, is neutral, and, when united with the blue dado, conveys an impression of coldness. Yet it

furnishes a rich setting for a bright table service, which it brings into prominence much better than a wall color either lighter or brighter in hue can do.

Hester M. Poole.



THE MIDDLE MISS TALLMAN.



THE sexton came into the church and turned up the gas. It was a large old church, without columns or arches, and, though a dignified old building, there was a certain bare-

ness and rigidity about it, which even the evergreen arches and flowering plants, with which it was at present filled, failed to relieve. The girls of Weston had always said it was a hard church to trim. They could do nothing with it at Christmas, except hang great ropes of green from the corners to the centre chandelier, and they were always afraid these would break from their moorings and annihilate a portion of the congregation. It was even worse at a wedding; there seemed no point of attack, no prominent place to lavish one's efforts upon.

It was a church that lent itself unwillingly to decoration, and looked as if it privately disapproved of it. The young men and maidens of Weston had done their best with it to-day, and half of the trouble and material that they had taken would have made a more beautiful building blossom like the rose.

"It swallows up all our decorations," Lilian Tallman had said, "until they have no more effect than a button-hole bouquet laid in each pew."

But the sexton didn't think so. He stood a moment after turning up the gas, and gazed admiringly around.

Then there was a noise in the vestibule, a sound of laughing voices, and a gay party of young people came in.

It was easy to pick out the bride-elect. Not only was she the prettiest of all the girls, but she had a certain air of importance and authority. She was excited, but not so much so but that she knew perfectly what she wanted.

"We'd better begin right away," she

said, "for we may have to do it over four or five times. Here, Alec, you come with me and be papa. I couldn't get papa to come out to-night. Now, mamma, you go and sit in the front pew and criticize. Sam, you and Mr. Hickok come in from the vestry door and meet me at the chancel. Now, you ushers, you go first, about four pews apart, I think."

"I always did hate this sneaking in from the vestry," said the groom, a tall, slim young man, with an expressionless face and very handsome clothes.

"You want to 'sit on the fence and throw stones at the procession', if you can't be in it," said the bride, laughing. "Now, don't be peering out of the vestry door, that looks so ridiculous. You can tell by the organ when we start, and you needn't come out until the ushers are half way up the aisle."

"That's right," murmured the groom, "keep me out of sight just as long as possible! A man's awfully in the way at his own wedding. I wish you could be married without me, Kittie."

"I could," she said quickly and laughed. "Now boys," she said, turning to the ushers, "don't forget that one of you must have Mr. Ellsworth's and Mr. Hickok's hats here in the vestibule. Will Corning, you remember that when Grace Patten was married, the ushers forgot about Mr. Humphrey's hat, and he had to leave her on the church steps, subject to pneumonia and the jeers of the populace, while he went back to hunt for it, and he couldn't find it after all, and had to borrow the sexton's. He looked too absurd, and he's been queer ever since."

The little procession was formed. The organist who had come in played a wedding march, and they moved slowly up the aisle.

"Dear me," said Kittie, "I wish papa had come. I'm sure he'll make a mistake. I wish I dared chalk the place for his feet here on the carpet."

"Kittie," said one of the girls, "when will you give me your bouquet to hold? before we all kneel or afterward?"

"Afterward, I think," said Kittie, thoughtfully.

"I knew a girl," said the young man who had been called Will Corning, "who had her bridesmaids all kneel and count ten, so they'd be sure and get up together."

"How absurd," said Kittie.

"Well, it was much prettier than to have them struggling on to their feet, one at a time."

"Of course, but I don't see the necessity. The girls can just watch me and get up when I do."

"I see," laughed the young man, "don't count ten, but keep an eye open."

There were the usual complications and mistakes, and the little rehearsal was repeated three or four times.

"Shall you say 'obey,' Kittie," asked one of the bridesmaids.

"Oh, yes," she answered, "it's easier to say it and not do it, than it is not to say it. Mr. Hickok," she continued, "you'll have the ring all ready for Sam, won't you? Prolonged searchings at such a time are so dreadful."

"Now, Kittie," said her mother from the front pew, "do answer distinctly and audibly."

"Yes," chimed in Lilian, "don't speak as if you were confiding a secret to the minister."

"Oh, I'm all right," said Kittie, "you'd better talk to Sam. Bessie Seymour's husband said—'and thereto I plute thee my trite,' instead of 'plight thee my troth,' and then made the frivolous excuse that 'his throat got dry.' I'm sure I don't know what a plain 'trite' is, to say nothing of a 'pluted' one!"

There was more light talk and laughter, much taking of positions and arranging of groups.

Then they decided where to put the white satin ribbon, which was to divide the uninvited goats from the invited and full-dressed sheep.

Then, still laughing and chattering, they drifted out, and left the old church, which seemed to look after them with a solemn and disapproving air.

At the door, one of the young men, a stranger in the place, turned to a pretty girl who was standing near him, and who had been rather more silent than the others in the church.

"Excuse me," he said, "you are Miss Tallman's sister?"

"Yes," she answered quietly, "I am Kittie's sister—the middle Miss Tallman."

He looked at her a second. "The middle of the sandwich is always the best," he said, and added, "even when the bread is very good, too."

She laughed, but did not answer.

"But you will be promoted to-morrow,"

he continued, "and inherit your sister's card-plate."

"Yes," she said, and added softly, as if to herself, "I wonder if it will make any difference?"

Some of the others came up then, and she left him and joined her sister.

She had a sweet face, though not as pretty as the bride's. Kittie was rather too pretty, too bright, too full of delightful animal spirits. There was no sense of restfulness about her.

Her laugh was musical and contagious, but one wanted to feel well himself, when he heard it or saw her. An invalid once said she was the most depressing person he had ever seen. Her youth and health and jollity seemed to overpower him like a great flood, and entirely extinguish his feeble spark of vitality.

There are some people whom, without having to "die young," "the gods love." They are darlings of Fortune, who de-

nies them nothing, though they never seem to thank her, and hold her gifts lightly.

Kittie Tallman was one of these. She had danced through life in silk stockings and French slippers. Others might make the same journey, not dancing, but walking, creeping—even stumbling along; coarsely, clumsily shod, or with bare, bleeding feet. But of these she knew nothing. Life had shown her "only the flaunting of its tulip flower."

No one was surprised when Kittie married Sam Ellsworth, the only son of a very rich father, and a pleasant, manly fellow besides. They would have been surprised if she had done anything else, for the habit of being happy seems as hard as its opposite to break.

But soon after she was married, a sorrow just brushed her with its wing in passing, while at the same time it emptied more good-fortune into her lap.



"SHE WAS TRYING ON A LITTLE WHITE LACE BONNET AS SHE SPOKE."

Her husband's father died, and Sam came into his inheritance.

Kittie wrote home of all the changes in their plans that this would make.

"We are going abroad," she wrote to her mother, "as, of course, we cannot go out here this winter, and I have decided to get my mourning in Paris—they make such cheerful, stylish mourning there—and it seemed absurd to keep all my pretty wedding clothes, when it will be so long before I can wear them again. So I have sent three trunks full of things home to the girls. My dresses just fit Nellie, and I have sent the most of them to her. Lilian is so much taller and slighter, everything would have to be altered for her, but there are some wraps and hats she can wear, and I think my pink brocade might fit her,—it was horribly tight for me. The slippers and parasols and fans, they must divide. I should feel awfully to part with all these pretty things, for most of them I have never had on, but I shall wear black for a year, and perhaps longer, as Sam was the only son. Then before we come home I shall get new supplies of everything in London and Paris, and I want the girls to enjoy these things while they are new and fresh."

So the dainty wedding finery came back to the old home, and the two girls divided it.

"Isn't it fun!" said Lilian, "just as good as being married and without any of the trouble."

"I don't know," said Nellie, "it seems to me, somehow, as if Kittie were dead, and we were taking her things."

"Oh, how horrible! What makes you say such a disagreeable thing?"

"I don't mean that exactly," Nellie hastily explained, "but don't you see! These things are so like her, they seem part of her personality, and yet she isn't here!"

"Yes, they *are* like her," said the younger sister, "and she had such good taste!"

She was trying on a little white lace bonnet as she spoke, and stood with her back to the mirror, holding up a hand-glass.

"Nellie," she said, "do you mind if I take this?"

"Oh, no, Lilian, take anything that you can use. I feel guilty that I am just her size. I wish that you could have them all. Somehow they make me sad—dear Kittie, they are so like her!" and she laid her cheek lovingly against a soft brown embroidered wrap.

"Put that on," said Lilian. Nellie threw it around her shoulders.

"That's very becoming, Nellie. You look quite like Kittie in it."

Nellie threw it off hastily. "That's just what I mean," she cried. "It isn't only the things, it's a part of Kittie that goes with them. It seems like stealing some one else's character to wear them."

Lilian laughed. "I don't understand you, and I don't care," she said. "I think it was very considerate of Sam's father to die. Now, Kittie has all the money, and we have all these, and the more I look like Kittie, the better I shall like it."

But Nellie folded all her new possessions and put them back in the trunks. The middle Miss Tallman had never been like the other two. She was quieter and more reserved. She had been a very good background for her handsome, brilliant sister. If she had been a little overshadowed, a little slighted on account of this same sister, who was to blame?

Everyone notices the prettiest face first, and it is the quickest tongue that makes itself heard the oftenest. Then Kittie was the oldest—it had seemed right that everything should be hers.

Nellie, herself, had never questioned it; she was too unselfish, and loved her sister too dearly. She had thought sometimes how wonderful it must be to be like Kittie, and have everyone look at you and admire you. How wonderful to have friends and lovers by the score. One lover seemed a very marvellous thing to Nellie Tallman, a thing to be thought of with awe and reverence, but Kittie had successfully managed two or three at a time.

Nellie had never envied her, but she had longed sometimes to wield her sceptre too in the kingdom of hearts. Power is very sweet—not less to the young girl when she discovers that she holds it, than to the man who has snatched a crown and put it on.

Her sister's marriage made very little change in Nellie's affairs. Her family had never expected her to be a very active member, and so she never was, for we live mostly just as those around us expect us to live. Nothing is so hard to batter down as that wall which other people's opinion of us builds up. Nellie was thought to be shy and reserved, and the very consciousness that this was thought of her made her so.

She was as surprised as the rest of the family, therefore, when in the spring after Kittie's marriage, an invitation came from

an Aunt Susan for her to spend the summer with her by the sea.

Aunt Susan was rich, childish and peculiar. She was spasmodically devoted to her nieces, whom she often embarrassed by presenting them with gifts, coupled with the condition that they should wear them just as they were. She had been very fond of Kittie, but their friendship foundered on this rock: Kittie absolutely refused to accept a cinnamon-brown silk, made in a by-gone fashion.

"I wore her blue flannel bathing-dress," said Kittie, "though it went three times around me and trailed behind. I made a fool of myself in her cameo ear-rings which were quite large enough for ash-receivers, and I pranced around in her old seal-skin jacket, when it had grown just the color of a yellow dog in the back, but I drew the line at that cinnamon silk. It would really have been a crime to wear that!"

So Aunt Susan had packed her trunks in high dudgeon and departed, and had never taken any notice of her nieces since.

She did not come to the wedding, although Kittie wrote her a very sweet little note, to which she merely returned the following lines:

"March 1st. If within four days I should happen to hear that you would like that excellent and desirable brown silk dress, in your trousseau, it will give me much pleasure to bring it to your wedding. March 4th, P. S. I am not coming."

"Well, that's an end of Aunt Susan," laughed Kittie. "How I should like to have seen her watching the post for my cinnamon recantation!"

Nothing had been heard from her since, but now she voluntarily broke the silence and wrote to Nellie. She was going to Sea Cliff for the summer, and would like Nellie to go with her.

"Sea Cliff is a very nice place, Nellie," said her mother, "not very large or gay, but some of the nicest people go there, old families who have gone there for years. You will have all Kittie's things to wear, and Aunt Susan is good and kind in spite of her peculiarities. I don't see why you shouldn't have a very pleasant summer."

Nellie went up to her own room, a sudden startling thought shining in her face.

Why shouldn't she go, as Kittie would have gone?

Why not leave her old self with her old dresses at home? Why not see for once if

she couldn't be bright and charming and lovable too?

We all of us have sometimes a wild desire to get away from every one who has ever known us, and begin all over again. It seems as if there we could strike out on a new line, could do and say the thing that now we cannot do or say, because we are hampered by our own personal traditions.

This was the desire that filled Nellie Tallman's heart—to get away from herself and play at being someone else.

"I will be like Kittie," she thought, and her heart beat more quickly at the idea. "Nobody knows me; nobody will be surprised. I know all Kittie's ways; I have all her dresses. Why, it will be exactly like private theatricals!" She grew more and more excited as she dwelt upon her plan.

She went around the house the week before her departure in a state of dazed expectancy.

"I think I feel just like a chrysalis before it turns into a butterfly," she thought. She packed Kittie's pretty things, with an entirely different feeling from that she had had about them at first. Now, they seemed merely so many stage properties in the little drama she was going to act.

She had on a blue travelling dress of her sister's, when she said good by. Her mother kissed her. "My dear," she said, "how like Kittie you look in that dress!"

The girl laughed nervously as she got into the carriage.

"The play has begun," she thought; "the play has begun."

Aunt Susan eyed her sharply when she arrived.

"You are more like Kittie than I expected," she said indignantly.

"Yes," answered Nellie, "I am like her, and I hope to be more so."

They looked at each other steadily for a few seconds. Aunt Susan measured her strength against this new niece and found it but weakness. But she was a woman who could retreat in good order, when she did retreat.

"Well, Kittie was a nice girl," she said placidly, and Nellie was so astonished she was silent.

There were not many people at Sea Cliff when they arrived, but the hotel rapidly filled. Nellie had very little trouble in her self-imposed role. Either she was helped by that "moral support" of which we are all conscious when particularly well dressed, or the difference between herself

and her sister was less than she imagined, or it was as she had at first fancied—a part of Kittie's personality went with her clothes—but, at all events, she knew she was like her, knew that in a hundred little tricks of speech and manners she was more like Kittie than like her old self. She began to be popular, and the knowledge that people liked her carried her forward with fresh enthusiasm, and made her in reality more charming than she had ever been.

She knew, however, that all her successes so far had been small ones, and she looked forward to the first large dance which was given at the hotel as a sort of trial trip for her new wings.

Would she really be a belle like Kittie?

She was in a perfect tremble of excitement as she dressed, and her spirits rose, as she pictured to herself the delights of dancing with many partners, of being surrounded by admirers, of having, in a word, that "good time," so dear to every girl; and then her spirits sank as she thought of herself, alone, unnoticed in a corner, with no one to speak to, or care about her.

Oh, is it a good or a sad thing, that nothing, neither deep sorrows, nor great joys, can ever make a woman's heart beat again, as a young girl's does on the eve of a ball?

She went into Aunt Susan's room, after she was all ready. That amiable person looked at her critically.

"You are charming, my dear," she said. "Here, I want you to wear these."

Nellie turned cold. It might be a pair of arctics or a Shaker bonnet. She felt it was cruel of Aunt Susan to spring one of her surprises upon her at just this crisis. But when the old lady turned and clasped around her neck a beautiful string of pearls, the tears came to Nellie's eyes, and she did what no one had done to Aunt Susan in many a long year—she threw her arms around her neck and kissed her.

"How good you are," she said, "how dear and good!"

When she went into the ball-room her heart was still full of Aunt Susan's kindness, and she was so busy finding a seat for her near people that she liked, that she quite forgot about herself, and not until she was half through with her first dance did she realize that this was the first ball she had ever been to in Kittie's character.

Well, it was certainly very pleasant to be Kittie.

It seemed easy, too, to look bright and

pleased as Kittie used, and to say the little frothy, silly things that Kittie used to say.

She was surprised that it was so easy, and astonished at her own success.

"What would they say at home, if they could see me," she thought. "They would not believe it possible that it is I! I feel just like Cinderella. If everything should change, and I should drop my slipper and go running out of the room, I shouldn't be a bit surprised!"

She had plenty of partners, for she danced well, not with the air of conferring a favor, nor yet of receiving one; but as if it were a mutual pleasure which she heartily enjoyed.

Before the ball was half over she realized that she had been a great success; not even Kittie had ever had a more triumphant evening!

She could scarcely believe it; it seemed so incredible, so like a miracle.

But it was a simple miracle, after all. We have all met people who, for some inexplicable reason, appear at their worst when surrounded by their families. Once get them away, and they are entirely different people.

Nellie had developed more slowly than her older sister. Before she had entirely emerged from the school-room, Kittie had command, as it were, of the entire social field. She might have won her share of recognition and appreciation even then, if it had not been for Lilian.

But Lilian was tall and graceful, with a really beautiful face. She was strongly picturesque and individual—a girl who instantly challenged attention, no matter among how many she appeared.

What wonder that the current of popular approval ran swiftly from Kittie to Lilian, and could not stop half-way for inferior attractions?

Now, for the first time, all this was changed. The environment was favorable to her. She felt like a different person, simply because she was breathing a different atmosphere. Everything around her aided her in the conscious effort she was making to appear as she had never done before.

She was walking with her partner after a waltz.

"Tom Romeyn came to-day," he said, "I just saw him come into the room."

"And who is Tom Romeyn?" she asked. "Is it better never to have been born than not to know him!"

"I hope not," he answered, "for I was only introduced myself to-day; but he is that awfully rich Mr. Romeyn of New York, the one who owns the yacht, and drives the break. There he goes now."

Nellie looked after him calmly.

"He ought to be labelled, if he is all that," she said, "I should never have suspected it."

"Oh, well, it will be known fast enough, without a label. That sort of light is never hid under a bushel. It blazes like an electric light, and quite puts out our little candles. I'd better dance with you, Miss Tallman, while I can," and so they started again.

Quite late in the evening the same young man came to Nellie, as she stood for a minute near her aunt.

"Mr. Romeyn has asked to meet you," he said. "May I bring him up?"

"Certainly," said Nellie, flushed with the triumph of her evening; what did one millionaire more or less matter?

He returned in a moment, with a tall, rather English-looking man, who was duly introduced, and who asked:

"Can you give me a waltz, Miss Tallman?"

"I'm afraid not," said Nellie, showing him her card, which was all filled, with the exception of the few last dances.

"Here are two waltzes at the end," he persisted, "mayn't I have one or both of those?"

Nellie looked at Aunt Susan.

"It will make it later than you want to stay, I'm afraid," and then before Aunt Susan could speak, she said:

"I am sorry, Mr. Romeyn. They say the good things of this life always come too late, and so have you."

"But only for this evening," he answered. "There will be other evenings and other waltzes."

"I don't know," laughed Nellie. "'Who knows but the world may end to-night?'"

Just then the music struck up afresh, and some one came to claim her. Mr. Romeyn looked after her. She was very pretty in her fresh white tulle. Her cheeks were as red as the roses on her dress, and her eyes danced with the enjoyment she was having.

In a world where people so soon learn to be faded and to "take their pleasures sadly," there is always something refreshing in the spontaneous delight of a young girl. Her healthy, natural capacity for gayety gives

almost as much pleasure to others as to herself.

One great secret of Nellie's success, not only at her first ball but all through her summer, was her own hearty enjoyment of it.

She was not indifferent or bored, neither was she eager or anxious to command attention. She was simply very glad that she was liked, and she showed her pleasure in a natural, delightful way.

She enjoyed the sea; she liked to go sailing and blue-fishing. She was fond of rowing and tennis—in a word, she was a jolly companion, with the rare quality of *camaraderie*, and—always ready.

As the summer wore on, she had more than one admirer, who warmed into a lover. She managed them all as she thought Kittie would have done. She was frank and friendly with them, and laughed at them a little, not enough to hurt their feelings, but just enough to scare away their sentiment. But if they positively refused to have their feelings spared, she told them the truth honestly and simply.

These little affairs were very sweet to her, not that she was vain or heartless, but she had always had a very low opinion of herself, and it had never seemed to her that any man would want to marry her. When, therefore, she found not one, but two or three who paid her that high compliment, her surprise deepened into a glow of warm pleasure.

"Perhaps, after all," she thought, "there is something about me that will be worth the giving to the man I love."

She questioned herself closely, as to whether she had been perfectly true with her lovers, whether she had ever led them on by look or word, and, while her memory acquitted her, her conscience accused her, because she knew that she had made herself just as attractive as possible, all the time.

"I have only been like Kittie," she pleaded.

"You have never had a love affair before," answered Conscience grimly.

She saw a good deal of Mr. Romeyn, who seemed to have the invaluable faculty of always appearing when he was wanted, and never when he wasn't.

He was much courted and flattered by many of the people in the hotel, so much so, in fact, that Nellie, with a sort of healthy reaction, had been rather indifferent and distant to him. But he met all her little

rebuffs in such a pleasant, manly way, and laughed so frankly at her sharp speeches that he rather robbed her wit of its stings. There is no fun in chaffing a person who enjoys being chaffed. He was never especially devoted, and yet, if she had

watched and counted closely, she would have found that she was very often with him, and that those were the best of all the times she had.

Bessie Chandler.

To be Concluded.



THE THREE FATES

When from their homes the nymphs
and naiads fled,

And Siren songs were silent on
the shore,

When Zeus had left his throne for evermore,
And great Poseidon lifted not his head ;

Saw you the Fates, the sisters, stern and dread,
Holding the distaff as in days of yore ?

Think you their unrelenting reign is o'er ?
Only their form is changed ; they are not dead.

For still the three, Religion, Glory, Love,
 Rule over man, and weave the web of life;
 Religion, with the white wings of a dove,
 And Glory, her bright garments stained with strife;
 While, robed in glowing vestments of the skies,
 Love walks on earth, but looks toward Paradise.

Virna Woods.



CHEAP LIVING IN CITIES. NO. VI.

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BEEF heart is the next experiment in eating I will ask readers who may never have tried it, or having tried it found it unsatisfactory, to make. The great and very reasonable objection those who have tried to make use of beef heart have against it, is that it leaves a greasy taste in the mouth.

This objection, however, is obviated by proper preparation, and being very cheap and nourishing, the dish is well worth a trial.

Select a large, heavy heart; a small one will be apt to be dry, as the walls are thin. The price is ten to twelve cents. Cut off the "deaf ear" or gristly part that is found over the ventricles, squeeze out any blood there may be, and wash the heart. Then put it in a sauce-pan, cover it with boiling water, and simmer very gently for half an hour—if it boils it will, like any other meat, be hard. This parboiling removes the greasy feeling it leaves in the mouth.

. Make a stuffing in the following way :

Two cups of fine bread crumbs, half a cup of fat pork chopped fine, a small teaspoonful of thyme and marjoram mixed and powdered, two small teaspoonfuls of finely-chopped parsley, a scant teaspoonful of salt, and a quarter one of pepper; mix well together and wet with an egg, stuff the heart full but do not pack the stuffing in tightly, or it will be heavy. When full, cover the top with slices of fat pork pinned on with splinters of wood or wooden toothpicks; dredge a dessertspoonful of flour over the heart, passing the hand over it, so that it does not remain unevenly scattered. Bake in a hot oven an hour and a quarter, taking care it browns without burning, and baste with the fat in the pan. When done, take up the heart and pour half a pint of boiling water in the pan (having removed the fat from it), set it on the range and scrape all the browning from it, stir till the gravy is all dissolved in the water, season with pepper, salt and a teaspoonful of vinegar or Worcestershire Sauce and let the whole boil three or four minutes.

With regard to the stuffing, those who object to any one or all of the herbs I have given, may make their own turkey dressing. The egg also may be omitted if a crumbly, loose dressing is preferred.

Now you may have carefully cooked the heart according to directions, and if it is not properly carved it will not be satisfactory. It must be cut in *lengthwise* slices from the butt to the point. Begin about the centre of one side, cut to the core, not through, but as you would cut a long slice from a pineapple; slice in this way about half an inch thick; this gives the meat and stuffing in due proportion.

Heart warmed over is even better than when freshly roasted.

Cut the cold heart into lengthwise slices, put a tablespoonful of nice dripping or butter into a sauce-pan or spider, fry in it a small onion sliced thin, stirring it about with a fork till brown, not burned; dredge in a dessertspoonful of flour, stir all together till flour and fat make a paste, then pour in a scant pint of boiling water, or better, broth or soup, if you have it. If you have a wineglassful of claret or California port and a dessertspoonful of Worcestershire sauce or mushroom catsup, you will make of this a very elegant ragout; but, failing these, a dessertspoonful of vinegar and a clove must be substituted and will be excellent. Let the whole boil till reduced to nearly half a pint, then lay in the slices of heart and let them steep at boiling point (not boil) in the gravy for half an hour.

I spoke in an early paper of the importance of carving in household economy, and promised to revert to the subject. In doing so I cannot undertake to explain why in one carver's hands a roast will serve a dozen people, who will all seem to have generous helping and will have no feeling of insufficiency, and yet a decent piece be sent away, while with another a ten-pound roast will simply have the flap end left after serving ten to twelve people, or why one will help a family from half of a moderate-sized turkey, each getting an abundance of breast, then turn it over and send it away a respectable bird, while another serving the same sized family, will have only a few gaunt, bare ribs, and the drum sticks on the dish at the end of the repast.

A sharp knife and a knowledge of carving would account for this ability to make little go far on the part of the carver, but it will not explain why the diner is as well satisfied with the portion served by the good carver, unless, indeed, we eat with our eyes. I know bad carvers, who, when reminded (often by *materfamilias*) that a good one would make the family joint go

twice as far, will protest it as all nonsense, that if he helped too bountifully it would be proved by being left on the plate. But notwithstanding this protest, the fact remains the same. I remember being one of sixteen—nearly all boarders—in a country house. A pair of fine fowls—one of which most people would have provided for four persons, if it were to be, as in this case, the *pièce de resistance* of the dinner, followed some slender soup, and although every one was served a respectable portion and offered more, part of those fowls left the table. The strange thing was that it was only from the remark of one boarder on the wonders to be achieved by judicious carving that any of us noticed the matter, proving we had not felt any need of more. In the same house I saw the same people served from a small piece of roast (or rather steamed) beef not more than eight inches square, solid meat (I have never understood what part it was from), and nearly half that beef leave the table.

I am not mentioning these facts in order to advocate niggardly helping, but only to show that to carve well is a source of economy. A piece of meat gashed and hacked is certainly half wasted, and no one enjoys badly-cut meat so well. As I write it comes to me in part explanation perhaps of the equal satisfying powers of thin and thick meat, that such a slice of roast beef as would almost cover the plate and only be served to a robust appetite, would not, if carved of the ordinary thickness of roast beef, weigh nearly so much as the half pound or more of steak the same person would certainly eat, having enough, and not too much, in either case.

Good carving adds very much to the comfort of meals, and, by care and practice and the use of a very sharp knife, can be attained by anyone; and with, say, slicing the meat into thin, even slices, instead of half-tearing them off, a joint of meat will go very much farther. For this reason the carving-knife should be kept for that purpose alone, and when the least dull should be given to the butcher, who will usually sharpen it much better than the knife-grinder. To carve a roast of beef for even half a dozen people with the average carving-knife is a toil, although the knife may be, from habit of mind, considered "sharp." For there should be no force required to propel the knife if it is in proper condition.

Tripe is a much-neglected article of

food, although in Europe it is very highly esteemed both by epicures and those who make foods for the sick their study; patients who can retain nothing else on the stomach, will be ordered tripe and tripe broth, and "tripe suppers" have been, since the days of Doctor Johnson, a favorite form of entertainment where men do congregate.

But to enjoy tripe, it must not be the rubber-like substance we get from the butcher, just dipped in the batter and fried in the pan. It is like trying to eat fried Turkish towelling to masticate it.

Once in awhile the tripe comes from the butcher sufficiently boiled, and therefore tender. This can be ascertained by cutting it with a fork. If it divides easily, you will need only to follow the recipe I shall give you for preparing it, but as a rule the tripe requires four or five hours' simmering before you attempt to prepare it for table.

The thick honeycomb tripe is considered best, and generally a trifle dearer than the thin, which, however, is very good. Tripe is sometimes pickled by the butcher, but I am speaking of fresh tripe. It should be bought the day before it is needed for use.

Put it on the stove in a sauce-pan with cold water to just cover it; when it comes to the boiling point, place it where it will *gently simmer*. Let it cook till it can be easily divided with a fork or spoon. It is impossible to give any rule as to time, because the butcher may have boiled it one, two or three hours, but the probabilities are that it will require from three to five hours. When tender, it can be put aside till next day, or used at once in the following way:

If allowed to cool, the broth, of which there should be very little, will be found a firm jelly. Cut the tripe in small pieces, and to each pound allow a half-pint of milk, and one large onion sliced *thin*, and half a teaspoonful of salt, with a little white pepper. Let these slowly simmer, covered tightly, one hour and a half from the time they begin to cook; if the milk boils away so as not to yield enough for sauce, add more. When done, take up the tripe, rub a deserts-poonful of butter and the same of flour into a paste, stir it into the milk till it dissolves, boil for three minutes, taste for seasoning and pour the sauce over the tripe.

The quantity of thickening given is for two pounds of tripe and the better part of

a pint of milk gravy. The sauce should be like cream, and the quantity of flour and butter must be regulated by the amount of liquid it has to thicken; a tablespoon medium full will make a pint of the thickness of good cream.

Of course, in cooking anything in milk, only a thick sauce-pan, not liable to burn, must be used. The cooking must be slow, and if the bottom of the sauce-pan is buttered before the meat and milk go in, it will be less likely to burn.

I may add that dyspeptics, who can digest no meat at all, eat tripe well-cooked without difficulty.

Knuckle of veal stewed is another excellent and very cheap dish. To be eaten at its best a small piece of corned pork should be boiled with it (I mean pork that has only been in salt a few days). A slice of this served with the veal adds very much to it, or thin slices of fried bacon may also be used, or it is excellent without either.

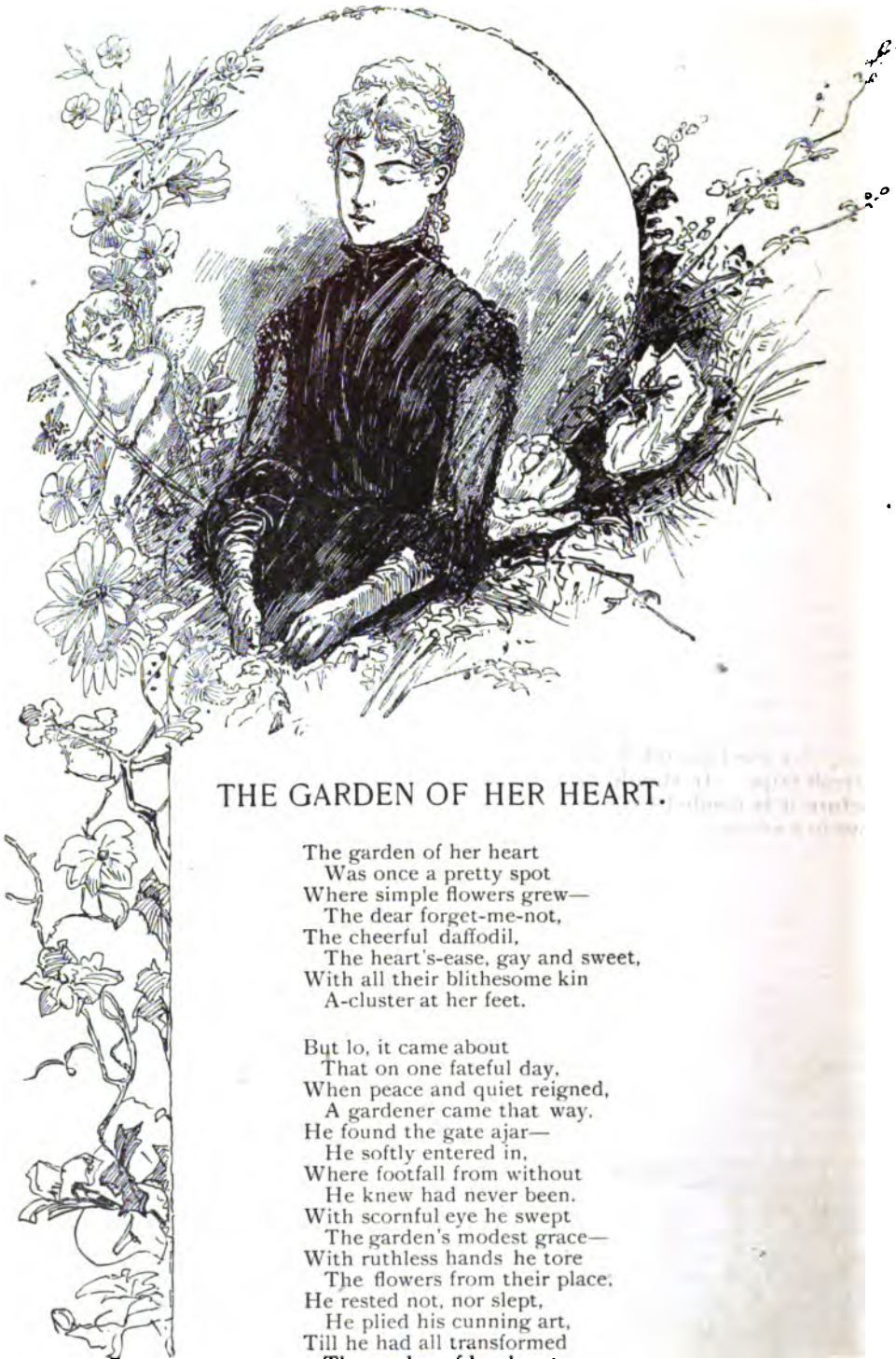
Choose a knuckle of veal with as much meat as you can get; the price runs from fifteen to twenty-five cents, the latter being large. Have the bone cracked once or twice. Lay it in boiling water. Four quarts may be used to a large knuckle; let it cook very slowly about three hours, adding salt the last hour. All the tendons and gelatinous parts must be quite tender. Take up the meat, keep it hot, then take a pint of the broth to make parsley sauce, smother the meat with this, and it is ready to serve; onion sauce may be substituted for parsley if preferred.

The veal broth with the addition of finely-shred vegetables will make excellent rice soup, but one less well known and very delicious is celery soup.

Cut into the veal broth, an onion, turnip, and carrot, sliced very thin; let them boil till tender in it. Meanwhile boil half a bunch (or two heads) of celery, trimmed free from leaves and cut very small, in a quart of milk for an hour; strain the vegetables out of the soup, pour soup and milk and celery together, reserving a cup into which stir a tablespoonful of rice flour, mix till smooth, add to the soup, stir well, and boil twenty minutes, stirring occasionally.

Instead of rice flour, rice may have been boiled in the milk with the celery. Season with pepper and salt.

Catherine Owen.



THE GARDEN OF HER HEART.

The garden of her heart
Was once a pretty spot
Where simple flowers grew—
The dear forget-me-not,
The cheerful daffodil,
The heart's-ease, gay and sweet,
With all their blithesome kin
A-cluster at her feet.

But lo, it came about
That on one fateful day,
When peace and quiet reigned,
A gardener came that way,
He found the gate ajar—
He softly entered in,
Where footfall from without
He knew had never been.
With scornful eye he swept
The garden's modest grace—
With ruthless hands he tore
The flowers from their place;
He rested not, nor slept,
He plied his cunning art,
Till he had all transformed
The garden of her heart.
Where eglantines had smiled,
And violets had slept, •

Great crimson roses flamed,
 And passion flowers wept.
 And when it all was changed,
 And all his skill was spent,
 Love turned upon his heel,
 And, slyly smiling, went.

The garden of her heart—
 Love would not know it now;
 Roses nor passion flowers
 In all its borders bow.
 The winds have swept it through,
 The rains have beaten down
 The stately plants he reared—
 The scanty turf is brown.
 He sometimes tries the gate
 But finds it shut and barred;
 If he could enter in,
 The soil is cold and hard,
 The sweet old-fashioned flowers
 That needed little care,
 His hands had rooted up—
 And now the beds are bare.
 Shut in its narrow bounds
 She treads its winding ways,
 And, tearless, seeks in vain
 One trace of happier days.
 The mischief he hath wrought
 Love would but laugh to know;
 But she—can *your* heart guess
 Her bitterness of woe?

F. A. Peters.



THE DECADENCE OF SOCIETY.

A STUDY OF A CAUSE.



DOES the tacit assumption of this title appear audacious to you who read it? Have you listened enough to the croaking of the misanthropic raven as he bemoans

the death of morals, of religion, of true happiness? Do not fear. We shall not follow blindly in his wake.

Because there be those who, pressing blindly along the highway of condemnation, have gone astray by journeying beyond their destination—can we assume from this that the hostelry of Truth stands not by the roadside, open to such as frankly seek its shelter? May it not be possible to view this question in such light that we

shall see clearly, with vision alike unobscured by the gloom of pessimism and the glare of enthusiasm?

And, first of all, bear in mind before starting upon the path of inquiry, that we shall not talk of society in its broad sense; not of that society which practically comprehends the entire moral, political, and social relations of civilized humanity; but of "society" as the term is ordinarily understood by the man and woman of to-day—of the recognized system of conventional social intercourse.

That a craving for and a realization of the need of social communion have always existed, will probably be readily admitted; as will also the fact that from time immemorial both the craving and need have found their fullest satisfaction in certain established institutions of a general character.

While the close companionship of two or three individuals of congenial tastes is doubtless productive of the highest form of social enjoyment, yet such communion is far too narrow in its scope to satisfy the wants from which conventional "society" has arisen.

Briefly, then, what is—what must be the true, the highest objects of "society?"

The answer seems apparent. It is to provide a suitable machinery for the introduction of the young of either sex to each other and to those whose acquaintance is practically necessary for their proper mental growth and temporal advancement. It should form the basis for the acquaintanceships and friendships from which come the truest pleasures of life, as well as for that association with those who have already made name and fortune in the world, without which the advancement of the younger generation must of necessity be slow and precarious. Within its boundaries should be the province of relaxation, where men and women can throw aside the cares of life and partake together of social amusement.

Possibly the clearest way of stating the true object of society, would be to sketch the course of a young man at a time, perhaps one hundred, or even fifty years ago, in a country where the conditions were as favorable as the world has ever seen.

The young chevalier, L., is of an excellent family of Normandy. His home education completed, he comes to the capital, provided with letters to certain of his father's old associates to whom his proper introduction into society is entrusted.

Through them he gains the *entrée* to the *salon* of Madame R. Whom does he meet there? The young of either sex who are suited to be his associates? Surely; but there are more than these. There are the solar centers, the brilliant suns around which the satellites of that brilliant circle revolve. There is the Minister just from the Cabinet meeting; there is the orator who drops in for an hour's relaxation after his masterly speech before the Assembly; there is the scientist whose discoveries have electrified the world; there is the author whose brilliant pen has added to the wealth of literature; the artist whose breathing canvas has revived the scenes of former days; physicians, lawyers, clergymen, wits—the leaders of politics, of letters, of thought, and with them brilliant women whose grace and tact are well adapted to weld together the varied elements into a mighty power for social intercourse and relaxation. With all of these does our young gentleman from the province become acquainted. He talks and exchanges confidences and ideas with his associates of equal age. He makes friends—perchance he makes love; while the opportunity of an introduction to higher aims and ambitions is always his—to hear the views, to sit as it were at the feet of the first men of his country and of his times, while they in turn can judge of his tastes and weigh his abilities.

In such a society, it is mind that takes the lead; while youth and pleasure, amid their wildest pranks, combine to do it reverence.

This picture is not overdrawn, nor are its attributes confined to the time and place pictured. Although perhaps most highly developed then and there, yet the same description will apply more or less closely to the England and even to the America of some years gone by.

Now turn and glance at the conditions of to-day; at the "society" of our large cities—the most select if you please—as we have taken the first under the old order—although, as a matter of fact, the same principles and objects obtain in the lowest as in the highest.

It is hardly necessary, to point out the tremendous change which has taken place. Here and now when knowledge, when refinement, and when morality (or, at least, decorum) have made giant strides; we find a "society" startlingly inferior in all its aims, in all its power to fulfill the higher purposes of true "society."

The man, and more especially the woman, of middle age and upwards, have practically disappeared, and with them have vanished the statesman, the scientist, the man of letters, the woman of intelligence and tact—all that once stood foremost, all that once shed lustre over and lent charm to the old order. They live to-day as then, but they have withdrawn to the closet, the laboratory, the library, and the home circle; now and then to meet, each among themselves, in clubs or little circles whose membership is narrowed down and limited to a few kindred spirits. "Society," as such, knows them no more. It is youth, it is frivolity, it is pleasure of a lighter, of a lower order, that has sprung to the fore and has torn the crowns from the heads of the legitimate sovereigns and driven them from dominions over which they had reigned with grace and glory.

Do you think I exaggerate? Go to one of the leading events of the season. Whom do you find? The young of both sexes, single and married, with the former in considerable majority; a few middle-aged beaux; a few middle-aged women who are capable of extracting enjoyment simply from "being there," and in the display of elaborate toilets; and finally the inevitable bevy of "lady patronesses" whom custom has designated to act practically as a sort of collective chaperones and to perform the formal office of standing near the entrance and receiving the company. Even the young of intellectual tastes are generally conspicuous by their absence. A recent survey of the eight or ten recognized leading "society men" in one of the largest and most cultured cities of the Atlantic coast, showed *not one who had received an academic education.*

It is only necessary to view these facts thoughtfully as they exist, to see that the lowering process has made giant strides and that the title of this article is very far from containing an unwarrantable assumption.

Granting now that an effect cannot exist without a corresponding cause, where shall we look for the disorganizing element which has diverted an ancient and useful institution from its truest and loftiest ends; and that too, in an age when the general advance might seem to warrant a progress in the opposite direction?

* * * * *

The art and practice of dancing has existed as far back as human records permit

us to trace. In earlier times, it is true, the dance was purely a religious or a national ceremony, as it is to-day among uncivilized nations. It remained for a growing civilization and a refinement of more barbarous pastimes to transform it into a form of amusement. Even then it was confined to fête-day occasions, when the stately minuet and similar dances lent to beauty a not undignified grace, and afforded a spectacle at once attractive and inoffensive. It was reserved for distinctly modern times to invent so-called round-dances, and, more particularly, the waltz and its kindred. The result was startling. "Society"—or rather, the commonalty, the democracy of society—ever pushing forward in the quest of amusement, straightway received the stranger with acclamations of greeting, strewing palm branches before her. How its ancient aristocracy, the aristocracy of thought, looked upon the advent of the waltz,—whether they recognized in her a popular favorite who was to wean their subjects away and finally to drive them into exile while she assumed the crown, all this might well prove an interesting subject of investigation, but far beyond the space and province of a magazine article.

All we can trace is the result. It came gradually. Youth and mental inferiority paid assiduous court to the pretender who offered them a power and prominence which they had never yet enjoyed. She was pushed forward in her pretensions by enthusiastic partisans, until, at last, the crown of society was placed upon her golden curls.

Did the ancient diadem fit ill? Did the laughing eyes and idle prattle of the new sovereign look and sound strange from under the broad circle of massy gold?

"Come!" cried her light-hearted followers. "Away with the old crown! Fling it after its old wearers, and shape a new one of lighter metal and lighter workmanship. Let open tracery replace the solid mass, and colored glass will glitter as brightly as those pebbles from the mines."

Until at last the time came when "society" existed but for dancing, when, in a word, the waltz became "society."

Now, given a series of social gatherings at which the continuous occupation is the dance, and more especially the waltz, two things must become clearly apparent: first, that the qualities which win pre-eminence in such a "society" are directly

the opposite of those required under the old *régime*; and second, that the ancient monarchs could never consent to be subjects in their own dominions. The poet speaks truth when he says :

; “—Kings discrowned
Go forth, not citizens, but outlawed men.”

And so it has transpired,—first, Age has retired from a society whose seemingly exclusive purpose was the pursuit of an amusement in which Age was all unfitted to take part. Again, in the catches of conversation possible during the short intervals between the dances or during their progress, anything remotely resembling a serious interchange of thoughts or ideas, or an intercourse by which men and women would come to know each other—to know themselves, was obviously impossible. The truest object of “society” was practically gone. He who entered the portal now, no longer found within those whose acquaintance was an advantage or an improvement to him. There was no longer even the opportunity of coming to know those whom he did find, and the natural sequence has been that younger men, who are fortunate enough to have the resources of intellect and education at their disposal, have, for the most part, followed middle age into social retirement.

What remains? Youth, money, politeness—perhaps beauty, the lowest types of frivolity—agile heels, shallow intellects, and the waltz.

To sum all up, no one goes to-day into “society” for the purpose of meeting and associating with intelligent men and women. Intelligence cannot or will not stay within a circle the exclusive purpose of which is uninterrupted dancing.

One more proof of what I claim may be

found in the unutterable stupidity of such “receptions” in which it has recently become the fashion for “society” to indulge. Host and guests alike hasten to confess the hopeless dullness and stupidity of these affairs, and they fly back to the dancing party as to a welcome relief; but they do not perceive the reason of the dullness and stupidity—that it is simply because “society” no longer contains men and women whose conversation is interesting—that, at such times, they are as helpless as a regiment of peasants armed with rapiers.

I do not arraign the waltz on the ground upon which other attacks have been made—that it tends to immorality. I gravely doubt whether such accusations are in any sense just; but I charge to it, and it alone, that society has sunk from what it was, from what it could be, down to what it is.

And yet, in the midst of all this darkness, there is a ray of light—a leaven of redemption. I allude to the custom of occasional “at homes” which a few literary women have adopted of late years, and in which an approximation to the old conditions may be said to exist. It is true, the *entrée* is for the most part confined to followers of letters or kindred pursuits, but surely a healthful symptom is the eagerness with which many of the devotees of “society” seek admittance into these portals, as if to a higher sphere; even though the dance whirls not within, and the leader of the last “german” must here be content to find himself of no account beside the shining broadcloth of some clever wielder of the pen or dreamy artist with unkempt locks—yea, even though to reach the entrance our Gentile butterfly must sometimes bend his wings within the wayward confines of Bohemia itself.

Duffield Osborne.





WITH THE HOUSEWIFE

EDITED BY CHRISTINE TERHUNE HERRICK.



LIFE IN AN ENGLISH FARM-HOUSE.

HOW we came to go there can be of very little interest to my readers. What I want to tell them about, and what I trust they will like to hear, was our experience in the most delightful and quaint of English farm-houses—a place set in the heart of the country which long ago knew the lawless family of Doones and the valiant John Ridd, whose story Mr. Blackmore has told so charmingly in his novel called “Lorna Doone.”

The road leading to the Manor Farm, as it was called, was a lonely one, although in the splendid weather of that summer, no country teeming with blossom and verdure could seem dull; and it was a country of moors and breezy uplands, remember. The heather purpled the hill-sides, and the surface of the woodland ponds showed rich blossoms, while the roadway was skirted by hedges fairly rioting with the wild-flowers of the season.

In a bend of the road a row of straggling buildings came in view. Here and there a quaint projection or a bit of pointed roof told of the days when these outbuildings had been part of an old monastery, just as the farm-house had originally been a manor. Beyond the outbuildings the wide barnyard was animated by all manner of fowl; their dominion being divided from the house and its special garden by a hedgerow with a wicket gate. Our entrance was to the left of this, and a picturesque sight greeted our eyes. The farm-house of gray stone, pierced by many windows irregular in size and shape, many of them having little swinging casements, was the scene of decided animation, for, to the right, the great barn-door was open, and sheep-shearing was going on, the sheep being washed in a pond close by, while the farm folk and some members of the farmer's family were gathered about

the whole, presenting a picture which at once suggested to my mind English stories I had read.

Mrs. M——, the farmer's wife, was expecting us, and we were taken into a large "house-place," stone-floored and with a fireplace at one side fit to light a Yule log, and with old-fashioned settles and a swinging kettle. Oak benches stood along each side of the wall, and a doorway at the lower end opened into a kitchen garden, beyond which were glimpses of orchards and richly-rolling farm lands. We were thence conducted into the kitchen of the farm-house, as quaint and picturesque as dark-oak finishings, furniture solid and of date more than one hundred years ago could make it, while we were well enough pleased to see that the tea for the farm folk and family was being prepared. Our own supper was to come later. While we rested—our rooms not being quite prepared—the mistress of the house, a blooming-looking matron, mother of half-a-dozen children—the third generation of the farmer's family born on this place—opened a door from which we could see a queer little back staircase, and called up: "Now maidens, maidens, come down!" Three of the tidiest, brightest-looking little girls, from ten to fourteen years of age, appeared, and, with various shy but interested glances in our direction, began to set about their evening task, the preparing of tea under their mother's superintendence. It was most entertaining to see them. Each had her special work, and they flew about, one setting the long oak table with plates, knives and forks, etc., another brewing the tea, and a third bringing from a pantry huge loads of home-made bread, plates of butter and an enormous pot of jam. A cream cheese and a jug of milk were added, the mother, in giving her directions, saying "Now, little maids,—little maids this, that, or the other," and, in spite of a strong provincial accent and the use of many quaint expressions, there was a sweetness in all the voices very pleasant to hear. The farm folk were trooping in for their tea, when we were conducted up the little staircase and across the hall to the most delightfully old-fashioned room; such deep window-seats with little cushions in them, such fascinating swinging casements, and great presses of carved oak, which had been there, we were told, for nearly three centuries; while there were various home-like touches in the

rooms, the muslin window-curtains and the bowl of gay hollyhocks and other flowers from the kitchen garden giving an air of cheer to the rather sombre tones of the room, while the beds were a marvel of dainty dimity hangings.

The parlor, rarely used by the family, was opened for our service, and an interesting room it proved. When the window was flung open to admit the dancing beams of evening sunlight, a delightful collection of old-fashioned articles came into view, from the hall bookcase with glass doors, behind which we could see the family china, to the objects ranged on the high chimney-piece; and in the centre of the room our tea-table was spread most invitingly, the oldest of the three girls coming in to serve us.

Life at a farm-house of this kind in England differs much, for the young people of the family, from farm-life in America. To begin with, as in the case of the girls in Mr. M——'s family, there is not the slightest idea of not preparing for some active trade or employment as soon as they are old enough. The future of the three girls I am recalling, Joan, Dorothy and Kate M., was quite decided. Joan, the eldest, was to leave home the next year and learn the dressmaking trade with an aunt in an adjoining town, this being the first step towards fitting herself for a lady's maid, even her place being known to herself and the family. At eighteen she was to go into service at the Hall, where lived the Squire of the parish, in whose family Mrs. M—— had once filled a similar position. Dorothy preferred household service of another kind, and would enter one of the upper-class families in the neighborhood as soon as she had "done her schooling," so the mother explained to me, while, unless some unforeseen circumstance occurred to interfere, Kate would remain at home; and, as I found out, these girls understood what was required in a farmhouse thoroughly, being taught not alone how to bake and brew, but to put down the salted meats for the winter and make jams, jellies, etc., as well as to cook as good a dinner as ever a hungry farmer wanted to have set before him.

Hours at the farm were early at both ends of the day. By half-past five the girls were up and about some domestic duty or a frolic out of doors, Joan and Kate being especially fond of hens and chickens and other barnyard creatures, while Dorothy

was devoted to some dogs shared by her brother and herself. Breakfast at half-past six gave time to have the kitchen and house-place thoroughly set to rights before our eight o'clock morning meal, and this second table cleared, the young people disappeared into a room not far from ours, where they had lessons with a very interesting young girl, who was engaged as what is called "working governess." Miss Jane B— was the daughter of a farmer in a neighboring parish, and being anxious to fit herself as a district-school teacher—this being one of the occupations open to her class in England—accepted Mrs. M—'s offer to spend a year at the Manor Farm, teach the girls, and be of general assistance in the household, for which she received her board and lodging and ten pounds, or \$50 dollars, a year, a sum considered exceedingly liberal she told me, and which was every bit put in the bank, for purposes of study later. Miss Janey, as she was called in the house, was a bright, blooming young creature of about nineteen, not exactly pretty, but with so much innocent charm of youth, such bright eyes, and so sweet a voice and such a dimpling smile, that it was not possible to consider her as plain. Her brown hair was always so neatly braided about her head, her dress and her white apron so tidy, and her step so quick and light, that she made a charming picture in the old kitchen of an afternoon when there was unusual work going forward, or, perhaps, when the sun began to sink, and she and the children walked with us across the fields to see some of the points

of interest in the farm. An event which took place before the summer was over did not surprise me in the least.

Evening assembled the farmer and his family generally in the house-place, where no one was idle, but all sat about with some occupations for their hands, while occasionally the farmer read aloud from the daily papers, or a chapter in some book of a solemn character. For society they were obliged to depend greatly upon their home circle, since there were no very near neighbors, and their relations with the people at the Hall, while most friendly in one sense, were by no means social. The girls, however, considered their greatest treat going of an afternoon to take tea at the Hall with the housekeeper, in her special sitting-room; and on some occasions the housekeeper appeared at the farm for a similar entertainment, when the conversation was almost altogether on the subject of "the family," their sayings and doings, comings and goings; the M—s being intensely interested, I observed, in every bit of gossip about the Squire's daughters or his wife and himself. Another important personage on the Squire's estate, the head gardener, a young Scotchman with a pair of dancing blue eyes and a good-looking young face, used to escort Miss Janey to church Sunday afternoons, after which he was nearly always invited in to tea. Before the summer was over Mrs. M— found that she would have to lose her little "working governess," although she would gain a pleasant neighbor, for Miss Janey had decided that it was far better to marry the smart young gardener



and have "such a tidy place of her own" at the Hall, than to work hard in a district school, while young F—— was regarded by everyone as an excellent match, and Mrs. M—— took the greatest interest in helping the young girl to prepare her modest wedding outfit.

It was interesting to observe the point of view all this family had in regard to people considered "above them." The little girls, when they met any of the Squire's people, would drop a courtesy and speak in the most respectful manner, while, to enter service in such a family was the height of their ambition; and, as it is not considered in England by any means degrading to be employed as a domestic, girls are regularly trained for it, and seldom think of leaving a situation of their own accord. It is considered far more respectable a means of livelihood than factory work, and a girl who fits herself well and enters a family where, as in the case of Joan and Dorothy, she is well known, is sure of a good home, and frequently is well remembered in the will of her employer. There is little or no ambition among this class to advance themselves beyond obtaining good employment; but, on the other hand, those in the social rank just above them are interested and concerned for their welfare, no loss of dignity being feared in showing a lively regard for such a family as the M——s, and when the sheep-shearing supper was given, followed by a dance in the barn, the Squire's young ladies promptly accepted an invitation to be present, much to the delight of Miss Janey and the little girls.

Preparations for this annual event were in progress when we arrived. The sheep-shearing drew together all the farm folk and various outsiders, and a picturesque sight it was to see the men and boys turning the grindstones, while sickles and shears were in active operation, and, the grinding done, shearing took place in one of the great barns, a lofty, dusky place, which lighted up, however, on this occasion, and animated by the farm folk, seemed wakened out of all the stillness of centuries. Some of the boys wore smock frocks, always interesting to us, while even the blouses of the men had their good effect in the picture. The supper, which took place the same night, was given in the farm kitchen and on the strip of lawn adjoining, where small tables were set, the little girls flying about,

waiting on everybody and evidently enjoying the festivity greatly; but the dance on the next night was the great event of the summer. By an early hour in the morning the little girls were up and away to the woodland with Miss Janey and two of the farm boys, returning by ten o'clock with great trails of feathery blossoms and an abundance of wild flowers, with which the lofty barn was soon trimmed into a look of gayety and bloom. For two days past various articles had been in preparation for the supper, and in the course of the morning a hamper full of delicacies made its way from the Hall, and the little girls were instructed to prepare the best spare bedroom for the young ladies' service on their arrival. By five o'clock, the muslin frocks and sashes to be worn by the children were to be seen laid out on the high feather-bed in this apartment, Miss Janey having quite a dressy-looking toilet of blue muslin with many frills and a coral necklace, which was considered her chiefest treasure for ornament. The fiddlers were the first to arrive, and, after being regaled with bread and cheese and ale, took their places in the barn, towards which, by sundown, various parties could be seen wending their way. Mrs. M—— and her family did not leave the house until the Hall carriage made its appearance, and the Squire's three daughters and a young gentleman cousin down from London alighted and were received with much formality as the special guests of the evening. The young ladies were bright, pleasant, and unaffected girls, who entered keenly into the spirit of the evening, Miss Beatrice, the eldest daughter, dancing quite gaily with the gardener, while the cousin from London led Miss Janey forward in the country dance. The great barn was filled to its utmost capacity, allowing room enough for the dancing, and, in spite of the fact that the Squire's daughters were in constant demand as partners, there was not the slightest over-familiarity in the way they were treated. The barn was well lighted by candles, but early in the evening the moon rose full and clear, and one of the last memories I have of the occasion is seeing the little girls dancing about to the gay tunes of the fiddles out in a patch of moonlight between the house and the barn, as happy as young larks and as innocent in their mirth as in their daily lives. Several of the farm lads were induced to

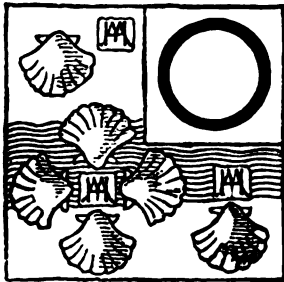
sing in the course of the evening, which they did most creditably, the songs containing quite long stories like that of "Lord Lovel," and there was a good chorus, which one and all joined in. It was pretty to see the little girls courtesying their goodbyes to the young ladies from the Hall, and to observe the pleasure which their presence and share in the festivity had given the people employed on their father's estate. There could be no question that the young people preparing for domestic service were insured the comforts of a good home and the protection of friends, while the healthy, active, out-of-door life of their childhood made a background of good health and spirits with which to face the world.

I heard from them the following Christmas. Joan had started for her aunt's house, and Miss Janey and the gardener were married. From time to time, word of the farm-children has reached me, and so far no alterations in their plans have been made. Joan is already established at the hall as Miss Beatrice's maid, while Dorothy is upper house-maid in another gentleman's family, and Kate is still at home helping her mother, although there is a hint of her going out to a relative in Australia. But the girls cling to their old home, and, I don't doubt, enjoy the summer festivities in the old barn with as much zest as ever.

Lucy C. Lillie.



A NEW METHOD OF CO-OPERATIVE HOUSEKEEPING.



NE Sunday afternoon, about a year ago, I threw myself upon the lounge in a state of utter discouragement. The cause thereof was the various complications of housekeep-

ing, the trouble with servants in general, and in particular the vain endeavor to prevent a wicked waste of material.

I had struggled to live within a reasonable limit of funds, so that I might have something left for books, home decoration, pleasure, or even a little to save if I chose; but despite my most earnest efforts, my allowance always found its way into the hands of butcher, grocer, coal

dealer, or gas company, and at the end of the month there was nothing left for me, as there was every reason there should be.

Kitchen supplies disappeared in a totally unreasonable way, and one only to be explained by carelessness and willful waste. How to prevent this I could not see.

I knew that if my Mary were keeping house for her John, or if she were obliged to pay the bills herself, she would never slash into things in so reckless a fashion.

As I lay there, thus mournfully meditating, sounds from the kitchen rose to my ears with terrible distinctness, and they did not tend to alleviate my unhappy frame of mind. Carelessly humming a tune, Mary was putting coal into the range to save the fire for supper. I counted eight shovelfuls. Well I knew the range was so full the lids would hardly settle in their places. Equally well, for experience had proved it to me, I knew that three shovelfuls, or

less, would answer the same purpose if put on at the proper time.

Before dinner, I had seen the milk splashed into the mashed potatoes so carelessly that enough was spilled on the table to make a good drink for the cat, or even a between-meal sip for one of the children. Now, a new bottle would be opened to meet these demands. I had seen a goodly quantity of potatoes left sticking to the pot—enough for an extra potato cake for breakfast, if no more.

After dinner, the butter had been washed off the butter-plates, instead of being scraped off and set aside for cooking. All this I had borne in silence—for of what use was speaking when I had spoken so much and so often?

And much more had I seen, but of what use are more particulars? Each housekeeper knows the diverse and ingenious ways in which her own help manages to empty larder and coal-bin, and to fill ash-barrel and garbage can. And I doubt not that each housekeeper has, at one time or another, reached the state of despondency which that day I had reached—a state too desperate for remonstrance, too discouraging for further exertion.

I tried to think the case over, and find a remedy. I realized that if Mary had a motive for being careful she would be. I could not sharpen her conscience to the point where she would do for me as she would for herself; but if I could place before her a larger aim than the mechanical earning of so many dollars a month, if I could make it to her *advantage* to do her best, I thought the problem would be solved. Then an idea came to me. After more thought and elaboration I went to Mary for a talk.

"Mary," said I, "I am going to turn over a new leaf in housekeeping, and I want your help. I am going to let you into some of its secrets, and I think you will be interested. Now, I have so much a week to keep house with."

This was somewhat less than I had been allowing, for I felt sure much could be saved. Mary rather opened her eyes, for it was a good fair allowance.

"Shure, mum, do we ate and dhrink that up ivery wake?" she asked.

"Yes, together with what we burn. But I think we can have just as good and just as much to eat, enough fire, enough hot water, and enough light, and yet not use all this money. You seem to think your-

self it is a large sum to eat, drink and burn up each week."

"Indade I do, mum."

"Well, so do I; and I want some of it to use for other things—things that when we use so much for housekeeping I must go without. I am convinced that out of that amount, much might be saved every week, and if you will help me to do it, half of what is saved shall be yours."

She looked amazed. Nothing but a half-opened mouth rewarded me.

I continued desperately. "There are a great many ways to save. A little saved here, and a little saved there, will amount to a great deal in a short time. Here are some ways you can help me to save." And I went over a list which was not entirely unfamiliar to her.

"If you will think," I continued, "you will see other ways to save. You, working around in the kitchen, can often see a thing which I, not being here at the time, can not tell you of. So you see that much of the saving depends upon yourself. I can help you by buying carefully and giving you many hints. That will be my part, and I will do it as carefully and thoughtfully as I can. If you will do your share in like manner, we'll soon be getting rich, both of us."

Her face had gradually assumed a brighter expression, and she seemed interested.

"But me wages?" she inquired.

"Your wages you have just the same. I have allowed for that, outside of this sum."

"Oh! thin it's jist like raisin' me wages, only it depends on meself how much a wake they'll be raised ivery month."

"Exactly," said I.

"But thin there's company," she suggested.

I could hardly restrain a smile. "Mary, Mary," thought I, "my experiment is working already. You are actually thinking."

"When we have a person in for a meal, or a visitor for a few days, we must make it come out of this amount, for you will see as we go along, there is enough allowed for that. When I invite several to dinner, or have company in the evening and use extra gas and buy refreshments, I will allow a fair amount more."

This could come out of the margin I had given myself in the first place.

"So you can see, Mary, what a fair offer I make you. I never knew of a girl who

had such a chance before, and it will be your own fault if you do not profit by it."

"Faith, mum, so it will. It's meself as'll do my share of the bargain, and I thank ye kindly too, mum."

We tried the experiment, and I should not be recording it had it not proved a success. The first month we saved five dollars, giving us each two and a half. Of course our earnings varied greatly. Summer, with small gas and coal bills, was our harvest-time; and the month we saved twelve dollars and had six apiece was, I think, the happiest Mary ever spent.

There followed in the train of my experiment results upon which I had not counted. I had aimed chiefly to prevent what I considered a useless and wicked waste, but I found that in achieving this point, I achieved others. Causing Mary to use her brain in one direction woke it up in all directions. I found her glancing over her cook-books with an interested face, very unlike the indifferent air with which she regarded the first one put into her hands. Interested in saving, she became interested in all departments of her work. All of it showed improvement; the laundry work was more intelligently and more quickly done; the meals were more carefully prepared; and the kitchen, always neat, now seemed presided over by a tasteful occupant.

Ideas came to her as she learned to think, and this arrangement or that was often bettered. She grew thoughtful of our comfort, and there was seldom reason

to remind her to do thus and so. She had always been cheerful and willing, and an aroused intelligence added to these qualities made her a treasure, instead of the source of discouragement she had been.

Sometimes I have thought rather bitterly: "Oh! Mary, you would not do all this to please me, or for right's sake, but money will rouse you." Then I knew this is not so. I might have raised her wages to the highest amount she now makes a month, and taken in return her assurance that she would be saving and thoughtful and careful in consideration of the raise; but it would never have brought about the desired result. So it is not the money but the motive that makes her what she is; and which one of us, in whatever station of life, does not need a motive, and a strong one too, to force us to do our best?

So has my experiment, born of discouragement, succeeded. I may have had a favorable subject to work upon. There are many like her. Her fault is the fault we have often to combat in housekeeping. May not this idea of supplying a motive be varied to fit other circumstances?

May it not be applied in other ways, to other girls with other failings—to other households with other needs? The motive power need not be money—perhaps extra time out, perhaps extra company in, or a treat of some kind—anything that gives an incentive to work, and thus brighten work's monotony.

Barnetta Brown.



BY WEIGHT, NOT NUMBER.

WHY cannot the Home-Makers of the land insist upon a change in the buying and selling of eggs? These condensed forms of nutrition have no more equality of size than have two tea-cups, one of which holds twice as much as the other. In the matter of nutrition, in which they are rich beyond common belief, eggs vary greatly. Hens that are well-sheltered and well-fed, happy hens, singing around their harem with a contented, well-bred air, lay eggs that are eggs, and not their pale, washed out, starved, and slender simulacra. Against such eggs the housekeeper has no defense. Their esoteric qualities are in no wise indicated by their exoteric appearance.

But when we come to size, there is a standard. Let eggs be bought and sold by weight, not by the dozen. It is not only positive mercantile immorality to go on in the old way, but it prevents the cook from using that perfect exactitude which ought to underlie all cooking in which eggs form an ingredient.

That six large eggs weigh as much as eight small ones, can easily be proved. When a receipt calls for the former number, how many shall be used?

Not long ago a friend of mine living in a suburban region where poultry-yards are luxuries, sent her second girl to buy eggs from a neighbor who had them daily from a fine breed of Plymouth Rocks. When the daughter, who delivered them into the hand of the long-waiting girl, apologized for her delay, it ended by her giving as the reason therefor: "I stopped long enough to look them all over and count out the smallest; we always save the largest for our own use." It is needless to say that my friend is now an advocate for the sale of eggs by weight.

Hester M. Poole.

CORRESPONDENCE.

MORE ABOUT ROACHES.

EDITOR HOME-MAKER:

To obtain freedom from the pest of roaches after they have once taken possession of a house, is a difficult, but not impossible task, for they can be exterminated so that they will not periodically

reappear, if extraordinary precautions of cleanliness are observed about their old haunts. It must be understood in the beginning, that no compromise measures can be adopted—nothing short of absolute annihilation of not only the living insect, but the eggs, will accomplish the desired result.

First strip the pantry shelves of all the papers, and burn them, bugs and all.

This is a lurking place for dirt, especially if it is dark, as it is apt to be, and the bugs choose it to deposit their eggs.

Take some plaster-of-paris, make a little cement, and neatly fill the tiny crevices between the water-pipe and the wall. Put putty in all the nail-holes of the wood-work, and if there is a loose piece of wall-paper anywhere, tear it off.

Then let everything about the kitchen and closets be made as clean as soap, water, scrubbing-brush, and a muscular hand-maiden, flanked by the wisdom and judgment of the mistress, can make them.

This thoroughly done, take two pounds of powdered borax and dissolve it in a gallon of warm water, and, with a paint-brush, go over shelves, into all the cracks, all around and under the sink, all the water-pipes—in fact, every conceivable place that they can be harbored.

When this work is thoroughly done, a good beginning has been made; but it is not completed, for there will be some stragglers left, and they are not so easy to vanquish.

It is this stray one, that the editor says must not discourage the housekeeper. That must, at all hazards, be hunted down, or she will be overrun by another horde in a short time.

Under favorable circumstances they multiply faster than bacteria in the imagination of a German surgeon. There is nothing comparable to it, unless it is the scriptural grain of mustard-seed.

At this juncture a daily inspection of every possible hiding-place for the eggs, which resemble grains of gun-powder, must be undertaken.

Take a sharpened skewer and poke around the water-pipes, especially at the point where they reach the molding above the wood-work of the sink.

Repeat the borax wash occasionally, or until there is no trace of the vermin left, and then let the irrevocable order of the kitchen and surroundings be absolute

cleanliness, and the housekeeper can retire with the consciousness of a complete victory.

The directions given are the result of a successful personal experience of three years ago.

If ever occasion permits, I should try the experiment of treating them antiseptically with a solution of carbolic acid instead of the borax.

Housekeeper.

EDITOR OF THE HOME-MAKER :
Last July, when closing our home for the summer, lime was thickly sprinkled about the cellar, around the floor, about the kitchen sink, also in the closets, with the intention of having it absorb any moisture ; also as a sweetener. When we left, there were roaches, croton-bugs, and centipedes in the cellar. The house was opened the 1st of October, the lime taken up, and fresh, in smaller quantities, used. Up to date I have seen two roaches, four croton-bugs, no centipedes.

I am rejoicing, and think that the use of lime is a clean, sweet, and therefore a satisfactory recipe for the total annihilation of bugs.

Very respectfully yours,
M. B. H.

NEWARK, N. J.

DEAR HOME-MAKER :
A remedy for roaches is found in the ordinary insect powder that can be bought of any druggist, and is used with a small bellows. I once lived in an old house that was fairly overrun with these pests, and at night the kitchen walls and ceiling would be black with them. The house was rented for a year, so there was no getting away from it, and I was at my wit's end how to get rid of them, when a happy thought suggested insect powder. We shut doors and windows, and puffed the powder about liberally. In less than five minutes the roaches were falling like a shower of hail on zinc and oil-cloth. Hundreds of these were swept out in the morning. We kept up the treatment night after night until not a bug was to be found, and once or twice a week for some time afterward, as a matter of precaution. I lived in the house four years and was never troubled with roaches after the first one.

N. H. C.

CHEER FOR MEAL-TIMES.

THE HOME-MAKER :

*Dear Editors :—*Your magazine has filled an empty place in my home ; it is just what I have been wishing for. I have taken several different household papers and magazines, but none of them ever quite filled every want as does THE HOME-MAKER.

I take especial interest in the articles on "House Decoration." "Let the good work go on !"

Young people, in furnishing a home, will thus be able to obtain artistic results which few could equal, were they left to solve the perplexing problem unaided.

I will give you an idea for a dining-room, which I think is very pretty, and may find favor with others.

Have the table directly under the gas-fixtures, which I would suggest should be a single arm, or rather, no arm at all, but a cluster of tips, say four.

Get a large round Japanese umbrella, about 4½ ft. in diameter, in colors to harmonize with the furnishings (mine is in shades of old red), and the stick just the length of the gas fixtures, and run the fixtures through the stick (it will be found to be hollow). It will appear as if the gas came through the umbrella stick, instead of a pipe.

Fasten the umbrella wide open, and, when the gas is lighted, one can hardly realize how very pretty the china, linen, and glass will appear.

Few can sit at a table under this pretty canopy, and not feel the effects of its cheerfulness, and where is it more appropriate to be cheerful than at a meal?

If my powers of description seem crude, my inexperience in that line must plead my pardon.

I beg the honor to be one of your friends and well-wishers.

Louise M.

CHICAGO, ILL.

CHOICE RECIPES.

GREEN PEAS À LA CRÈME.

1 quart green peas, fresh or canned.
1 tablespoonful butter.
Yolk of one egg.
1 gill cream.
6 sprays parsley.

1 teaspoonful sugar.
1 small onion.
Salt to taste.
1 gill water.

Put the peas on the fire in a sauce-pan with the butter, the onion, whole, the parsley, sugar, salt and water. Simmer until the peas are tender. Remove the onion and parsley, and add the egg beaten light with the cream. Leave on the fire until thoroughly hot, and then serve.

CHICKEN CROMESQUES.

Prepare a mixture as for chicken croquettes. Form into croquettes with the hands, well floured. Pin around each a thin slice of salt pork, fastening it with a piece of a wooden tooth-pick. Prepare a batter such as that used for fritters, dip each chicken ball into this and fry in deep fat.

FILLET OF SOLE AU GRATIN.

Prepare a large flounder by cutting it into neat fillets. Lay these in a buttered pan. Make Bechamel sauce by boiling the fins and bones of the fish, with a slice of onion and a spray of parsley, in a pint of water, until the liquid is reduced one half, straining it and adding to it half a gill of milk, a dessertspoonful of butter and one of flour. The butter and flour should be cooked together before mixing them with the other ingredients. Pour the sauce thus prepared over the fish, season with pepper and salt, sprinkle with bread crumbs and a few small bits of butter. Bake covered, half an hour; uncover and brown.

VEAL CUTLETS, GERMAN STYLE.

2 pounds veal cutlets.
1 egg beaten light.
2 teaspoonfuls melted butter.
Pinch of pepper. Salt to taste.

Cut the veal cutlets into neat pieces, about the size of a silver dollar, pepper and salt lightly, dip each piece into the beaten egg and melted butter, and fry ten minutes in a little butter or good dripping. They should be a nice brown on each side. Put in a platter and pour tomato sauce over them.

TOMATO SAUCE.

1 pint canned tomatoes.
1 bay leaf.
Half an onion, sliced.
 $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoonful mixed thyme and sweet marjoram.
Salt and pepper to taste.
Simmer for half an hour, rub through a colander, and return the strained liquid to the fire; add to it two teaspoonfuls of butter rubbed smooth with four of flour, cook until the sauce thickens, and pour over the cutlets.

MÉRINGUED APPLES.

Peel, core and quarter a dozen apples. Put them on the stove in a double boiler with a gill of water, half a cup of sugar and the grated peel of a lemon. Cook until soft, stirring often. When the mixture is reduced to two-thirds the original quantity, turn it into a pudding-dish and set on the ice. Beat the whites of three eggs very light with a quarter of a cup of powdered sugar, spread this over the apples, and brown lightly in a quick oven. Eat very cold, with cream.

LENNIE R's "POCKETS."

Boil 3 good-sized potatoes; mash them well, and stir in a cup of butter, or lard, 3 eggs, a cup of yeast, dessertspoonful of salt, and flour enough to make a thick batter. Let this sponge rise from about 8 o'clock to 12, or 1. Then work flour into it, until it is thick enough to roll. Set it to rise again, and about 4 P. M. make into biscuits, or in turnover shape. They should rise quickly the last time, and be baked in an oven a good deal hotter than is used for ordinary light bread.

ANNA G's SUGAR-CAKES.

$\frac{1}{2}$ lb. of butter.
Piece of lard, size of walnut.
4 eggs.
1 $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. of sugar.
1 tea-cup of cream.
1 teaspoonful of soda.

2 teaspoonfuls of cream tartar.
Flour enough to work into a thin dough.
Cinnamon to taste.

(out in a basin. Add vanilla just before you stir in the whites of the eggs. Eat cold.
Mrs. P.)
"WYE HALL," Eastern shore of Md.

TAPIOCA CREAM.

(5 tablespoonfuls of tapioca, which must be put to soak over night, in cold water. In the morning put the soaked tapioca in 1 qt. of milk. Take 1 cup of sugar, beat with the yolks of 4 eggs. Thin the mixture with the milk. Beat the whites stiff, and pour on them the custard just as it comes to a boil. Return all to the sauce-pan, stir it around two or three times. Then pour

OCHRA SOUP.

To 1 gal. of tomatoes, put $\frac{1}{2}$ gal. very fine ochra, and 1 qt. of onions. Chop all together and season lightly with pepper and salt. Boil this mixture to a stiff paste, then pour into a jar, and, when cold, cover with melted lard. A tea-cup of this, boiled in a tureen of beef soup, makes a delicious seasoning.

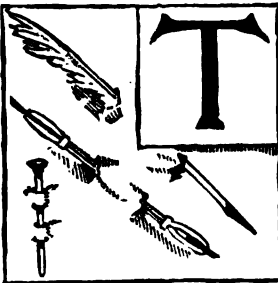
Mrs. McKim.



TALKS ABOUT PHOTOGRAPHY.

FOURTH TALK.

PRINTING FROM THE NEGATIVE.



THE making of the final print is one of the most enticing operations in photography, since it gives at last the product towards whose perfection all the other plans and processes have been directed. At the same time the printing process is one that brings up many trials and disappointments, especially to those hurry-scurry people who were born without the useful ability to take pains. Above all things, even above exactness,

the printing process demands cleanliness. Without cleanliness, the chances of a satisfactory result are extremely meagre.

The ordinary printing process may be divided into four departments: printing proper, toning the print, fixing, and mounting. Each of these departments embraces various minor operations. In the case of ordinary printing on albumen paper the first operation is that of silvering. This process of coating the paper with nitrate of silver had better be left in the hands of the professional photographer, providing, of course, the professional is accessible enough to render this more convenient. Many amateurs silver their own paper, and their grasp of the whole field of operation gives the operator a certain pleasant indepen-



WHALERS IN WINTER QUARTERS, OAKLAND CREEK, CAL.

By W. C. Gibbs.

dence. If the amateur has plenty of time at his disposal, or lives at a point remote from the city, the silvering process should be mastered, as it may be with little difficulty. But for busy people who must catch the sunlight when they can, the temptation to run into a photographer's and get a sheet ready-silvered is hard to resist. The professional, silvering a full sheet at a time, and going through the operation frequently, will have paper that is freer from blemishes than the amateur's product is likely to be. Twenty-five cents a sheet (cutting into about fifteen album mounts) is a fair price for a silvered sheet.

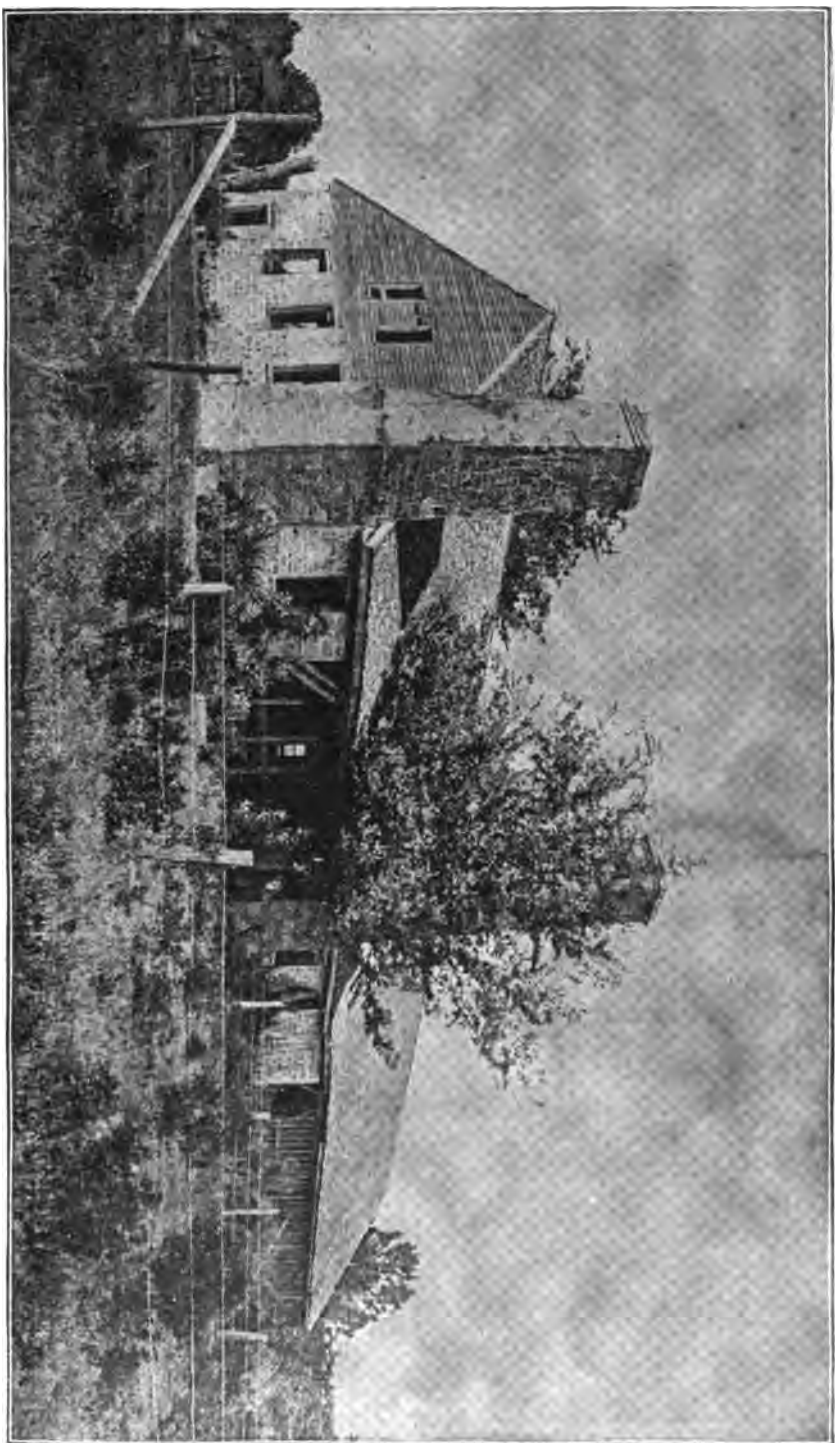
After it has been silvered and fumed with ammonia the paper is sensitive to the action of light and must be kept in a dark place (such as a table-drawer) near the place of printing. If possible have a preserving can, made air-tight, and containing the chemical preservative now sold. By this means prints made at intervals may be kept until such time as the amateur has opportunity to go on with the toning. In very warm weather albumen paper will scarcely keep twelve hours without such a precaution. In cold weather it will keep

without preservative for several days, though never printing so well as when fresh.

It will be well to have half a dozen or more printing frames. With only one or two frames the amateur is liable to hurry the printing in his curiosity to see prints from other plates, and will perhaps be tempted to print in direct sunlight when the plate in question would print better at a point shaded from the direct rays of the sun. "Thin" negatives, those in which the blacks are weak, will give better prints in a shaded place. Negatives having breaks in the film, or blistered in the glass, should also be printed in the shade.

Plates requiring this treatment will generally give about the same result if printed in the sunlight under a sheet of "onion-skin" tissue paper (chosen because it is free from small holes) or a sheet of ground glass.

Portrait negatives generally are best when shaded. The vignetting of portraits, almost universal in professional work, gives some very pretty effects, but also demands a well-lighted head in the negative. Artistic effects are by no means confined to



OLD SPANISH SUGAR MILL, FLORIDA.
From a Photograph by J. P. Raymond.



ON THE SHORE OF LAKE ONTARIO.
From a Photograph by Alexander Black.

vignetted pictures. In fact, some of the most artistic are not possible in a negative that is to be so printed. For instance, a dark background, suggesting that of a painted portrait, often throws a head into interesting relief, with brilliant effects of light and shade such as delighted the soul of the revered Rembrandt. But all rules of printing, since they belong to the realm of art, are not rigid but variable. Do not hesitate to try original effects, and do not be discouraged by the unappreciative remarks of those who have become accustomed to the formal and so often stilted work that the professional, frequently in opposition to his personal tastes, is obliged to turn out. It may be generally stated that figures against a gray or white background vignette better than those having a background at all dark.

The density of the print will depend entirely upon the density or printing quality of the negative. If the black parts of the plates are very dense the shadows in the print will, of course, be more brilliant than if the black parts are weak, and soon allow the light to gray the paper. The point at which to stop the printing is wholly a matter of taste and judgment. This, however, must always be remembered: the subsequent processes, mainly that of "fixing,"

weaken the strength of the print, so that the printing must be carried sufficiently far beyond the point at which it appears to be finished to allow for this loss. Thus, after the print, upon inspection, has reached a satisfactory stage, allow about ten per cent. more time for subsequent loss—an additional minute on a print that has occupied ten minutes in the printing. The picture will appear overdone, and must in fact be overdone, but will emerge from the last working in a satisfactory state. In the case of portraits and groups, print for the faces, and in landscapes and compositions give the preference to the points of greatest interest.

The limitations of the negative will appear again in the operation of toning, for which process the prints will be ready after being soaked in three or four changes of water. The toning bath should be slightly tepid, sufficient in quantity to freely float the prints, and should contain: first, one grain of chloride of gold for each whole sheet of prints; second, sufficient bi-carbonate of soda to render the solution decidedly alkaline; third, salt of a quantity equal to that of the soda. This solution or bath should stand for a little time before use. It is all but impossible for one not an expert to tone, otherwise than by guess,

without daylight. Thin prints will not tone so richly as those with dense and velvety shadows. Place the prints in the bath and remove each one when it reaches the stage at which it seems to have attained its utmost brilliancy. Beyond this point a continued toning will bring gray, dull shadows. For what are called sepia tones, tones shown in etchings or for red-brown tones, shorten the toning process. The formula given is but one of a multitude which the amateur may sample later on.

When all the prints have been toned, wash the batch in clear water, and then pass them to the fixing bath, which should have been made up of one ounce of hyposulphite of soda (not hyposulphate) to each eight ounces of water. Some photographers add a few drops of ammonia for each ounce of hyposulphite. Again keep the prints in motion, continuing the immersion for fifteen minutes. From this bath, which temporarily turns the color of the prints, and makes a permanent change in those which have been partly toned, pass the prints to a bath of strong salt and water, which will harden the film. When they have remained here for five minutes, they may be placed in a

tray of clear water for the final washing, which under ordinary circumstances should last at least three hours. If there is no running water change the water in which the prints lie three or four times an hour.

If the prints have been properly trimmed before toning—if possible they should be trimmed to a suitable size before printing—they may be mounted as soon as they have been sufficiently washed. The ordinary method of mounting is to place the prints in a heap, face downward, on a sheet of glass or porcelain, squeeze out some of the water, and begin with the upper print, lifting the edge with the point of a penknife when the paste has been applied. The paste is made of starch, boiled to a very stiff jelly, and applied with any suitable brush to the back of the wet print. Use a clean sheet of paper in gently pressing the print upon the card. No great pressure is needed. It is simply necessary to press out the air blisters and give a firm passage of the hand around the edge of the print (with the sheet of paper between). When dry the print will be greatly improved by burnishing, which adds a durability and finish like that given to a painting by varnish. Do not hesitate in trimming the



A BEND IN THE OHIO.
From a Photograph by Alexander Black.

print to cut away all that is uninteresting or defective. What is left will appear to much better advantage by this precaution. Give care, also, to cutting the print accurately so that horizon lines and uprights will not distress the eye by leaning. Vertical lines are the better guide, since point of view does not alter the perpendicular, while it does affect the horizontal lines.

The general principles which I have indicated as applying to printing on albumen paper will apply to all methods of printing. Of other methods of printing that of "blue printing" is most familiar, and is one of the most important as being the simplest of all methods. The blue print is made on paper coated with citrate of iron and ammonia and red prussiate of potash. It may be bought ready for printing, but unless it is freshly prepared its printing qualities will be doubtfully good. To make blue paper a simple formula is:

No. 1.

Citrate of iron and ammonia 1 oz.
Water..... 4 oz.

No. 2.

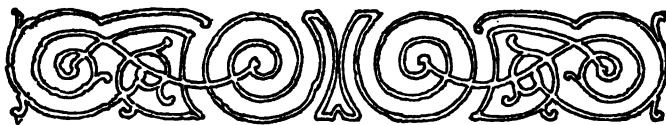
Red prussiate of potash 1 oz.
Water..... 4 oz.

Keep the bottles containing these solutions in a dark place, and mix equal parts of whatever quantity may be needed to cover the paper. Apply the mixture to the paper rapidly (having first dampened the sheet) with a brush or sponge, putting in merely sufficient to color the paper. When the paper dries it is ready for printing. Print until the shadows after turning dark blue begin to bronze or burn, then remove the sheet from the frame and wash it for about 15 minutes. A few drops of sulphuric acid (be careful of these poisons) in four or five ounces of water will give the print a greenish color. And there are

other formulas for otherwise changing the color of the print.

Printing upon bromide paper gives one of the most charming possible translations of the negative. The result, if successful, resembles a fine engraving. These prints are made like albumen prints so far as the printing frame is concerned, save that it is best to make use of lamp or gaslight for the exposure. At a distance of three or four feet from a moderate light an ordinary negative will require an exposure of from ten to twenty seconds. The print is then developed like a negative with the iron developer. After the development *and before washing*, flow the paper with a solution of acetic acid (one dram to a pint of water), and allow the solution to remain in the tray for two or three minutes. Pour off, and repeat the operation a second and third time. Then wash carefully and fix as in the case of an albumen print. Various tones may be given to the print by the use of formulas which I have not space to dwell upon. Of printing on "plain" paper, on resinized paper and other surfaces of the same kind, the amateur will, perhaps, be interested to learn when he has made some advancement. I will bring these pages to a close with a reference to a feature of photography that is becoming increasingly popular, and should by all means be taken up by those who are interested in home entertainments. I refer to lantern slides. These are not especially difficult to make, if the pictures the amateur wishes to use are already in small negatives, in which case they can be made by contact in a printing frame like the bromide print. Special plates are sold for the purpose, and the developer is iron or hydrochinon. If the plate has to be made from a large negative the operation will be more difficult, but, if the work is done properly, there will be a compensation in a "sharper" slide. Transparencies for the window are made in the same manner and are certain to be a source of great pleasure.

Alexander Black.



CHAPPED HANDS.

ONE of the minor (which sometimes approximates majority) ills of cold weather is chapped hands. They are painful, unsightly, and altogether disagreeable. Children come to accept them as a necessary accompaniment of January snows and March winds, and endure them with the dumb fortitude we only wonder at as another exhibition of the mysterious reticence of childhood. I have seen a girl of six who had, like the kittens of varying fortunes and moods, lost her mittens, come in from a walk on a raw day, the blood oozing from the cracks on the backs of her chubby hands, which she tried to conceal under her cloak for fear of a reproof. Boys mislay and lose gloves as a part of daily practice. Some sturdy outlaws abjure them altogether. Few ball players, coasters, and skaters have smooth hands from December until April.

Sisters and mothers are not exempt from the infliction. An open coal fire is almost sure to roughen the hands of those who sit near it, or who now and then supply the grate with fresh lumps from the scuttle; and even the finer, well-nigh impalpable dust from the furnace-registers clogs the pores to irritation of thin skins. The effect is unpleasant, aside from the attendant uncomeliness. Silks used in embroidery catch on the fingers; worsteds, abrade the back of the hand; the friction of woolen gowns often rasps the nerves through the skin, and there is a continual sense of malease, joined to an uneasy feeling that one's hands are not clean, or they would not be so uncomfortable.

Yet there are measures more effectual in the prevention of this nuisance than wearing gloves all night and most of the day.

In all cases, *wipe the hands perfectly dry after washing.* Do not let the air get at

them until not a particle of moisture lingers in the cleansed pores. Rub and polish them with the towel until you are conscious of dry smoothness of the cuticle. Avoid harsh toweling in cold weather, and never use new which has not been washed several times to get rid of the starchy dressing. Upon the wash-stand in the boys' room should be a small jar of fine oatmeal. It will "extract" the dirt from much-abused hands "without pain" and thoroughly. Use with it well-seasoned and bland soap. Ricksecker's Skin Soap is invaluable here. It cleanses, heals, and strengthens the surface to which it is applied, leaving behind it an odor of sweet wholesomeness which, we are assured, does not arise from any perfume.

Whatever soap you have—and get the best—rinse the hands quickly after cleansing, and remember to dry them well. Before retiring at night, apply, while the skin is still pliable from the bath, some safe unguent, such as mutton-tallow or glycerine-and-rose-water, rubbing it in faithfully. A pleasant and efficacious article for this purpose is Watt's Glycerine Jelly of Violets. After a fair trial, one family, at least, desires to offer grateful attestation to its worth.

In exaggerated cases, it is advisable to wear gloves at night after washing and anointing the hands. But when they are quite well again, discontinue the practice. It makes the skin tender and sallow.

One thing must be borne in mind:—unless the hands are previously washed clean and wiped dry, it is useless to apply any salve, whatever may be its qualities. No fragrant emollient can take effect upon a skin that is clogged with dust, insensible perspiration and other impurities.

Marion Harland.

MOTHERLESS BOYS.

OUR beloved country is noteworthy for the number of its public institutions for the benefit of helpless and suffering humanity, but there is a private heart-charity which every "home-maker" has the power to bestow,—this is the influence which she may exert in behalf of motherless boys.

It is a well-known fact that if a father dies, however poor the mother may be, she generally manages to keep her little flock together, scuffling hard perhaps, but scuffling together. The mother's influence is around them; her prayers shield them; her example inspires them; they soon develop into her sturdy little protectors, and

life begins to brighten for them ; but when a mother is taken, the child loses his best earthly friend. One child goes off to school ; another to some wealthy relative ; another strikes out for himself into the busy world, but half equipped, for the battle of life, beset by dangers and temptations on every side.

He makes his way to a large city ; some old friend of his father's procures him temporary employment. The pitiful sum which it is customary to pay for very hard work and plenty of it, is barely sufficient to pay his board in some third-rate boarding-house.

The persons who keep such houses are generally matter-of-fact, hard-working people, who struggle too hard for their own daily bread to waste any time in thinking of their inmates in any other light than as so many beings with fearful appetites, whom they must try to fill with such materials as are "very fillin' at the price." Consequently there is no real home-life for our boy. He toils hard during the day, and comes home very tired, needing recreation as well as rest, and where will he find it ? It is true there are Christian Associations, where good books, warm, bright rooms, cheerful and healthful games are provided for just such cases ; but the boy, who has loved his dead mother, wants to see a friendly, womanly face now and then ; to feel the clasp of her motherly hand, as her gentle voice asks : "Is it well with you, my boy ?"

When we think of all the loving care which we lavish upon our dear ones ; how we shield them from every rough wind ; how we study their every look and gesture to see the effect of each day's outer life upon their plastic characters, can we not widen our circle and take in some motherless boy, giving him at least bright, cheery evenings which will warm his heart and give him strength to face the hardships and temptations which are his inevitable lot ? It is something to comfort a sad heart ; to make an oasis in the desert of life to which the weary traveller may turn and be refreshed. Having made one, it is so easy to make another, and thus he will find them dotted all along his journey, just far enough apart so that the pleasure of the last may be swallowed up in the anticipated joy of the next. But above all we may unwittingly drop a good seed now and then.

It is not difficult to find "cases," for if we have trained our own children to be

thoughtful and attentive to others, they will soon find out who has "a jolly home" and who else is having "a hard time of it."

Having a houseful of boys, I speak experimentally. It is no unusual thing to hear the request : "Mamma, may I bring Tom——home to tea to-night ? He hasn't got any mother, you know, and things look kinder wild down there. I think he'd like to hear you read to us."

It has for years been my custom to read aloud at least one evening in the week ; when reading-time comes there are often two or three "outsiders" added to our group.

I once had a little reading-club, which included three young men besides our own boys. Two were motherless—the other was away from his native city, where his own mother was forced to remain. They generally came to tea with us, and we spread out a long table with simple, homely food. After everything was cleared away, and the room straightened up, the reading began.

Our first chance selection was Stockton's never-dying story, "The Casting Away of Mrs. Lecks and Mrs. Aleshine."

I think I can never forget the shouts of boyish, ringing laughter with which our club followed the fortunes of those two worthy ladies, as they "broomed" their way along the Pacific Ocean ; or, after their perilous voyage was ended, they dealt out justice fairly and squarely to the absent "Dusantes," and the very present "sailormen." It is a joy now to recall the pleasure with which we heard that there was to be a sequel, and that we, as well as those illustrious ladies, would find out "who the Dusantes really were."

On and on we went. Now Dickens enchained our attention ; or Washington Irving delighted us with the keen wit, true pathos and wonderful polish of his "Sketch Book ;" or Saxe provoked us to mirth while furnishing an intellectual treat of high order.

I do not recall reading any very pious tale to them, for young people hate to be preached at, or to have "goody goody" stories read to their unbelieving ears ; our aim was to furnish them with pure diversion and wholesome food for thought, for believe me, if the mind is kept in healthful channels, the heart will order itself aright.

I must not omit to mention that, as it is laborious to read aloud for a length of

time, some of our members took turns in relieving me, thus early acquiring a habit which is productive of more pleasure in a household than any I can recall.

Our club has adjourned now; some have gone to lands far distant, but the memory of our free, happy evenings will abide forever in our hearts.

All mankind loves to be entertained; what entertains us interests us; what interests us gains an influence over us which we never willingly shake off. Having gained an influence, our judgment is respected.

Times must come to all of us when we need the counsel of some mature mind. Oh! what a joy it is to feel that we may be able to speak "the word in season" which will sustain a faltering soul and keep him in the path of rectitude and honor.

Let us then "look well to the ways of our household;" let us be true "home-makers" to our own God-given dear ones; let us spread abroad our sunshine, so that others "seeing, may take heart again."

Sarah A. Pèple.



CANARY-BIRD SONG.

O sweet! O sweet! O sweet!
 All happy in the sun!
 I sing and sing the opening day to greet.
 God loveth me, His little singing one!

From within my swinging cage,
 The morning skies I see,
 Where golden light pours down the mountain
 brow,
 And filleth all the world, and shines on me.

Sweet joy doth overflow
 My heart, as doth the sun
 O'erflow the skies. I sing and sing, I know
 God loveth me, His little singing one!

O sweet! O sweet! O sweet!
 More joy, more love I see
 Than ever I with silver song could greet,
 But love and joy well up and sing in me.

Around, beneath, above,
 All happy in the sun.
 Joy hath no end! O joy! Sweet joy and
 love!
 God loveth me, His little singing one!

Irene Putnam.

ROUND DANCES.

MARION HARLAND.

Dear Madame:—After enjoying most of the good things in the January HOME-MAKER and while turning the last leaf before "Book Reviews," an article from your pen, entitled, "Round Dances," attracted my attention, and its perusal caused me some surprise. My husband has been a teacher of dancing for more than twenty-five years, and I think that my opportunities for observing dances, dancing, and dancers have been quite as good as those of the average person. That the waltz is an exceedingly popular dance is quite beyond question, but that "it has insinuated itself into every species of the amusement," is not altogether true, at least as far as dancing in well-regulated society is concerned.

Waltzing attempted in connection with the "Virginia Reel" would certainly be placing Hamlet in a shepherd's dress, as there is neither time nor place for its introduction in the dance.

As for the "Minuet," how "a careful reproduction of the stately movement of a hundred years ago" *could* possibly "wind up with a tearing waltz," I fail to imagine.

True, a waltz might *follow* the dance, but the rhythm and tempo of the minuet (18 measures per minute) preclude the possibility of any connection of the waltz, in a "tearing" or any other form, with the dance itself. Any attempt to make such a connection would readily make manifest the glaring absurdity.

A master of the art would certainly be amazed at such an innovation.

Doubtless many persons try to waltz who have not learned properly, and consequently may dance like "blind beetles" or any other bewildered bug-insect, but among those who have had proper instruction the percentage of poor waltzers is very small.

As for men "with whom modest girls cannot endure to waltz," I only know that if such a person should become a member of any reputable dancing-class he would, upon the discovery of any impropriety in "clasp," movement or gesture, be requested to retire, and would very soon find himself outside the class-room and his cancelled ticket consigned to the teacher's wastebasket.

If such partners are "forced" upon girls in society, it is most certainly a great pity

and a shame to society. There can, however, be no reason why a girl should have such a partner "forced" upon her. The remedy is in her own hands. A quiet but firm refusal to dance with any man who offers other than "the respectful support of the true gentleman" would soon leave Lothario partnerless and at liberty to visit scenes for which he is better fitted. I do not think that you would have "horrified" me if you had recounted "scenes" in ball-rooms, for I have read many scathing articles in relation to "ball-room scenes" without being particularly impressed, and I am quite sure that you would not have made an "enemy" of me, for my admiration of your writings, with which I have been familiar many years, is too strong to be unsettled by a *very* long article.

Yours respectfully,

C. W. M.

BOSTON, MASS.

Answer:

THE HOME-MAKER submits that dancing in such an academy as is presided over by the husband of the author of the foregoing letter is a very different affair from the very miscellaneous Terpsichorean performances of society at large. Every statement in the article to which reference is made by this intelligent correspondent is literally true. From a syndicate letter written by an accomplished society woman, a part of which is herewith given, it would seem that the subject is exciting discussion in other minds and columns.

A mother is reported as saying:

"To my mind the old-fashioned German waltz, as we called it, as I learned it thirty years ago, had no harm in it. Our minds were more taken up with doing our steps correctly, and making that final extraordinary curve in correct time, than anything else, and our partners never got so warm that they had to use handkerchiefs as well as gloves to keep from soiling our bodices. This new *deux temps*, as they call it, is to my mind just horrid. It only reminds me of my two little tots in the nursery, hugging each other as tight as they can, and then spinning round until they drop. I've forbidden Charlie and Puss to do it any more, but Ethel and Zoe go to dances almost every night, and the dancing is only that.

"To the pure all things are pure," cried a mocking voice at the door, and naughty Ethel, who had been listening behind the portière, came dancing in upon us, humming a *deux-temps* valse, and gyrating to it with a velocity that aided our laughter to render us speechless.

"The child is right," said I to myself, as I drove away. 'To the pure all things are pure,' and who

could look into her clear eyes and think of less than purity?"

"The next night I was at a dance, a big one, although just where or what does not signify; and with this matter in my mind I watched those about me with a certain amount of judicial austerity, instead of my usual indulgence and disinclination to criticise. Ethel was there, lovely in the rosy bloom of her eighteen summers, and most becomingly dressed in a gown revealing her lovely shoulders with only a jeweled strap to cover them. Young Jones danced with her, and at the end of the tour demurely landed her at her mother's side, and went away to cool his feverish brow with punch. Then a middle-aged man, with cavernous dark eyes and a storm-lined face, took the child out, and as they stood swaying a moment before catching the time, his eyes rested upon the unconscious beauty in his arms with a look that made my blood rise indignantly to my cheeks, and I longed to rescue my pretty Ethel as if I had seen her threatened by a wild beast. But presently she came back to us so joyous, so honest, so unconscious, that not for worlds would I have called to that innocent mind the unheeded discussion of the day before.

"And so it rests. The shield has two sides, and they who only see the whiteness of the silver will not believe in the lurid glow of the gold; and they who know that the silver is only on one side, take good care not to alarm those who do not know it. For of one thing I am convinced, and that is, the respect every decent man, even the coarsest, has for purity in woman, and his unwillingness to destroy or alarm it.

"To the pure all things are pure," and I do

honestly believe that very, very few of the lovely girls who dance night after night with any man who gets himself presented to them have the slightest idea, nay, the slightest power of comprehending the evil thoughts that may be crawling like serpents in that man's mind; and perhaps it is better to let them dance on, protected by that good fairy who presides over Cinderella and allows no real harm to reach her."

What do mothers and daughters—aye! and sons—say to a symposium on this subject in the May No. of *THE HOME-MAKER*? Mr. Duffield Osborne's paper in this issue on "The Decadence of Society" comes to the editors in the same mail with the remonstrance from Mrs. C. W. M. Young men and maidens, fathers and mothers are hereby invited to send brief, pertinent letters containing candid expressions of individual opinions and the reasons for holding them. There will be no bogus epistles. Readers may be assured that whatever appears in these pages relative to this or other matters is *not* written in *THE HOME-MAKER* office. By reference to the department headed "*Clippings*," page 324 of the January No., correspondents may read the article upon which Mrs. C. W. M.'s protest is based.

EDITORS OF *THE HOME-MAKER*.



EDITED BY MARY C. HUNGERFORD.

RUSSIAN WORK.—PHOTOGRAPH HOLDERS.—CUT WORK.—RING WORK.—

ADVICE COLUMN.



TWO hundred years ago a sagacious worthy said: "Women suffer less torture than men, because they work their worries off with their needle's point." There

is some truth in the idea, for occupation, if sufficiently engrossing, most certainly deadens pain.

Many years ago I saw a solemn old veteran of Napoleon's guard, in the Hotel de Ville, working industriously upon his twenty-fifth pair of mittens.

"Why do you make so many?" I asked, with the inquisitiveness of a child.

"To keep from going mad," said the poor, disabled, disappointed soldier, who

had in some ingenious way worked the initial N. of his lost idol upon the back of each glove, thus weaving his thoughts into his work.

There are also shown in some of the Old World museums, beautiful examples of needlework, made by the hands of royal prisoners, who have thus sought to while away the sad hours of captivity. Some unfortunates even, like poor Marie Antoinette, were reduced to using ravelings of their clothes to work with in lieu of silk or thread.

It lends a certain dignity to the pleasing pursuits of embroidering, lace-making, and knitting, to feel that they have helped to make life bearable for the unhappy, and there is now a great revival of interest in some of the very old-fashioned needlework, such as is seen in old Dutch, Russian, and Norwegian cities among the relics of the past, and also, with but slight modification, in the present decoration of their homes, where stitches, patterns and methods have been perpetuated through hundreds of years.

RUSSIAN WORK.

SEVERAL recent exhibitions in this country of lace and needlework of Russian manufacture have made people interested in learning how to do the work themselves, and Russian women who were skillful with their needles have found employment in teaching their art in the larger cities.

Very beautiful coarse linen towels are bordered on each end with a heavy lace, made of linen braid arranged in a scroll-like pattern and held in place by bars worked with linen thread. It is very similar to the Russian lace sold in the shops, but without a selvedge at the top, the upper part being joined to the towel, which is coarsely button-holed to prevent ravelling.

A table cover in one of the Russian exhibitions was made of velvet, edged all around with lace of the kind just mentioned. A narrower lace turned up on the velvet, and on both wide and narrow lace the braid was heavily overwrought with gold thread.

A lunch cloth of yellowish linen, woven in a small checkered pattern, was crossed by intersecting strips of wide inserting, dividing the cloth into five-inch squares. In

the crossing, the understrip of inserting was cut out to avoid doubling. An edge of Russian lace all around completed this very elegant table cover.

Velvet squares which might have been made useful for chair covers or sofa cushions, were decorated with heavy gold embroidery; the designs, generally the national double-headed eagle or a shield bearing a coat-of-arms.

Upon white linen for towels, napkins, stand covers, bed spreads, aprons, and other uses, are decorations worked with colored cotton in cross stitch. The patterns are rather geometric in form, floral designs being seldom seen in this style of work.

PHOTOGRAPH HOLDERS.

THREE panels of thick pasteboard, eighteen inches long, with the top pointed, by five broad, may be covered with silk, satin, or cretonne, and joined by buttonholed bars of silk, to make a screen to stand upon a bookcase or mantel. Several straps of ribbon of the same color as the material are sewed across each panel, and into these the pictures are slipped. A screen made in the same manner, but not over ten inches high, is covered on the front with silk, and on the back with velvet or plush, with a pattern outlined in Japanese gold thread, sewed down with sewing silk the color of the material. This screen partly folded, and placed so that the back is visible from some parts of the room, makes a very pretty table ornament.

Other photograph holders are made like a book cover, and simply protect a number of photographs that are laid within them. These receptacles can be made very elegant by handsome decorations, and, whatever the outside, the lining is generally of silk or satin. They are sometimes made in bag form with both sides and one end closed and ribbons attached to the upper corners to hang them by. The upper left-hand corner is turned down and fastened, giving a glimpse of the contents.

CUT WORK.

NO decoration is just now more popular than this. The patterns are outlined in one color, frequently the same

shade as the material, and the intermediate spaces are all cut away, and the work laid upon a colored lining. The handsomest specimens have all the cut-away spaces filled with basket stitches or with button-holed guipure bars, or bars made of heavy rope silk or cotton, kept in place by little wheels of "spider-web stitch" at their intersections. Centres for dinner tables are made of white linen cut work, done with white silk, and finished with a hemstitched edge, or in a handsomer way with an edge of small ivy or grape leaves closely button-holed and cut out on the outside edge.

Under these openwork table-centres should be laid a lining of gold or other colored satin. Little doilies covered with cut work or simply edged with it, may be basted to squares of satin like the centre piece.

Gray linen cut work from three to five inches wide and worked in gray silk, makes a beautiful finish to the ends of buffet covers, or it will be charming as an edge to a scarlet, blue or maroon velvet table or piano cover.

RING-WORK.

THIS form of fancy work, which is quite popular at present, is too simple to need much description. Although old in itself, some of its applications are new, as for instance, covering a picture-frame, which was first covered with old-gold satin. The rings were crocheted over with silk of the same shade. In covering the rings, use the close crochet stitch and join them together; as they are made in two sizes, the rings make a very pretty sofa-pillow cover, with satin or plush for a background. The largest size may be as large as a silver dollar, the smaller just small enough to fill in the space between four of the larger ones.

An ingenious young lady has recently shown me a corner bracket of three shelves she had made by a carpenter, and then painted white with enamel paint. On the edge of each shelf she has a little upstanding rail made of a line of rings crocheted over with coarse white spool-cotton. This rail and the strips of molding which hold the rails together she gilded, and the article, with its supply of bric-a-brac, is quite decorative.

DEEP SCALLOPED LACE.

MAKE a chain of nineteen stitches.
1st row :—Three treble crochet in sixth stitch of foundation chain, one chain, three treble crochet in same stitch. One single crochet in eighth stitch of chain. Chain three, three treble crochet, one chain, three treble crochet in eleventh stitch of chain, one single crochet in thirteenth stitch, three chain, three treble crochet, one chain, three treble crochet in fifteenth stitch, two treble crochet in eighteenth stitch, five chain, turn.

2d row :—Shell on shell (three treble crochet, one chain, three treble crochet), one single crochet in last stitch of shell of first row, three chain, shell on shell, one single crochet in last stitch of shell below, three chain, shell on shell again as in illustration, two chain, one treble crochet in third stitch of five chain at end of row, five chain, turn.

The 3d, 4th, 5th, 6th, 7th, and 8th rows are like the 2d.

9th row :—Like second, then five chain, one single crochet in the end of last row (same stitch where treble crochet was inserted), turn.

10th row :—*Twelve chain, one double crochet in loop of five chain*, repeat four times, one single crochet in treble crochet of last row, five chain, shell on shell, etc.

11th row :—Like second, then chain four, one double crochet in sixth stitch of twelve chain *, chain four, one double crochet in sixth stitch of next twelve chain *, repeat three times, chain four, one single crochet in end of sixth row, turn.

12th row :—Six double crochet under four chain, one double crochet in double crochet *, repeat under each four chain, one single crochet in treble crochet of last row, chain five, shell on shell, etc.

13th row :—Like second, then chain three one treble crochet between 3d and 4th double crochet of last row, chain three, one treble crochet between sixth and seventh double crochet, repeat, separating the double crochet into groups of three, chain three, one single crochet in end of fourth row, turn.

14th row :—Chain two, one single crochet in end of third row, chain three, three treble crochet under 2d chain of three, three treble crochet under next chain of three, repeat ten times.

15th row :—Like 2d row, then chain three, one treble crochet on last stitch of

three chain, one treble crochet between first stitch and second group of three treble crochet, chain three, one treble crochet between next group, repeat, separating each group of three treble crochet, chain three, one treble crochet on 1st stitch of chain, three at end, three chain, one single crochet in end of second row, turn.

16th row:—Two double crochet, one picot (four chain, one single crochet, in first stitch of chain), two double crochet, one picot, two double crochet under each three chain, one single crochet in treble crochet of last row, five chain, repeat the pattern from second row.

ADVICE COLUMN.

IN this column questions will be answered and advice cheerfully given upon any subject connected with fancy work or home decoration.

MRS. BELL.—If your room is, as you say, very dark, then select your new paper of as delicate a tint as you can. The old red you desire to introduce, to correspond with your furniture coverings and portières, you can have in your frieze, but do not spend your money buying a frieze (paper) that is enriched with gilding, for in the dark shadows of your room, the gilt will not show; lemon color or pale pink will light up the old red better than gilt.

ALICE.—You are right in thinking that felt is a good material for curtains. For library or dining-room windows it is very handsome, particularly in wine color. For a parlor I should select some of the Persian or Indian hangings.

MRS. R. C. MORTON will find one of the easiest umbrella-stands to get up at home is a section of large drain pipe with a tin pan fitted to the bottom on the inside, and the outside painted roughly in any pleasing design, or, if painting is an art she is unpracticed in, let her cover the pipe with wall paper, making a dado and frieze of the bordering, selecting a pattern which resembles vase decoration, and filling the short space between the two with cream-colored paper, embossed in the same color with a *very* small pattern. Time must be given for the paste to thoroughly dry, and then the whole surface must be covered with two coats of dark varnish.

L. F. A.'s question in the November HOME-MAKER is very kindly answered by H. C. WILKIN, who says: "For painted articles which are to be laundered, use Winsor & Newton's oil colors diluted with turpentine, *very thin*, and scrub the paint in as in dye-painting. Take only a little paint on the brush, and there will be no danger of its running. I have seen a scrim tidy so painted, that was in use for two years, and looked none the worse for repeated washings."

MRS. GOODWIN asks how she can make her very plain dining-room look cosy. If it serves the double purpose of sitting and dining-room, then the cosiness can be attained by putting a dark cover on the table after every meal, and by book-shelves, work-stand and the usual signs of family life. But it is desirable, if possible, to keep a dining-room exclusively for its original purpose. There should be a certain dignity rather than lightness about its arrangement, but it should not be too dark in coloring and hangings, for an atmosphere of gloom is especially to be avoided. And the mistake should not be made at the evening meal, whether it is tea or dinner, of having the table the only light part of the room. It is difficult to keep a group of diners cheerful with deep shadows all around them. Hanging shelves with glass and china catch the light prettily, and rare bits of pottery on mantle or brackets serve as decoration and suggest topics for conversation. But among the prettiest arrangements for beautifying a dining-room are the corner cupboards with glass doors where the china and glass for daily use may be conveniently arranged. Below the shelves a curtain may conceal receptacles for table-linen, etc. At least two of these glass cupboards will look well in a room, and if one has not a sufficiently handsome buffet, these, with a stationary table or shelf, may take its place.

MYRA F.—Your appreciation of this department is very gratifying, and your offer of the rule for knitting lace is too tempting to be refused. If it is mailed immediately it will be a favor to the editors and the present writer.

A HOME-MAKER writes: "Will you kindly give me some advice as to the treatment of the frames of some old-fashioned oval over-mantel mirrors? The glass is heavy and the frame rosewood and gilt—handsome in their day. I wish to use them

in parlors where the wood, mantels included, is painted in tints. Could I have the frames painted to match? Or shall I leave them as they are?"

This writer, thinks "HOME-MAKER," has answered her question herself in her last five words. She is very fortunate in having the mirrors, as large prices are now paid for such, not to hang over mantels but to place lengthwise on the wall in any other part of the room. Perhaps you could fill those places over your mantels by an arrangement of pictures, or one large picture, with, if you choose, straight curtains of India silk on each side of it, hanging from a rod crossing the chimney, about fourteen inches below the ceiling, but do not let anyone persuade you to paint or otherwise disguise your rosewood and gold mirror frames.

TILLIE M. will please accept editorial thanks for her kind words of HOME-MAKER.

She wishes to come into possession of a zither, and asks for some points regarding quality and everything in connection. The only really fine zither is an imported one: the Elegie zither, made by Kiendl of Vienna, which costs in the neighborhood of \$150, plus duty. Those made in this country are much cheaper. Hartmann's make are considered the best. Another is known as the Baltimore zither, and still another is made in Washington, Mo. Fuller information about the domestic instruments can be obtained from F. Triegand, of 634 Kosciusko Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

MRS. J. TRALIS will find the answer to her first question embodied in the second division of fancy-work article this month. Her other question, being a very personal one, was answered by mail.

LIZZIE B.—Perhaps the "Manual of Drawn Work" is the little book you mean.



SPOILED CHILDREN.



IN all the world there is no more sorrowful or painful spectacle than that of a spoiled child.

For in truth it is intellectual, moral, and physical annihilation. Like a tender flower

withered by harsh winds, its perfume destroyed, its beauty and freshness blighted, is the unfortunate child, reared by weak, indulgent parents who know not how

to deny its foolish whims, or how to train it in obedience. Nothing can be more fatal to its well-being than to be, during many years, the tender object of the affection of such parents.

"The horse never accustomed to the bit becomes unmanageable; and a child abandoned to his caprices no longer knows the rein."

Alas! how many such poor children grow up the victims of their deplorable mistakes, bad management and losses!

What can be expected of the child given up thus to itself, deprived of all healthy moral culture?

Its nature may be noble, its heart tender,

and its mind gifted, but what dangers it must encounter through life!

Fenelon, the great French writer on education, says in his admirable work on the training of children: "What is to become of children, who, in the end, make up the human species, if their parents spoil them from their earliest years? The faults of men are frequently caused by the bad education they receive from their mothers."

How often do we see the spoiled child without affection or respect for the parents who have, thus doating, indulged them, and who, indeed, are responsible for these very faults, though unconscious of the harm they have done.

It requires strength of character to win success in life, in whatever sphere we may be placed, and there is not a single physical, mental, or moral good quality that tends to make a boy manly, or a girl womanly, that is not impaired by selfishness.

The child early taught self-control and self-restraint will possess in after-life all the good qualities necessary to make him or her useful in their relations with others, and happy in their own homes.

All children do not become great men and women, as many hopefully expect. Most of them will be called upon to fill ordinary positions in life, but if fitted for such by the wise training of sensible, conscientious parents, they will be ornaments alike to home and society.

It is not as difficult as many persons imagine to rear children properly—and we speak advisedly. It is only necessary to exercise patience and firmness, and to teach them early to be obedient and truthful, unselfish to each other, respectful to older persons, and polite to everyone.

The foundation of good behavior and polished manners must, of course, be laid at home.

Some one, writing on the subject, has wisely said: "Manners are not like clothes, a fine suit for company and a coarse one for home wear, but are a part of the character not to be put off and on at pleasure." Unless politeness is taught in the nursery and made a daily practice, when attempted in company, the embarrassment and want of ease will show to great disadvantage.

A mother, therefore, cannot begin too early to teach her children the small amenities of life, and to properly regard the feelings of others.

For, even at this early age, the observ-

ances of the courtesies of life will improve children, and make it easy and natural for them to become ladies and gentlemen in the truest and highest sense of the word.

We can now recall to mind a family of Southern children who were reared in the atmosphere of such an ideal home; the relations of the parents were based on sincere affection and mutual self-respect, and the children's daily life marked with an interchange of kind words and actions and conducted with a tender regard for each other's wishes and feelings. Although none of these children were handsome, or particularly gifted in mind, they were exceptionally fortunate in life, the boys succeeding as business men, and the girls marrying men of position and wealth whose homes they graced.

Human nature is very prone to evil, and unless the young heart is early imbued with an ardent love of truth and virtue, it is apt to sink into the false and sinful.

It is not enough for parents to teach obedience, good manners, and all the other virtues; there must also be the example of daily life—which, after all, is the most powerful instructor—to impress the lessons on the young minds. Children learn much more readily and thoroughly by example than precept. Surely no consideration makes so forcible an appeal to parents in favor of the practice of all that is noble and good, as the knowledge of benefiting their children, whom, if they would guard from the pitfalls of temptation in after-life, they should not spoil in childhood, either through weakness or mistaken fondness, realizing from the first that much love is needed to form and perfect the character of the little life committed to their charge, which, however, when once established in strength and beauty, goes with us into eternal life.

Eliza R. Parker.

NURSERY JOTTINGS.

THE mothers who had the bearing and nursing of their babies ten or even five years ago, sigh with retrospective envy as they look at the helps and conveniences the mammas of to-day have offered them. The study of labor-saving inventions has not stopped in the workshop and the kitchen, but penetrated even to the nursery.

A NEW patent that rejoices the soul of that matron with whom economy of space is an object is the folding bath. This is simply a piece of rubber sheeting attached to the frame of a camp-stool of convenient height, so as to form a wide pouch for holding water. In the lowest point of the depression is a hole fitted with a stop-cock to permit the escape of the waste water. To one of the end bars of the camp-stool is fastened a folding towel-rack. At the other end is a short flap of the rubber cloth, to which are attached neat pockets for soap, sponge, etc. When not in use, the whole contrivance can be folded up as can a camp-chair, and be set aside in a corner out of the way. These baths come in two sizes, so that others besides the smallest member of the nursery tribe may have the benefit thereof.

A GREAT improvement upon the top-heavy baby basket that has been prepared for the little expected from time immemorial is the hamper basket. This is about the length and breadth of a champagne basket, and fully twice its depth. Of fine willow ware, it gives an impression of durability lacking in the flimsy receptacles usually provided for a baby's toilet apparatus. A shallow tray daintily lined fits into the upper part of the hamper, and contains such necessities as soap and powder boxes, brush, comb, pincushion and the countless little minutiae required for a baby's comfort. Under this tray is laid the clothing of the little one. The basket is lined throughout and may either be made gorgeous with satin and lace, or more simply finished with silesia and dotted muslin. The top of the basket is adorned on the outside with a band and bow of wide sash ribbon. Here, too, is a chance for endless variety of decoration.

The divided china wash-basins can hardly be termed novelties in the strictest sense of the word, for they have been in use for some time, but they deserve to be better known. They are shaped like little tubs and have a partition in the middle that permits of having hot water in one side and cold in the other. Or, the water may be in one side, while the soap and sponge are in the other. They are less awkward to carry than the ordinary wash-basin, and as they have straight instead of flaring sides, the water they contain is less liable to be spilled.

For older babies, who are able to take a share in performing their own ablutions, comes a pretty little wash-stand, just the height for a child of from three to six years of age. A lacquered framework holds a divided bowl gayly decorated with Kate Greenaway figures. The soap-dish, mug, and powder-box, that rest on a little shelf below, are of similar ware. With such a paraphernalia at hand, one would imagine that the time-honored quotation, so often aimed at untidy children,

"Not like to be washed!
Not love to be clean!"

would sink into oblivion.

In the making of babies' dresses, one observes a growing tendency to substitute dainty hand work for elaborate machine-made embroidery. Delicate tucks, fine drawn work, and exquisite feather stitching are becoming daily more popular. When Hamburg edgings and inserting are used, they must be of the finest quality. Better have a child's frock simply finished with a deep hem than laden with coarse embroidery.

For information regarding nursery novelties, thanks are due BEST & Co., of West 23d St.

Christine Terhune Herrick.

WAKING THE BABY.

A RULE which my baby's nurse insisted upon being rigidly kept was, that the little sleeper should not be awakened to show to callers. It is the custom in some places for neighbors to run in "to see the baby," when a new one makes its advent in the family, a practice which shows a friendly and appreciative spirit, and one from which no possible harm can come, providing the young host is always to be found in a hospitable mood. But when he must be dragged out from under the coverings of his cosy nest, and roused right in the most comfortable part of his nap, he evidently fails to appreciate his callers' good intentions.

Not long ago I saw a doting grandmother trying her best to wake a poor three-weeks'-old baby, for the benefit of a little girl who had come to see it. "Wake up, wake up, Nellie wants to see you," she said over and over again, patting the baby's cheek,

chucking it under the chin, and using various other devices, but the poor little creature was evidently more in need of sleep than of admiration, for it only succeeded in getting one weak eye open, and shut it again with a disapproving little scowl, which said as plainly as words could have done, "I *do* wish you would let me be."

"I shall not pull my baby out to show to anybody," old nurse averred over and over again, and I learned not to expect it, though like most young mothers I was a trifle vain, and could have relished the praise which my dear morsel of humanity might have elicited. But as I grew older, and it is to be hoped wiser, I saw the prudence of her plan and adopted it for the benefit of later new-comers.

Susie E. Kennedy.

WHO SHOULD PUNISH THE BABY?

BY the time a child is seven years old, he should have outgrown the need of cor-

poreal punishment—if it ever existed. Up to that age, his mother is more capable of judging and correcting him than the sterner parent who brings to bear on the case the semi-martial law by which counting-room, office, and warehouse are governed. Moreover, men seldom have their tempers under perfect control, and, as they confess, find it difficult to punish in cold blood. They do not chastise *con amore*, but with vigor disproportionate to the offence and subject. "Whatsoever thy hand finds to do, do it with thy might," is an excellent rule in general practice. When the concrete case is a naughty baby, the executioner a muscular father, humanity pleads for an exception.

The mother, shuddering as if every stripe fell on her naked heart, tempers justice with mercy, as she should. Better spoil a child a little than write undue severity of treatment upon his memory in letters of blood that can never be erased.



EDITED BY GRACE PECKHAM, M. D.

THE HUMAN MACHINE.

HUMAN beings are in a manner machines, each capable of so much work. The human machine differs from other machines, a steam engine for instance, in this vital respect: the steam engine, capable of exerting a certain power, can never exceed that limit, while the human machine by a process of training can increase its capacity for work. The trouble is that we have no unit of comparison by which to test our human machines. A steam engine is measured by horse-power, and we do not expect a machine of four horse-power to do the work of a machine of twelve. We have instruments of precision which can measure the capacity of the

lungs, which can tell us the strength of the muscles, but each person must be his or her own judge of the amount of exertion of which he or she is capable. It would be a great gain if we could only test our capacity for doing, and be willing both to live up to it and not to exceed it. Seldom is seen the person who in the judgment of himself and his friends achieves the right and proper amount of work. The accusations "he does not work hard enough," or "he never exerts himself" are often urged, and it is indeed true that society divides itself into these two classes: the drones and the workers.

Very many people under-rate their abili-

ty to work. After the slightest effort in any direction they sink back declaring that they are used up and they can do no more.

This is often the case with people who have become suddenly fleshy; the very thing they should do, exercise regularly and systematically, they are disinclined to, and unless aroused to feel the necessity, they will omit to do it.

Many households number among the inmates an invalid carefully sheltered and devotedly waited upon. Such an one has made from time to time a desperate effort to sit up or to walk, and a most dreary collapse would always ensue.

There used to come to us in the hospital people who had been sick for months and years till every one despaired of their recovery. The disease from which they originally suffered had disappeared long ago, and as long ago they might have become useful members of society had they only been in the care of one who had sufficiently understood the human machine to have gotten it into working order. There are two methods of doing this. One the heroic and immediate, the other the gradual. The first consists of making a profound impression upon the individual which will be so great as to make the sense of fatigue attendant upon exertion, of entirely secondary consideration. Such is the exaltation which comes to one believing in the supernatural, as the healing by faith or anointing with oil; of the same order is the mind cure, and the instantaneous healings sought by men who go about the country heralded by their wonderful cures. They can take away the crutches of the lame, and send their owners home walking without them. Physicians often meet with cases where inability to walk has existed for years without any trouble in the mechanical apparatus except the rustiness which comes from disease.

One famous doctor who had tried without success every means possible to induce his patient to make the attempt to walk, had an arbor built in the garden near the house; the chronic invalid was carried into it for a change, according to the doctor's directions. It was built of very inflammable material, to which the doctor slyly put a match. When it was in full blaze he said to his patient: "Run for your life," and, forgetting that she had not taken a step for years, she ran as well as anyone across the lawn to the house. The emotion of terror overcame every other impression and gave

her the power to set the machinery in motion. It having been demonstrated that she could walk, her cure was effected.

The other method employed in these cases, the gradual, is the one generally used. Every day some exertion should be made, even if it is very slight; if the fatigue which follows that is great, repeat the same until it can be done without fatigue. Perhaps it will be only standing up and sitting down without even taking a step at first. Gradually then add a step or two to this performance. Let the increase of exercise be even, and so as to avoid that sense of unutterable fatigue against which the poor invalid is powerless to contend.

The "sitting-up process" after a long illness requires great judgment and skill, and should only be intrusted to one who inspires the full confidence of the patient, who will gently, but with firmness and care, educate him again to the normal conditions of life.

There is a class of people who drive themselves to the full extent of their power, mercilessly lashing themselves to the performance of work with the fury of a slave-driver lashing his slave. Many give themselves no recreation, no relaxation, but work and grind, work and grind from the first moment of getting up in the morning, until the last moment of retiring at night. Some of these people are masterpieces of the human mechanism, like the "Deacon's wonderful one horse shay," and when they go to pieces it is after the same fashion,

"All at once and nothing first,
Just like bubbles when they burst."

Most of us would rather wear out than rust out.

The problem then, after all, is, as has already been intimated, to find out our own working capacity. To work gives a sense of fatigue more or less great. We may know that the fatigue is healthy, if rest brings complete restoration. A night's rest should wipe out the fatigue of yesterday's labor, but if it does not, and the end of a second day's work finds you more tired than the previous day, and the burden of fatigue goes on increasing in arithmetical and geometrical ratio, until you go about feeling like Atlas, with the burden of the world upon your shoulders, then you are driving your machine to do more work than it is fitted for, and you must stop and oil and improve it, and gradually test its capacity.



STUDY OF DUCKS : BY CHARLES VOLKMAR.

Home-Maker Art Class.

See page 483.

ARM-CHAIR AND FOOTSTOOL

GRANDMOTHER WARING'S WAY.



THERE is a place for everything, but no place for the old folks," sighs Grandmother Dent.

"What a jolly thing to be grandmother to such a dear family of chil-

dren," says Grandmother Waring.

Now, of the two old ladies, Grandmother Dent has by far the more elegant home and the larger bank account. Her son's carriage daily comes to the door of his handsome residence, and a smart footman in green livery opens the door for her when she goes out for her morning ride. While dear Grandmother Waring takes her daily airing in a street car, which she finds very comfortable and so near, only four blocks away.

Grandmother Dent is never happy, with all sorts of luxuries at her command, and her wrinkles are deepening every year; while her neighbor is a busy, comfortable, happy, smooth-faced body, and if she is ever sad and lonely, no one knows it but herself and Pussy.

Of course, the difference is in the grandmothers. When Grandfather Waring's last bed was made in the quiet country churchyard, and the old house, which had kept open doors for children and grandchildren for fifty years, was sold, Grandmother said good-bye to the old life and the friends of years with a breaking heart, but with a firm determination to accept her changed lot with courage, and to try to give to others the happiness which she felt could never again be her guest. And when she came to her son John's crowded city home, and found in her room the old tables and chairs, and the stand with Grandfather's Bible opened on it, she was full of thankfulness. The room could never be like the

cheery old New-England farm-house, but the same grandmother's love was there, and she could, and she did, make it a blessed, happy place for her friends.

When John had been having more than his usual amount of business worry, and the children were in rather high spirits, "Mother's room" was a quiet place where he was sure of rest and sympathy. John's wife, to whom housekeeping and the care of children were not pleasant tasks, always went away from that safe shelter with a lightened heart and a pocketful of good advice from the experience of a half century, the value of which was not cheapened by voluntary offerings. Tommy's broken doll, Susie's burnt finger, and Katherine's latest love affair, all found a panacea in Grandmother's arms. "Office of the Patent Pain-killer," John called the room.

Luckily, the old lady's eyes, fortified by a carefully-fitted pair of spectacles, were equal to almost anything in the way of reading and sewing, and her needles were always threaded and ready for the sudden rip in the little coat, or the ugly, three-cornered rent in the pretty cashmere. Her busy knitting needles could be heard steadily clicking at almost any time of the year, for she knew the value of home-made mittens, and always had a pair in store for the red fingers that were so fond of shaping snow-balls.

Grandmother Waring is unusually popular with the young people, as well as with their fathers and mothers. I suppose that one reason of this is her sweet forgetfulness of self and genuine interest in those about her. If she asks Kathie's friend Grace about her new dress, she takes sufficient pleasure in learning that it is of hunters' green, with white and gold trimmings, so that the question need not be repeated when Grace pays her next visit. She does not think herself too old to consider her own toilet a matter of indifference. She always wears a spruce cap with a dainty bow, and generally a sweet flower

is somewhere about her, and she is always a pleasant sight to look upon. She keeps a large Maltese cat, and a big windowful of plants in her room, and finds them "such a comfort." The cat is as amiable as her mistress and will endure any amount of petting, while the plants are the same old-fashioned sorts that have brightened the pleasant farm-house sitting-room and the "beds" in front of the house, summer and winter, for years and years. There are healthy horse-shoe geraniums in abundance, they are such wholesome-looking plants, she thinks, and such free bloomers, there is generally a blossom on the pink, red, or white one; sweet-scented geraniums and heliotrope—Grandpa's favorites, and always enough to make a boutonniere for a friend, and Grandmother always keeps a geranium leaf beside her when she is knitting, and finds great comfort in its spicy odor; some long, lank carnations to which their owner looks with hopefulness; a lovely hanging pot of mixed oxalis; a red monthly rose of Oriental sweetness; a stalwart calla which always sends up its strong spathe in February and has a fine sheaf of blossoms for the minister's desk at Easter; and a large box of tradescantia, "inch-plant," Grandma calls it, which saucily pokes its head in every direction like a veritable Paul Pry. I forgot the ivies, which have been treasured for years, and which stray around three sides of the room, and make a pretty, summery lattice-work effect.

Being a strong Republican, politically, Grandma reads the *Tribune* every day of her life, and has a special copy of her own, so that she may take her time about it. She has a religious paper, of course, and she reads and laughs over Saint Nicholas, and also, of course, she takes THE HOME-MAKER. And some day when a vexed question arises and a careless girl says: "Is it Mr. Chamberlain who is to succeed Lord Sackville West at Washington?" Grandmother can give you the whole history of the two transactions with which those names are connected.

Then again, she never tells John that his wife is extravagant and his children wasteful, though both are true, and she deeply regrets it. She wisely considers that others prefer to learn some things by experience, as she and Grandpa did, and if she thinks that girls now-a-days are not what girls used to be, she never says it.

The result of it all is that Grandmother

Waring is a welcome guest in a score of homes; always has invitations ahead for Thanksgiving and Christmas, and when by-and-by she folds her gentle, busy hands, and goes to join the husband of her youth, she will be a sweet memory in all the many hearts whose burdens she has helped to lighten.

Helen Marshall North.

TWILIGHT TASKS.

KNITTED COUNTERPANE.

CAST on twenty-five stitches of Dexter's knitting cotton No. 8, upon steel needles of the proper size, and knit back and forth, without change for either side, until you have a square. Turn it off, lay it aside, and begin another. When you have enough for a bed, work a simple design upon each in cross-stitch, such as our grandmothers used for marking samples, with scarlet embroidery cotton. Crochet the squares together with red, or white, as you may prefer, making a ridged cord on the right side, and edge the spread with knitted lace. You have now a pretty and exceedingly serviceable coverlet which will bear the washings of many years.

If you choose to make another, cast on your twenty-five stitches, and reduce the square to a triangle by "narrowing" at the beginning of every second turn until you have but one stitch left; cast this off, fastening it firmly. These three-cornered pieces are joined as are the squares, four making a "block."

CRADLE OR CRIB SPREAD.

KNIT in squares or triangles, as directed above. These finished, knit a single piece the whole length of the little coverlet and the width of one of the squares. Upon this work baby's name or monogram, or "Lullaby," or "Bon Repos," or a longer legend if you will, and let this serve as the centre piece, fastening an equal number of pieces to each side. Finish the ends with red and white fringe or knitted lace.

WASH CLOTHS.

GRANDMAMMA should furnish these for the family. Dexter's No. 8, and a pair of steel needles are all you require. Cast on fifty stitches and knit plain, both sides alike, until you have a strip twice as long as it is wide. This cloth is better suited for the bath-room and wash-stand than the perishable sponge; does its work more effectually, is more easily kept clean, and outlasts it by many weeks.

You may vary the monotony of the

work by ribbing and pearlying, and stripe the cloth with red at pleasure. In any shape the article is excellent, and always an acceptable addition to the linen shelves. A pleasant token of thought for the grandchildren is to work a set for each with initials, and present upon birthdays and holidays. One young girl treasures almost fondly a dozen she found among her wedding-presents, each wrought in a different pattern, and bearing her monogram worked in cross-stitch by grand-mamma's patient, loving fingers.



THE tendency of the present day seems to be toward a reproduction of the clothes worn in days long gone by. The eighteenth-century styles, which were in vogue last fall, are even more pronounced this spring, and are evidently liked by the world in general. The Directoire gown will be in as great demand as ever. It is certain that there never was a costume more becoming to the majority of women. It may be made to suit the people who admire the severe in dress, or those whose preference is for something striking. Braiding is used more than ever before. Elaborate effects may be produced by outlining braided designs with silver or dull gold. The fashionable colors are reseda, porcelain, castor, and old rose.

Trimmings are of rich silver or gold passementerie and metal galloons. For house-wear there is a vast variety of dresses. Dainty tea-gowns are of rose-pink, soft gray, and sage-green cashmere and India silk trimmed with velvet several shades darker than the gown. This combination is often relieved by a quantity of white lace.

For evening-wear and receptions the Josephine costume is picturesque and may be of heavy brocades or pompadour silk with *mousseline de soie* or gauze. The sash should be of rich, soft silk, with deep fringe.

Simpler costumes are in delicate shades of embroidered cashmere and faille or bengaline. These clinging materials are becoming to slender figures, as they fall in full, soft folds.

Lace gowns continue in favor. The new lace, sixty inches wide, is draped without being cut and is fastened at the neck and waist by bands of velvet, elaborately embroidered in silver and gold.

A pretty gown is of violet tulle, girdled at the waist by a silver Empire belt. The tulle is draped diagonally and caught up with silver thistles. Silver slippers and gray gloves complete this exquisite costume. Another evening dress is of *mousseline de soie*. The skirt and the waist, which is décolleté, are draped with folds of pale green brocade. The dress is trimmed with knots of white flowers and green grasses.

A simple dinner-gown is made with a bodice and back drapery of ivory white China silk, the front of the skirt being veiled with a tablier drapery of alternate insertions of cream valenciennes and rows of turquoise-blue "baby" ribbon. At the hem of the skirt there is a deep ruching formed entirely of loops of the baby ribbon set very close together.

Short and long spring-mantles are of various materials—the leading one being of black lace, without lining, and reaching

to the hem of the skirt. Jet bands ornament the front, and a wide sash confines it at the waist. The sleeves are very long.

Spring hats are large, with irregular rims, and trimmed profusely with flowers. They are made to match the costumes with which they are worn. Bonnets are small and on the turban order. The capot holds its own.

Many women still cling persistently to

the hideous Jane Hading veil, though why a pretty human being should wish to hide her face behind such a horror is a wonder. The spots on these veils are injurious to the eyes, besides being unbecoming. They remind one ludicrously of a base-ball player behind his cage-like mask.

Thanks for information in this department are due to MADAME BARNES, 61 West 22d St., N. Y., and to REDFERN.

WINDOW AND COTTAGE GARDENING

A CHAPTER OF DON'TS.



POPPIES.

"HOW not to do it," the proud motto of the Barnacles and Stiltstalkings, is not without its application to many practical affairs, and notable among them is the work of the amateur gardener. To an unsophisticated woman, a nurseryman often seems brutally rough in his treatment of delicate plants, but under his *régime* they become stout and lusty, while her nurslings are too apt to be thin-blooded and fragile.

Don't let the flower-pot stand in water. It is a very common practice to stand pots in shallow pans, for the purpose of catching the drip, but this is to be avoided, save in the case of aquatic or semi-aquatic plants, such as the calla. (I may offer another don't in parenthesis: don't call this plant a *calla lily*. It is not a lily at all, being an arum, an aristocratic relation of our common Jack-in-the-Pulpit.)

Don't overfeed a sick plant. For example, the plant-lover may be dismayed to find that her pets are dropping their leaves or turning a sere and melancholy yellow. Perhaps they have been over-watered—we always suspect that first—over-heated, suddenly chilled, or too-heavily fed on stimulants. Any of these causes may destroy the fine rootlets by which the plant feeds. In too many cases the plant is treated to an increased application of food, which it cannot possibly assimilate, and the result is much the same as that of rich food upon a dyspeptic. We must try the same remedy that

animal economy would require—diet it. Remove the plant from its pot ; crush the ball of earth sufficiently to remove the hard outer crust ; then repot in rather dry soil. Give it just enough water to settle the soil, and then withhold water until the plant begins to grow, unless the atmosphere is so dry that the soil loses all its moisture. In this case slight watering must be resorted to, or the invalid will starve to death. What professionals describe as deficient root-action is the most common ailment with house-plants, and the causes usually responsible for it are those previously enumerated.

Don't encourage your plants in the use of stimulants. A little ammonia in the water occasionally, or a sparing use of liquid manure or guano, is certainly advisable, but constant stimulants will prove injurious.

Don't smother your plants. How often we go into a room ranging between 75° and 80°, and heated with a furnace at that—and then Madame wonders why her violets or roses never do so well as other people's ! It is extremely difficult to keep a furnace-heated room moist enough for plants at any time—thrice difficult when people regard such a high temperature as necessary for comfort. The most satisfactory plants in a room are those requiring a temperature of 45° to 55° at night, for the day it is usually about twenty degrees warmer. The green-house in which such plants are grown is thoroughly aired daily, and the same rule must be observed in a room.

The final don't is most important of all to an amateur gardener : Don't buy plants or seeds or trees from a travelling agent, or any one but a responsible person. It may be all right, but personal knowledge leads me to doubt it. Especially is this true in buying such commodities by mail. There are many honorable firms of high standing engaged in the mail trade, and one may buy from them with confidence, but don't buy from firms of



DAISIES.

honesty is apparent, the offender is severely disciplined.

whom you know nothing. The National Society of American Florists is making a manful effort to expose any dishonest dealing in connection with their business, since it reflects on the trade in general. Any complaint made to the officers of this society by a disappointed purchaser is at once investigated. If willful dishonesty is apparent, the offender is severely disciplined.
Emily Louise Taplin.



BOOK NOTICES

BOOKS RECEIVED.

"*The Young Idea.*" Caroline Le Row.

"*Steadfast.*" Rose Terry Cooke.

Ticknor & Co., Boston.

"*The Reliques of the Christ.*"

Denis Wortman, D. D.

E. P. Dutton & Co., N. Y.

"*Last Chance Junction.*"

Author of "*Cape Cod Folks.*"

Cupples & Hurd, Boston.

"*His Two Wives.*" Mary Clemmer.

Ticknor & Co., Boston.

"*Birthday Book.*" Julia Ward Howe.

Lee & Shepard.

"*Cocoa and Chocolate.*"

Walter Baker & Co., Dorchester, Mass.

"*The Reading Club.*" George M. Baker.

Lee & Shepard.

An unavoidable press of matter has crowded out more detailed notice of the above books. They will receive due attention next month.

Editors THE HOME-MAKER.

THE HOME-MAKER SUBSCRIPTION AGENCY DEPARTMENT.

The Home-Maker Company have contracted with **The Universal Information Exchange, of 23 Clinton Place, New York**, to take charge of regular canvassers for subscriptions throughout the United States. The thorough and extended organization of The Universal Information Exchange will enable us to afford every family in the land an opportunity to subscribe for THE HOME-MAKER. We hope our friends will give these canvassers a **substantial welcome**.

In order to prevent any misunderstanding, every canvasser must present a certificate and leave a receipt, the reduced facsimiles of which are presented herewith, without which we cannot hold ourselves responsible for collections.

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